

# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## THE DUCHESS OF NONA\*

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### I.

#### BOCCA BACIATA.

“NOT unprosperous is your Erasmus in England,” wrote that dexterous man to one Faustus, a poet; and then—“To touch upon one among many delights, there are girls in this land divinely fair,—soft, easy, and more wooing than any of your Muses. Moreover, they have a custom which cannot be too much honored. Wheresoever you go a-visiting the girls all kiss you. With kisses you come in, with kisses depart; returning they kiss you again. Cometh one to you, the kisses fly between; doth she go away, with kisses you are torn asunder; meeting in any place, kisses abound. Go where you will, it is all kisses. Indeed, my Faustus, had you but once tasted of lips so fragrant and so soft, not for a time only but to your end of days you would choose to be a pilgrim in this England.” By no means the only stranger to be charmed by our welcoming girls was Erasmus. Amilcare Passavente, of a darker blood, found such kisses sweet: those of one at least he vowed to call his own. What he made of them, what they of him, what other diverting matter appertains to the kisser and the kissed, you shall understand who care to read.

Mary was her name in Our Lord, Lovel that of her father in the flesh, a respectable wharfinger of Bankside. Molly, Mawkin, Moll Lovel, “long Moll Lovel,” and other things similar she was to her kins-

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folk and acquaintance, who had seen her handsome body outstrip her simple mind. Good girl that she was, she carried her looks as easily as a packet of groceries about the muddy ways of Wapping, went to church, went to market, gossiped out the dusk at the garden gate, or on the old wharf, after the 'prentices had gone, linked herself waist to waist with maiden friends. Up-river or down, she trafficked in a wherry, and took the waterman's tender glances as part receipt for his hire. In a word, this winsome, rosy creature, grown hardy in a kind soil, adventured herself at ease among them that might have been her poets, adorers, or raveners, nor thought to be cheapened by the liberty she employed. She was rather shy with strangers, conscious of her height, awkward under observation, blushing to know she blushed; but simple as the day, pleased with flattery, pleased with other trifles,—trinkets, snatched kisses, notes slipped into the prayer-book, etc. She told her mother everything before she went to bed, sat on her father's knee when she was too old and much too tall for it, dreamed of lovers, hid trembling when they came, had palpitations, never told a fib or refused a sweetmeat; she was, in fact, just the honest, red-cheeked, pretty, shy simpleton of a lass you will meet by the round dozen in our country, who grows into the plump wife of Master Churchwarden in broad-cloth, bears a half-score children, gets flushed after mid-day dinner, and would sooner miss church than the postman any day in the year. Such was Molly Lovel at nineteen, honestly handsome and honestly a fool, whom in Bankside they knew as Long-legged Moll.

To Amilcare Passavente, the young merchant adventurer from Leghorn, ravished as he was by the spell of her cool lips, she became at once "La divina Maria," or shorter, "La Diva," and, in a very light space of time, when his acquaintance with her and hers with his tongue had ripened, she had quite a nosegay of names: Madonna Collebianca (my Lady Whitethroat), Donna Fiordispina, La Bella Rosseggiante, were three among three dozen flowers of speech, picked from a highly scented garden of such for her adorning. Amilcare translated them in his hoarse, eager voice, helped on by his hands (which were rapid) and his beseeching eyes (which had the flattery of deference), not only to Molly apart but to all or any of her acquaintance who could listen without giggling. Molly pressed her bosom; her friends as they loitered home said in each other's ears, "Blessed Lord, what will become of Gregory Drax?" Gregory Drax was the broad-girthed young master of a trading smack which coasted between London and Berwick, and was even at that hour in Kirkley Roads standing off Yarmouth.

All a summer this endured, but went no further, while Amilcare, new to the blunt ways of the English, was unable to stomach their cropped speech any better than their sour beer. Those who heard his florid paraphrase took it gravely, yet held by their "Moll Lovel." They wished

that Gregory Drax might have a fair wind home; they wondered what Master Lovel was about; trusted that the black-eyed rascal (whose speech was too glib, surely, to be honest) would not make a fool of the girl. He very soon showed them that, whatever else he did, he intended to make a woman of her. Let them hold, said he (for once expressing his contempt), to their "Molly Lovel,"—the name was the Shadow. He would hold, as at that moment he was very devoutly holding, Molly herself—aha! the blessed Substance. And when the young Molly let herself go whither her soft desires had long since fled; when she felt the heart of Amilcare jumping against hers, his cheek, his lips, his soft syllabbling, her own breathless replies—then, at last, Amilcare, quite enraptured, finding everything about her wonder and delight, made shift to catch up some waft of her very tongue, closer savor of her very home, and called her on high his adorable, his unending, his altogether soul-devastating, destroying mistress, "Madonna Mollavella." Good Master Lovel, the wharfinger, neither knew his daughter nor his father's name in this long-drawn compound of liquids; he was troubled, very doubtful, anxious for Gregory Drax; but all Lombardy and the Emilian March came to know it in time. Amilcare rode down opposition. Eloquence! were ever such cries to great Heaven, such invitations to Olympus, slappings of the forehead, punchings of ribs, in Wapping before? Molly in tears on her mother's breast, Amilcare on his knees, the neighbors at the door; Master Lovel, good man, abominated such scenes. Father Pounce married them at St. Saviour's, in Southwark; money abounded, the dowry passed from hand to hand. On a gusty November morning there sailed out of the London river the barque *Santa Fina*, of Leghorn, having on board Amilcare Passavente and Donna Maria, his wife, bound (as all believed) for that port, and thence by long roads to their country of adoption,—not Pisa, nor Lucca, nor any place Tuscan, but Nona in the March of Emilia. No: Erasmus was not the only traveller whirled about by English kisses, nor Molly Lovel the only simple witch in turn bewitched.

## II.

## AMILCARE: COMMERCE AND THE AFFECTIONS.

MOLLY was a handsome fool: let there be no doubt about that. There was no romance in her, though sentiment enough. She lacked the historic sense, and if she thought of Rome at all, supposed it a collocation of warehouses, jetties, and a church or two,—an unfamiliar Wapping upon a river with a long name. Her sensations on the voyage were those of sea-sickness, on the golden, hazy Campagna those of homesickness unaffected. Affectation of any sort was far from her. If she was happy, she showed her white teeth; if wretched, she either pouted or

cried; if she liked you, there were kisses; if she distrusted you, she grew red. But she distrusted no one: why should she? Since every act of hers was, in seeming, a caress of personal intention, every one loved her. As for her husband, when he was not sacramentally engaged, he mutely raved to the stars, protesting by his dimmed eyes, moving lips, and strained-out arms how every breath she took was to him also an inspiration. Her frankness, the truth lucent in her eyes, her abounding receptivity,—for she believed everything she was told and objected to nothing,—her sweet, long body, the tired grace with which she carried her lovely head, her tender, stroking ways, the evenness of her temper (which only that of her teeth could surpass),—all this threatened to make of Amilcare a poet or a saint, something totally disparate to his immediate proposals. His nature saved him for the game which his nature had taught him.

In that great game he had to play, Molly (though he loved her dearly) must be, he saw, his prime counter. Coming to England to negotiate bills of exchange, he had Molly thrown in. She would do more for him than rose-nobles. He ecstasized over his adorable capture, but saw no reason in that why he should not lay it out to advantage. It would not cheapen in the chaffer; on the contrary, give him the usufruct for a few years, and he would be not only the happiest but the most considerable of men. Triumphant Bacchus! (so he mused to himself) what had he not gained? A year's pay for his men, the confidence of the "Signori" of Nona, the acclamations of the Piazza and the Council Chamber at once,—and Molly Lovel. Hey! that was best of all. For her sake, and by her means, he would be Capitano del Popolo. What else? That would do for a beginning. If Molly could turn his head she could turn other heads, he supposed. A turned head meant a disposable body, a bending back, an obsequious knee, even a carcass at a quick hand's discretion; votes in Council, delirium in the Piazza, *Te Deum* in the Church. Amilcare knew his countrymen: he that knows them half as well will have no trouble in conceiving how these trade-calculations can consist with a great deal of true love. And what was Amilcare's trade? His trade was politics, the stock whereof was the people of Nona, the shifty, chattering, light-weight spawn of one of those little burnt-brick and white cities of the Lombard plain, set deep in trees, domed, belfried, full of gardens and fountains and public places, which owed their independence to being too near a pair of rival states to be worth either's conquering. There were some score of these strewn over Southern Emilia and Romagna in those days, and the time was almost at hand, and with it the man, to sweep them all into one common net of wretchedness. But Amilcare had no clear thought of that. For the moment Nona was as peaceful as Forli, or Rimini, or Pesaro, or Faenza, thanks to him and his "Centaurs,"—

that famous band of Free Riders he had levied from the Tuscan Hills. Very much at his mercy, safe under the eye of his trusted secretary, awaiting his return, he fully intended that peace to continue when she fell huddling to him. It would, indeed, be his care; for it was a maxim of Italian politics that no man willingly stirs after dinner.

The situation was still pretty delicate; he had done little more than win foothold. In the late struggles with Parma he had intrigued with great address; sold himself and his Centaurs to Farnese, brought that thick-necked hero up to the very walls of Nona, then (in the nick of time) sold himself at double the price to the city he was besieging and routed his yesterday's master by an attack in flank just as the Nonesi were carrying the trenches in front. In the excitement of that wonderful hour,—Farnese in full flight, himself borne on men's shoulders round the Piazza, thanksgiving in the Cathedral, clouds of incense, clashing bells, wine running in the Fontana delle Grazie,—he had for a moment been tempted to believe the times ripe for a proclamation: "Amilcare, Dei Gratia, Nonarum Dux," etc. He had his treble wages in his pocket, the hearts of the whole city throbbing at his feet. He was a young man; tempted he certainly was. But Grifone (the secretary) touched his elbow and showed a straightened lip. He would not risk it. He contented himself with a footing, the Palazzo Bagnacavallo rent-free, and the title of "Gonfalonerius Populorum Libertatis," which looked passably well about a broad seal. "Pater Patriæ," "Nonarum Dux," the control of the food-tax—all should be added to him in time, if only the Borgia could be fed elsewhere. At the thought of that hearty eater stalled in the Vatican he felt that he might indeed thank God for his lovely Molly. With her for decoy even that game-bird might be lured. Lying on the poop of the Santa Fina, his dark eyes questing over her face, her hands among his curls, he seemed to Molly the wonder of the world. So of her world he was; but he meant to be that of his own—a very different world.

He was a lithe, various creature, this Amilcare Passavente, his own paradox. Quick as a bird of prey he was, and at times as inert; dark as night, eagle-faced, flat-browed, stiff and small in the head, clean-featured, with decisive lips. A very fluent speaker, hoarse in voice, but cunning in the vibrations he could lend it, he was in action as light and fierce as a flame; at rest, as massive as a block of stone, impervious to threats or prayers or tears. Women loved him easily, men followed him blindly, and both for the same reason,—that they believed him ruthless to all but themselves. Ruthless, indeed, he had been, and was to all and sundry. Molly was the one apparent exception, and in her eyes he was perfect. For her immediate comfort this may have been true of him. He was a brave lover.

He taught her to falter endearments in his own tongue: he was *carino caro amico, anima mia, sovrano del mio cuor*, and many other things more intimate. In return he gave her a homage which was not without a certain depth because it was done with foresight. He taught her to be his slave by professing himself hers, and so touching her generosity as well as her humility. At all this she was very apt. There was a fund of deep affection in the girl, the makings of an excellent wife, a devoted mother: far more stuff than should go to serve as toy for a man's idle hours. Also she was very demonstrative, by no means averse (quite the contrary, indeed) to demonstrations on his part. She loved to walk belted by his arm, loved to put her head on his shoulder, or have her chin lifted that eyes or lips might be kissed. These favors, which his nation was accustomed to keep at home, she wore without self-consciousness abroad. It enchanted Amilcare, not only as a thing beautiful in itself, but as a clear source of profit in his schemes. He pictured the havoc she would work in a hall full of the Signori—keen men all—when she sailed through the rooms offering her lips to whoso would greet them “English fashion.” Why, the whole city would be her slave—eh, and more than the city! Bentivoglio of Bologna, Il Moro of Milan, Ordelaffi, Manfredi, Farnese, the Borgia, the Gonzaga, D’Este of Ferrara, Riario, Montefeltro, Orsini—by the Saint of Padua, he would face them each with his beautiful wife; charm them, turn their heads, and then—*ping!* Let the neatest wrist win the odd trick. Very pleasant schemes of witchery and silent murder did he make as the Santa Fina drove him through the dark-blue waters on his honeymoon, and at last brought him up to point out to his adoring instrument a low, golden shore, a darker line of purple shadow beyond, and in the midst a white tower which gleamed like snow. “Civita Vecchia, my queen of ladies! Rome beyond it; beyond that Nona—Nona and glorious life for thee and me!” he cried, as he waved her towards these splendid things. But Molly snuggled closer to him and sighed.

He, very sensitive to alien moods, was conscious of the jar. “You are sad, beloved?” he asked her softly. “You are thinking of your own land?”

“No, no, dearest; not that now. I was thinking only—but it is foolishness of a fool,” said Molly, hiding her face.

“You cannot be a fool, blessed one, since you are not so much as human as I see you now,” he whispered, holding her close. “You are a rosy God at this moment, my treasure. You are all color of dawn, auroral, color of tender fires. Tell me your thought, my holy one.” She whispered it back.

“It was—that you will be full of business at Nona, Amilcare. You

will have no time to love your poor Molly." The rogue was fishing for protestations, and got them.

"Love you!" he cried. "Ah! tell me how long I have to live, and I will tell you the hours of my love, O my soul!"

"But you will be abroad, a-horseback, with your captains, in the tents—"

"Why, yes, that must be so," he owned. "But I shall love you the more for that, Molletta."

She pretended to pout, fidgeted in his arm, arched her neck. "But how shall I know it, Amilcare, if I am not there?"

"By what I do to you when I return, dearest love," cried he, and thereafter, speaking by signs, was better understood.

### III.

#### MARKET COVERT.

THEY made Rome a day or two after that little tender and exchange of vows, having disembarked amid a crowd of clamorous Amilcares in rags—she could see some dear trait of him in each;—trailed across the bleached marshes (with the Sabine Hills like a purple hem beyond); caught the sun at Cervetri, and entered the dusty town by the Porta Cavalleggeri on one of those beaten white noons when the shadows look to be cut out of ebony and the wicked old walls forbidden to keep still. The very dust seems alive, quivering and restless under heat. Saint Peter's Church, smothered in rush mats, was a-building, the marble blocks had the vivid force of lightning; two or three heretic friars were being haled by the Ponte Sant' Angelo to a-burning in the Vatican; Molly was almost blind, had a headache, a backache, and a heartache. Amilcare, who had fallen in with a party of lancers by the way, had ridden for a league or two in vehement converse with their lieutenant. To him he seemed to have more to say than ever to her. She felt hurt and wanted to cry.

At their inn they learned the news—that is, Amilcare learned it, for Molly was languishing upon a bed, forgotten and mercifully forgetting. Pretty news it was. Don Cesare, it appeared, had stabbed the Duke of Gandia his brother three nights ago and thrown him into the Tiber. The body had only been fished out yesterday; it had nine wounds in it, including one in the throat big enough to put your fist in. It was a sieve, not a body: perforated! His Holiness? Ah, he could be heard even here, howling in the Vatican: like a bitch in an empty house. Don Cesare was in hiding, reported at Foligno. Tomorrow there was to be a Holy Conclave—all the Cardinals. God knew what Alexander had or had not in his mind, the conscience-stricken old dog. It was known what he had not in his house, at least. Vannozza

had been thrice refused admission; so also La Bella Lucrezia. Think of it!

This was grave news to Amilcare's private ear. Cesare was his deadly enemy, the one man he honestly feared, the one man, consequently, he wanted to meet. He was still brooding over it when the broad-backed butcher they call Il Drudo slammed him on the back.

"Fortune is with you, Passavente—the slut! She gives you time to breathe. The Borgia had a sinking of the stomach; he hankered after a filling of Lombard sausage a little while since. Gandia cut in, and Cesare cut in, per Bacco! But mark my words, Amilcare, the appetite will return. You will have the Duke in your Marches before many days. Therefore my advice to you is, Avoid Foligno; fortify Nona."

Amilcare looked his man in the face.

"And my advice to myself, Galeotto, is—Seek Foligno, and so fortify Nona. *Addio.*" He went out like a man who has found his way.

"Now, what the devil did the fellow mean by that?" cried Il Drudo, with his thick fingers out.

"Deviltry expresses it," said a sly secretary in black.

Molly, in dreams, soft as a child and glossy with sleep, looked too beautiful for a disturbing hand to dare anything that night. It would have been the act of a brute, not Amilcare's act. In small things he was all gentleness. He crept into bed like a cat, fearful of waking her, and next morning contrived by a fit of coughing to awake her no more than half. The rest he did by methods equally adroit, until by imperceptible degrees she learned that Rome might give no ease to her feet. He had her in the saddle and all the baggage mules away an hour after the sun.

Arrived at Foligno, he found that his great enemy was at sanctuary in the Convent of Olivet, biting his nails there in a red fume. Hidden behind spires of cypress, Olivet stood outside the walls, a sun-dyed, white building deep under brown eaves. Cesare, it was reported, was quite alone with his moods, now consumed by fidgety remorse for what he might have lost in his brother's blood, now confident and inclined to blusterous hilarity, now shuddering under an obsession of nerves. In any guise he was dangerous, but worst of all when the black fit of suspicion was upon him. So he now seemed; for being told who waited upon him, he refused point-blank to see anybody. Amilcare, at the door, heard his "Vattene, vattene! Non seccami!" (Out, out! Don't pester me!) rocking down the dim passages of the house; and Molly, whom this sudden new expedition had bereft of what wit she had, turned pale to hear the roaring beast. "Ah, love, love, love, let us run away! I like not this empty place," whimpered the girl, holding her husband's arm; but he gently removed her hand, kissed it, and held it.

"Courage, dear one, I shall be by thy side. Much depends upon this adventure," he urged in fervent whispers, knowing how much to a tittle. To the monk who came out, distended with Cesare's explosives, he addressed himself in a vernacular too fluid for Molly to catch up. "I pray you, reverend brother, recommend me yet once more to the feet of his Resplendency, saying that not I alone supplicate his favors. Add that I have with me to present my most beautiful wife, that she may assure him with her own lips how very much she is his slave." The pantomime of piteous, beseeching hands, of eyebrows exquisitely arched, told more than his words. They showed to a hair's breadth how far he expected, how far was prepared to tempt his customer. No pedler before a doorful of girl's sidelong heads could more deftly have marketed his wares. The monk, too, sidled his head; he pursed his mouth, furrowed with a finger in his dewlap, tried to appraise the wares. But to allow this would have been to forestall the market. "Ah! for love of the Saints, go, my brother!" he was entreated, with gentle persistence; and so worked upon, he waddled away.

Amilcare let fall a hearty sigh and considered Molly with anxiety. He had not dared to say a word to her of what her entertainer was, or what her part should be. Premeditation might throw her out of balance, conscious art might exhibit her a scheming courtesan: in her artlessness lay all her magic. No, no, he trusted her. She was still adorably English—witness her on the ship! He could see how she would do, how the sight would ravish him, lover as he was; for the rest he must trust to his early calculations. Yes! he was ready to stake everything upon this move. The Borgia would be at her feet: so at his feet also. Oh, wise, wise Amilcare!

"His Eminence the Duke will receive your Lordship," said the returning monk, and turned once more to lead the way.

"My saint, my lamb, my meek, burnished dove!" breathed Amilcare in a glow, and pressed her to his heart behind the frate's broad back.

Cesare, magnificently tawny in black velvet, was in a window, raking with a white hand at his beard, a prey, evidently, to cross-tides of fever. When his visitors were announced he looked sharply round; but Molly was hooded, her face deep in the shade. Of Passavente he had not the slightest concern. That hero was prostrate, bowing and chattering, and explaining with his hands.

Molly stayed twittering by the door, wondering because she saw her King of Men cringing like a foot-boy before a shorter than himself. True, it was a case of a duke; but she had not known such dealings in Wapping. There men doffed caps to my Lord or his Grace; they gave and took their due, but did not writhe on the floor. And then this par-

ticular Duke's blockish inattention to what her lord was saying filled her with concern. There he leaned, and there he looked out of the window at the twinkling acacias, and there he picked his beard. Amilcare's tact must have deserted him, since he would let this simple slave turn critic. But the part, in any case, was difficult. Presently the Duke threw him a hasty phrase, a sort of *Pish, man!* which cut him off in the midst of a period, and walked towards Molly in the doorway. Amilcare flew before on tenter-hooks. Cesare came graciously on; it was curious to see how his face had cleared; Molly dropped a courtesy, covering herself closer with a hand at the hood's tie. Cesare showed his teeth, held out both his hands. Passavente, with a displaying air full of alacrity and deference, unveiled his wife, and she went forward to greet his Grace.

He had uncovered her like a dealer, but even so she thrilled to feel his touch upon her shoulders, and showed herself blushing with the emotion, lovelier for love. Cesare was really startled to see how deeply beautiful she was, but, with more command of himself than the other trafficker, was careful not to show it. He smiled yet more sunnily; his words were some pleasant friendly compliment. Molly, guessing it so, came nearer, took his open hands, and put up her face for his kiss. Cesare Borgia took a deep breath before he accepted of the rest. Then he did kiss her, twice. He was ridiculously pleased, very much in confusion for a little while. Since he could say nothing, and she had nothing to say, the pair of them stood hand-clasped, smiling, dim-eyed and red in the face, like two glad children,—Amilcare, anxious mothering hen, clucking about them. The Duke, having recovered himself, murmured some courtesy, and led his captive to a seat in the window. His half dozen English words and her six Italian, his readiness, her simplicity, put matters on a friendly footing; very soon Molly was chattering like a school-girl. Cesare was enchanted. He recovered his gayety, forgot his bloody hands, his anxieties, schemes, fret at inaction. He ordered a meal to be served at once, kept Molly close to his side, heaped her plate, pledged her in wine. He went so far as to forget all common precautions and eat whatsoever was put before him. Amilcare, who missed nothing, thought to himself, "Hey! If this was my house of Nona, *amico*, and the time six months hence, you would sleep where you supped." But Cesare had no thought of Amilcare until the end. Then he clapped him on the shoulder. "My Passavente," he cried, "you have gone far on your pearl-fishing and dived deeper than most of us, but, by our hope of salvation, you have found a jewel of price! And ah, *Madonna*," he said, with his burning eyes on the girl, "you have brought the sun into Italy. You shall be called *Principessa della Pace*, who heals all sorrow and strife by the light of your face."

"I humbly thank your Grace," said Molly, very grateful; but Amilcare dropped upon one knee.

"Splendor," says he, "deign to visit our poor house in Nona, if you would learn what willing service is."

"My friend, be sure of me," said the Borgia, and meant it. "Do you bid me come, Princess?" His looks ate her up. Molly hung her head. "I shall in all things serve your Grace," said she with a courtesy. She kissed him again, and then Amilcare took her away. Borgia wrote sonnets that night.

"Mollavella, pearl of ladies," whispered her ardent husband, when they were on the North Road and in the thick of the violet Roman night, "never have I felt such joy in you as this day." He looked up at the massed company of the stars. "Fiery in all that galaxy, yonder I see my own star!" he cried in a transport. "Behold, it points us dead to the North. O Star, lit by a star! 'Tis you have set it burning clear, my glorious Princess."

"Dearest heart, I shall die of love," sighed Molly, out of herself at such praise. "But indeed I have done little enough for you as yet."

"More than you think, or can dream," he answered, and spoke truly. For the girl saw nothing in their late visit but a civility done to a great lord.

"If the Duke comes to Nona, Amilcare, I will try to put him at his ease," she said after a little.

"Try, try, dear Soul, it is all that I wish."

"He seemed not so to me when first we went to him, Amilcare."

Amilcare shrugged.

"Eh, per la Madonna!"—he began, as who should say, Being known for his brother's butcher, how should he be? But he stayed in time.

"He has many enemies," he added quietly.

#### IV.

##### MARKET OVERT.

NONA, little city of domes and belfries and square loggias, all in a cluster behind brown walls; with gates of Roman masonry, stolid Lombard church, a piazza of colonnades and restless poplar trees; of a splayed fountain where the Three Graces, back to back, spurt water from their breasts of bronze—Nona, in our time, is not to be discerned from the railway, although you may see its ranked mulberry-trees and fields of maize and guess its pleasant seat in the plain well enough. It is about the size of Parma, a cheerful, leisurely place, abounding in shade and deep doorways and cafés, having some thirty churches (mostly baroque), a fine Palazzo della Ragione in the principal square, and the remains of a cathedral of the ninth century glooming behind

a monstrous façade of the seventeenth, all whitewash, cornucopias, and sprawling Apostles. Thus it seems now to the strayed traveller who, breaking his journey at Castel Bolognese, simmers for four hours in an omnibus along with priests, flies, fleas, and old women. The cortège from Papal territory saw a vastly different city when it approached the gates in the early Spring of 1494. The young leafage shimmered like a veil of golden gauze, the poplar buds were pink and brown, the chestnuts had all their candles afire, larks by dozens were abroad in the clear sky. Below the old Rocca del Capitan Vecchio—a grizzled and blind block of masonry on a spur of limestone, which held not a few of Ezzelin's secrets—two miles from Nona, stood a company of boys and girls in white garments, their laps full of flowers. Their shrill song of welcome hailed the riders, and to the same hopeful music they went on. The towers were all standing in those days, the battlements intact; at every gate stood a guard. The Cathedral of the Santi Apostoli had no Apostles; its great front was a cube of unfinished brick; but colonnades ran in all the streets, row after row of beautifully ordered arches; over them were jutting cornices enriched with dancing children, sea monsters, tritons, dolphins, nymphs blowing conches, Nereus, Thetis, and all their sleek familiars, moulded in red clay. The fountain shone, the displayed Graces jetted their crystal store; from every window hung carpets, on every tower a gonfalon, from every church belfry came the riot of bells. The people were massed at the gates, at the windows, on roofs and loggias and balconies—a motley of orange and blue, crimson and green. Soldiers lined the ways, priests with banners were on the steps of their churches. "Evviva Amilcare! Evviva Madonna Inglese!" ran like a river of sound from the gates about the streets, until in the Piazza Grande, where the Signoria waited in the solemn estate of brocade and ermine, the volume of it had the throbbing roll of breakers on a cliff. Thud upon thud came "Evviva!" each with a shock which made pale Molly catch her breath; more than once or twice her eyes swam and she felt herself wag helpless in the saddle. But Amilcare, snuffing wine, was in his glory, idol of a crowd he despised and meant to rule. Proud he looked and very greatly a ruler, firm-lipped, with a high head, and a flush on his dark cheeks.

At the steps of the Palazzo della Ragione he halted, cap in hand. The trumpeters shrilled for silence, the secretary of the Republic read a Latin speech; everybody applauded what nobody understood. Amilcare, at the end of it, swung off his horse and ran up the steps. He embraced the orator, embraced the Signori one after another; greetings flashed about, tears, laughter, clappings on the back. But he kept his head throughout: it was seen that he wished to present his wife. Present her! Enthusiasm grew frenzied; he had to baffle his way down the steps to regain her side. He lifted her lightly down, hand-

in-hand they went up the steps again. Molly excelled herself, was the wonder of the whole city. How she courtesied to their lordships—what a figure she had for that grace—how tall, how supple, and how slim! When she gave her rosy cheek to each in turn there was a kind of caught sob audible in the crowd. The simplicity of the act brought tears to tender eyes; men laughed or looked haggard, according as the trouble took them; women, more at home with tears, clung to each other as they cried. A marvel all believed her,—an angel clean from heaven; the kiss of peace, *la bocca della Caritá!* A young Dominican became inspired; he showed the whites of his eyes, he spumed at the lips, began to mutter, with gurglings in the throat. At last his words broke strangling from him: “O mouth of singular favor! O lips of heavenly dew!” he stuttered, with a finger on high see-sawing to the rhythm: “O starry eyes conversant with the aspect of angels!” He dropped down plump in a fit, barely heard at the palace door; but all the square surged with his cry: “O mouth of singular favor! O starry eyes! *Eviva Madonna!*”

Men and women all told, Molly must have been forty times kissed. Twice forty times would not have sufficed for the candidates who jostled, strained, and prayed between the soldiers’ pikes below the steps. It would be difficult to say which sex her pretty artlessness pleased the more: she made the women cry, the old men prophesy, the young men dream dreams. Certainly there was nobody who thought ill of her for a performance so glaringly counter to Italian ways, whose men kiss each other while they keep their women at home. The thing was so transparent, done in such pure good faith, there was no room for judgment in it. She went among that people as, in these days, a child might still go. To those bullet-headed captains, grim and shaven close, to those painted great ladies whose bare necks looked the more naked for their jewels, to those cruddled, be-robed old men, to the dapper sons of them, to their stiff-laced daughters, Molly went blushing, smiling, shy and glad; and to each she gave her fresh cheek and the balm of her English lips. O mouth of singular favor! O starry eyes! She bereft them of compliments by her speechless welcome, overcame policy by having none, led captivity captive. Amilcare might hover behind her with plots, a delighted and forgotten shade; Molly Lovel, of Bankside, was Duchess of Nona and might have been Queen of Italy, if all Italy had stood in the Piazza Grande. She was throned at a banquet, escorted home by the Signoria bareheaded; she was serenaded all night by relays of citizens, by straining poets, by all kinds of music. She had not a wink of sleep till morning, nor the faintest idea what it was all about.

There was no notwithstanding the popular voice; the Nonesi went mad to be a Duchy with Molly for a Duchess.

Amilcare might be thrown in. They besieged the Bagnacavallo

Cortile, they wrote sonnets and madrigals, and sang them day in and day out. Amilcare, acting with admirable discretion, kept very much to himself; he sent his beautiful wife on to the balcony twice a day to be saluted, and (more sparingly) let her work for him among the higher sort with her lips, her blushes, and her friendly gray eyes. He was humble in the Council, sober beneath the heaped-up honors of the popular voice, stern only with his mercenaries. A fortnight of this swept him to the top of his hopes. A deputation, with a laurel crown and the title of *Dux* in a casket, waited upon him. He had expected it for a week and carefully dragooned his Molly. "I must refuse the thing," he told her, "for your dear sake, my angel. The fatigues, the affairs of the rule of a State are incredible. I will never let you bear them. The Signori may pluck their beards out by the roots. I am resolved."

When the great morning came—a luminous April day of showers and warm wind—he was as good as his word. Molly, shining with pride in him (herself wearing the day's "uncertain glory"), saw him fold his arms in face of the pompous line of men his seniors, compress his mouth, shake his cropped head. The deputation was much taken aback, the crowd drove hither and thither; she saw head turned to head, guessed at wounds which certainly any one there was incapable of feeling. However, she felt them, rose up from her chair, laid a hand upon her lord's arm: they saw her plead with him. O lovely sight! with her they too began to plead. "Pietà di Nona, Signore! Pietà di noi, Madonna!" She was their graceful Choragus; or rather she, like some slim daughter of the Greeks—Iphigenia or another—voiced the protagonist's part; and they wailed after her, a Chorus of Elders. Finally she knelt to him, wound her arms about his hips, put up her entreating face. The comedy was played out. Amilcare showed himself shaken; he stooped to her, lifted her in his arms, embraced her—O mouth of singular favor! etc. The Convocation broke up in sobs, psalmody, and kisses on the cheek. Amilcare and his wife were led to the broad window and out on to the loggia. There stood Molly in all the glow of her happy toil, quick-breathing, enraptured, laughing, and a-fire. The crown was on her head, by her side her sceptred lord; and below the people cheered and howled. "Udite, citt adini, il vostro Capitano!" cried the heralds. "Duca! Duca! Evviva Amilcare, Duca!" cried the throng. Then Amilcare pointed to the crowned girl. "Evviva la Madonna di Nona!" he brayed like a tube of brass. So as Madonna di Nona they knew her to the end. Amilcare was crowned with his laurel wreath in the Santi Apostoli; *Te Deum* was sung. Nona started on her new career—benevolent despotism tempered by a girl's kisses.

## GRIFONE—AMATEUR OF SENSE.

GRIFONE must now be lifted into the piece, Grifone the gray-eyed, self-contained little secretary, whose brain seemed quicksilver, whose acts those of a deliberate cat, whose inches were few, whose years only tender. One of Amilcare's rare acts of unpremeditated humanity had been to snatch him, a naked urchin of nine, from Barga, when (after a night surprise) he was raining fire and sword and the pains of hell upon that serried stronghold of the hills.

"Eh, Signore, Signore!" had whined the half-famished imp, padding by the Condottiere's stirrup.

"Va via, vattene al diavolo!" a musketeer growled at him, and tried to club him down.

Amilcare looked, as one might idly glance at a shrew-mouse in the path. He saw a brown body pitifully lean, a shock black head, a pair of piercing gray eyes. Further he saw that the child had on not a stitch of clothing, and that he was splashed to the knee with drying blood. "What now, baby?" he asked. "Lift me into the saddle, Signore," said the boy, with a propitiating grin; "I am getting my feet wet." The little dog had a humorous twist to his eyebrow, and it was true enough that the kennels were running red. "Whose blood is that on your legs, my lad?" Passavente stayed his charger. Grifone shrugged. "Misericordia! Who knows? My father's, perhaps; my mother's more certainly, since my father ran away. My mother would have run, too, but she had no time. Eh, take me up, Signore! I cannot swim." Amilcare swung him up by the hand, so saved his life. Next day Grifone saved his.

They burnt a monastery in the plain and ransacked a chestful of correspondence. "Death of Christ!" swore Passavente, "I can't read this Latin. Go and fetch me a monk and a rope." The monk, a plausible rogue, began to read; little Grifone stood by the table. At a certain point he broke into the recital with an emphatic word: "Liar!" "What the devil does this mean?" said Amilcare, in a rage. "The monk is deceiving your Lordship," said Grifone; "the sense is the opposite of what he reports." It seemed that the boy knew Latin, at any rate enough to hang a few monks. Hanged the poor devils were, and after that very much was made of Grifone. Amilcare took him through all his campaigns, had him well taught, gave confidence for confidence, and found by the time he was at Nona, making his *Gran Tradimento* of Farnese, that he could not get on without him. The accepted remedy for such a state of the case was to kill the youth at once. Amilcare did not do that, and at first was able to bless himself for his second forbearance. Grifone was privy to all his master's hopes

and safeguards; Grifone wrought upon the Signoria, cajoled the clergy, bamboozled the *popolani*, descended even to the ragamuffins in the gutters, and taught them how to shout "Duca! Duca!" when his master went proudly a-horseback, or to scribble his effigy in great chalk circles on the city walls. Though it may be true that Molly's graces brought Amilcare the crown of Nona, it must be added that neither Molly nor her Duke could have got in at all if Grifone had not been there to oil the hinges of the gates.

He had the soft, purring ways of a cat, the tact of a Jesuit, the penetration of a money-lender, the sensibility of a musical amateur, and the morals of a maid-of-honor. He had extraordinary command over himself, he seemed able to do everything and wishful to win nothing. There never was a young man (as a matter of fact) who wanted so much or asked so little. It was the very boundlessness of his desires which reined him in. The appetite of the Cæsars would not have represented his; all the gratification they could have commanded would have been for him but a whet. If he had a weak side it was his own astuteness: he could not always see how unutterably foolish a man might be if he were let alone. Another foible he had,—intellectual appreciation of beauty pushed to swooning point. His senses were so straitly tied to his brains that to pluck at one was to thrill the other. Made on a small scale, he was pretty rather than handsome, had quiet, watchful eyes, a smiling mouth, very little hands and feet. He seldom dressed out of black velvet, and if he wanted a man assassinated, had the thing done at so many removes that it was always entered "private quarrel" or "love affair" in the reports of the city watch. He generally chose friars for business of the sort, because they could be about at night without suspicion, and their hanging sleeves gave them such a pull. For cup or fruit work he found ladies the only possible agents. No one in Nona would dream of taking wine from a man; and as for presents of figs, Grifone was maturely of opinion that the last and present Pontiffs had exhausted that pretty artifice. Finally, you can easily understand how useful Duke Amilcare found a demure lad of this kind in the matter of moulding his new State.

When his master brought him a mistress he gave her great attention. Like all clever fellows, he was at first disposed to set down her simplicity to her credit; but after watching her for some time he decided that here was actually a soul clear as glass,—thing of inestimable value in a country where lying was an axiom of politics, and his respect for her quickened into something more. If she had been only beautiful she would never have attracted him as she did. There were plenty of women in Italy handsome enough for his needs (the flower of whose amours were mostly for the mind); but simpletons were rarer. This tall, wistful girl told the truth, but told it incredibly!

Think of this. Shortly after the coronation Bentivoglio, the chalk-faced tyrant of Bologna, came with an army on his way to Forli. He had an old grudge against Nona. Finding himself within a league of its walls, his men lusty and well-fed, his artillery in great train, Nona (as he judged it) in ferment, he blockaded the place, and in due time summoned it to surrender. Amilcare laughed at him, told his wife (in secret) that he would attack on the morrow, and went to the Council. While he was there came a new summons from Bentivoglio, a messenger with a white flag. Word was sent to the Duke: the Duke could not be found. "Oh," said one, "seek Madonna for answer." This was done. "Tell the Lord of Bologna," says Molly, "that we attack tomorrow." The man bowed himself away. You should have seen Amilcare's face when this was reported to him; he rated his lovely Molly like a fish-fag. Then he had an interview with Grifone, told him the whole story. Grifone stared. "Ebbene, Monsignore," said he, "your Grace will do well to attack."

"Attack, man? When the fellow knows we are coming? Are you mad?"

"Not so, my lord," replied the secretary. "Bentivoglio does not know you are coming. What he knows is that you have *said* you are coming."

Well, at last Amilcare saw, what Grifone had seen from the first, the mad results which might be won by a truth-telling Duchess. The Nonesi did attack. Bentivoglio, of course, not expecting them, was scattered over the maize-fields, and never collected his force again until his own territory was reached. That was why he could not help the Lady of Forli. "Per Bacco," said Grifone to himself, "truth in Italy is soured in the mud at the well's bottom; in England it seems to lie in a pan. This pretty creature is as shallow as a crystal cup, where you may study truth, like a blue jewel, in an inch of water." He went about thoughtfully the rest of that day; this new-discovered quality of Molly's was a thing very beautiful in his eyes. The conclusion he came to was that he was about to fall in love with the lady. "And that, after all," was his comment, "might not be a bad thing, if (as is probable) it become necessary to make her my consort." Then he went happily to sleep.

Grifone's proposals to himself were still very simple. Shortly, they were to get a throne for his master in order that he might the more easily acquire one for himself. "My legs," he said frankly, "are too short to get up without a footstool." Amilcare was to have been the footstool. But then Molly came into play. At first she seemed to make the simple thing simpler. Amilcare was a strong man, but stiff. Grifone was sure he would bungle in his handling of Molly; this truth-telling beauty, this flawless jewel in a cup, would baffle him, he would

neither see it the fine nor the delicate tool it was. He worked best with a bludgeon, which, as it did brute's work, might be brutishly handled. So far, well—he might trust Amilcare to wreck himself. Unfortunately, it seemed only too likely he might involve Molly in the mass. That danger was looming; already he set her to decoy-work, which the girl herself (Grifone could see) did not relish. The ladies of Nona were gay and free—too free. Molly recoiled visibly, more than once. The men were worse; incredible as it seemed to Grifone, they actually ravaged this tender honeysuckle-spray to drench themselves with the scent. Molly, beautifully patient, courteous, meek as she was, cast a scared paling face about the assembly; some of the talk, too, cut her very deep. Grifone was already too much interested in her to stomach this. He decided to make discreet love to his Duchess by a way of his own. The Nonesi (gluttons!) abused her favors; he would refuse them. He would fast where Nona feasted, and be the only unkissed guest at her receptions.

## VI.

## GRIFONE ENTERS THE MARKET.

THE first opportunity he had he took. The Palazzo Bagnacavallo was thrown open to all worthy citizens; the rooms (since no one in those courting days was held unworthy) were crowded. Ladies, soldiers, churchmen, humanists in brocade, poets in velvet; a cardinal, a cross-eyed Greek who had forsaken usury at Trebizonde for moral philosophy at Nona; Madonna Diamante, too-receptive wife of the Count of Cor-nuto; Madonna Smeralda, her discreet friend; Madonna Saphira, Madonna Rubina; frizzed young nobles in parti-colored hose; humble abbates, uncured and incurable; a monk crowned with laurel for a sonnet, and a Knight of the Holy Ghost in retirement,—these were some of the company among whom Duchess Molly was paraded by her discerning lord, to carry her smiles of welcome and her pretty ways. Grifone, grave, attentive, in black, was there, be sure, waiting his turn. It came, and with it Molly, blushing and over-wrought, new from the very kindly salutations of the Greek. To Grifone she proffered a greeting which was no less kind because her heart was troubled. Her well of trust in mankind was not yet dry. Grifone took her hand and bent over it; it was as much as he did to brush it with his lips. Molly wondered at him.

"You should be Messer Grifone, my lord's secretary," she said falteringly.

"Alas, I have that misfortune," replied the youth, with averted eyes.

"Why, I know you very well," said Molly, "but see now that I have offended you. What is my injury, Signore? What have I done?"

"Madonna," said Grifone (but so low that no other could hear him), "believe me that the offence is none of your wilful making. It is, however, irremediable. Nothing but misfortune could overcome such misfortune as mine; and that I pray heaven to keep far from you."

"Alack, good Grifone, what sayings are these for a day which should be happy?" urged the warm-hearted girl, with eyes ready to fill.

"Madonna, let me endure the thought of them alone, I entreat your Grace."

"Never while I live, Grifone. You make me most unhappy. Will you not kiss me?"

"Never while I live, Madonna, if I am to live honest."

Molly went white and red, and stood hesitating, uncertain whether to cry or be angry. Either might have been a vent for her distress, which was real. Commanding herself with pains—

"I will require you to speak to me after supper," she said, after a pause for the struggle. Grifone bowed his head and backed away from her. She, being boundless in capacity for the affections of her kind, spent the interval with an aching heart.

Directly supper was done she hunted for the secretary. The affair had by now throbbed itself into a question of her physical ease. Her heartstrings were at a dangerous stretch, she quivering at the point of tears. Master Grifone, for his part, had taken very good care that the Duke of Nona should be occupied and himself not hard to find. Molly came upon him in a gallery of arras; caught him crouching there with his face hidden in his hands. She went to him at once, full of the trouble he showed her, sat by him, put her arm round his neck, and tried to draw his head up. Grifone turned her a white, miserable face. "Ah!" he said, husky with reproach, "ah! you have come with the ardors of an angel leaping in you; yet no cruelty could in truth be sharper."

"Cruel? Cruel? Oh, Grifone, nobody has ever said this of me before!" whimpered poor Molly. She was swirling in wilder water than she knew.

"The cruelty is unconscious, yet none the less bitter for that," he complained: and then, all at once, he turned fiercely to rend her. "What! When I throb for your footfall, or when I lean swooning to the wall for the scent of your hair as you pass; when I urge against your chamber door that I may feed upon the sound of your breath, or hunt for broken bread under your table that I may grow drunk on what your fingers have touched! When I go raving at night, weeping by day, with a knife in my heart, tears that scald my eyes! When with these pains to endure, these perils to skirt, heights to fly, you will speak, touch me, breathe upon me, tempt me to greet you with kissing of the lips! Ah, Heaven and Hell! it is overmuch. I would be an honest

man, look you. I have a master to serve, I bid you remember. It is true enough that I love you out of all measure; there is no sin in that which I cannot help; but misery there is, by our Saviour! The sin is gaping all about me, itching here, aching there, gnawing and groping without cease or stint or allay. Yes, yes, I know this is true—God help me! I love you deplorably; but I will not touch you. You are the ever-blessed thing to me; but I will make you the ever-abhorred thing, *anathema maranatha*. I love you, I worship you, I adore you; you are my saint, my church, my altar, my soul's peculiar food: you shall be my devil, his hell, his cauldron, my venomous offence. And all this you shall be that I may love you yet more, yet incomprehensibly more, and (withal) live honest. I will hate you because I adore you. Ah, and I will prove whether by hating you most of all I cannot drown myself in love." He threw himself out of her reach, and rocked with hidden face.

Here was pretty hearing for a pretty bride. Molly, with heaving bosom, stood abashed and dumb and troubled profoundly. Not only had she never tried to stem so fierce a torrent of love, nor ever shuddered under such dry heat in men's words—she had never yet dreamed of so much passion in men created. And glorious passion, too, it seemed; so stern and repressed: a passion which hugged a fetter, a splendid misery of denial. Of course she had nothing to say,—she never had anything to say,—yet she longed to say or do something. Her interest in all these fine things was painful, if delicious; and it never occurred to her for a moment that it could be a sin to listen where it was evidently such a virtue to declare. She was conscious of no disloyalty to Amilcare in so listening, in being so troubled, in displaying her trouble so unaffectedly. Poor, poor, good Grifone! So very noble, so white and miserable: heaven knows she would have satisfied him if she could. With her, to feel was to touch (if I may so put it); quite instinctively she stretched out her arms to draw him home; the good fool would have kissed his tears away if he had had any, giving him for comfort what he had screamed upon as a torment. But that was a talent denied to Grifone: he could not cry. All the same, she was at the point to kiss him, when he once more prevented her—this time without violence. "Ah, my lady, my lady," he said with a smile whimsically sad, "have a little pity on a torturing wretch!"

Molly now covered her face and freely sobbed. The scene was heart-rending, and Grifone judged that he might give the finishing stroke. He stood over her where she was flung (the poor humble soul), and laid his fingers lightly on her silken shoulder.

"Love makes a good reader of a man," he said slowly, drawling his words. "Long ago I discerned the clear stream of truth which is the issue of your love. Henceforward there is a secret pact between us two,

a secret wholly honorable, since I have only told it that you might be won over not to dare me too far. Being honorable, you (who are the fountain of honor) will keep it. We go our two ways, we look not on each other, we greet not, neither speak what either knows. Chance will throw us much together, yet this law we will punctually observe. To me the hour will say—‘Guard thee, Grifone, thy sweet enemy draws near.’ To you—‘Now goodness be thy guide, Molly, lest thou art a cause of stumbling to thy brother.’ So let it always be.”

He left her then, knowing very well that he had sworn the good girl to faith inviolable, and given her the subject of perennial thought.

And so he had. Molly kept his secret, honored it, honored him. She came by tortuous ways of her hoodblind heart to glory and exult in both; nor had she the wit to discern how or by what stealthy degrees the pain and longing she pitied in him grew to be more pitiable in herself. She watched him wonderfully in those crowded days of court-life which followed, and when she was blinded by her tears held him as a martyr who, for her sake, lay quivering under the knife. It shows the length of her road, that she was never aware how much more in her sight he was than Amilcare, the man of her election. Amilcare, it is true, was greatly occupied: one cannot be a Duke for nothing. Not home affairs only (though discontent was never far off) called him from house; the times were full of the shock of alarms; thrones toppled; there were rumors of moving hosts beyond the Alps. Cesare, the flame-colored Borgia, was still meditating his kingdom in Romagna; already the Lady of Forli was flogging her sulky lieges into some sort of action for her defence. Now, Nona lay dead in the Borgia’s way, and unless the Borgia could be hoodwinked again, as he had been hoodwinked before, Nona need not cease to be a Duchy, but Amilcare would cease to be a Duke. No wonder the man was a lack-love just now. He intended to play Molly for his great stake; meantime, he must be more of a Duke than he was, recognized as such by other Powers, by Dukes firmly rooted, by grudging republics or tyrants in thin veils. And while he was consolidating his throne,—ruffling here, fawning there,—Grifone was always before Molly’s eyes; always plucking at her poor heart-strings, always holding up his grave patience, his bleeding, his most eloquent refusals, for her wonder. Wonder indeed she did, and much more than that. The thought sat upon her like a brooding evil spirit, frayed her nerves to waste. He used to move her so much by this policy of negation that she found herself panting as she sat among her women; or when from her throned seat at table she saw his pale profile burn like a silver coin in the dusk, the pain of her heart-beating well-nigh made her suffocate. Her troubles came to be day-long; he haunted her by night. When she began to ask the Virgin Mary how long she could endure, it was the signal to herself that she could en-

dure no more. She sent for him, then, and implored him brokenly—sobbing, kneeling before him—that he would leave her. Grifone bowed his head. Next day Amilcare (or some other) told her that the secretary was to be absent for some months arranging alliances abroad. He went without seeing her or bidding any farewells. She was prostrate for three or four days; could hardly drag herself to church, or away from it when once she had gained its cool sanctuary-aisles. After that she got better and more her old self. The relief was as delicious as the grief had been; she was really happy. Then she found that she was beginning to dread his return. This was exactly what he had desired: he was a most astute young man.

## VII.

## A PEDLER'S ROUND.

GRIFONE'S tour of negotiation lasted very nearly six months,—months of comparative ease for Molly, neglected by her husband and shadowing lover alike. During this time the latter visited every important court in Italy, except Naples, whither he cared not, and Parma, whither he dared not, venture; the object of his journey being, of course, to secure his master's acknowledgment by a better title than the throats of a marketed crowd. It would be as interesting as it was surprising to see the little craftsman at work, the ingenuity with which he plied his handful of tools, the proud patience with which he endured snub after snub, his bland passivity and extraordinary rebound. First of all he went to Rome, ever the pivot of danger to an Italian diplomat. Molly's portrait, done in his best manner by Dosso of Ferrara, was presented to Duke Cesare of Valentinois. In this the lady, with loose hair and a still looser robe (spangled with stars as it was, and slipped off one white shoulder), was sitting in a green wilderness feeding lions with confetti. On a cedar near by were several parrots and a pale owl, and from a low swinging branch a great speckled snake stooped downward to embrace Molly's waist in a dry fold, and with his head writhed forward to lick her chin. It was a pleasing piece: Don Cesare was ravished. The seed planted in him at Foligno germinated, produced a bud, before long a triumphant flower. Not only would he come to Nona, and that soon, but the Holy Father sent the Golden Rose to "his dearest daughter in Jesus Christ, Maria, by the same grace Duchess of Nona." O mouth of singular favor!

With the scent of this rare blossom Grifone went off to tickle the nostrils of the North. But he must not delay us. Bologna he dared to visit: thither the Ducal pair must needs go anon. Milan received him to some purpose, Venice received him to none at all. Mocenigo was not Doge for nothing. Ferrara was busy with thoughts of piety, the whole court barefoot, howling "Fac me plagis" between the garden

walls. In other places he cried his wares, and reached Nona again in the heats of July.

He found his lovely mistress in a shaking fever, languid under the breathless heat of the plains, yet never at rest. He found her large-eyed and bodeful, horribly nervous of him. She had been longing to see him, yet every day made vehement prayer that she might never look upon him again. When she knew that he was indeed in the palace, she shut herself into her chamber with a crucifix, and spent the whole day at the window peeping from behind a curtain. Grifone saw the shape of her in it, saw her hand at the selvage. "Courage, Grifone, mio caro," he assured himself; "she is afraid of thee." He resumed his state of armed respect; Molly her tossing nights and pacing days. Affairs were something awry in the duchy, yet Grifone assured his lord they were likely to be much more awry out of it. Madonna Duchessa must certainly be shown about,—otherwise, an avalanche. Preparations were pushed on. By October the Duke and Duchess, with a great train, set out, actually for Bologna, but nominally for Milanese territory. Ludovico, of that great principality, would have been mortally affronted if he believed Bentivoglio to have been considered first. Therefore, the visit to Bologna was to be a dead secret, performed by the principals almost unattended; meanwhile Grifone (who sometimes let his love of mystification ride him) prepared litters with a dummy Duke and Duchess to go under escort to Borgo San Donnino. He and his wagging escort duly entered that city; excuses to the Podesta secured him a covered passage to the Palace. Once there, unfortunately, the populace clamored for a view, insisted upon their Graces' appearance. Grifone had to set his dolls at a window. There they stared, embraced, while three Ciceronian orations were delivered from the piazza and all the merchant-guilds marched round it with banners and torches. Next morning he got them off safely by some stroke of good luck; but his joke got wind in time, came round to Cesare Borgia's ears, and at last was repeated against Nona. For no other reason could this absurd incident claim your ears.

At Bologna, also, all had gone well with the real adventurers—up to a certain point. Bentivoglio the tyrant (whose name is surely the grimdest of his pleasantries), having seen the lovely Molly, was disposed to forgive her that disastrous veracity which (you remember) had prevented him before. He was so favorably impressed that Amilcare (who never missed a chance) left him alone with her for two hours in the garden after the supper. At the end of that time Molly came to him, stumbling over her dress in her haste, flushed and in tears. They must leave Bologna at once, she declared; she would die else, or never look her husband in the face. The man had insulted her, was horrible, most wicked. Amilcare, her dear lord, must go and avenge

her, etc., etc. Here was a pother. What could be done? Grifone, of course, had he been there, would have drawn his master's sword for him, dragged him out of the room, and sent him back in half an hour's time with a bloody testimony of nothing on the blade. Molly would have been pacified, Bentivoglio snug abed, the sword none the worse for a little pig's blood. But Grifone was at Borgo jiggling his dolls and listening to Cicero, and Amilcare lost his head. He pooh-poohed the whole affair; Molly grew pale, stopped crying. Amilcare began to feel himself; come, come, she was reasonable after all. He condescended to explain the fine uses of Italian statecraft, the wife's part, the husband's part. He was most explicit; Molly grew white, ended by fainting. Amilcare carried her to bed; she refused to sleep with him. He raged; she cared nothing. She was wild with terror, shame, discovery of her lover's worth, and of her love's. He had to beg her pardon on his knees, made an enemy of Bentivoglio, a fool of himself, and left next morning in a tearing passion.

Grifone, who met his master at Cremona, lost no time in seeing that something had gone counter, and very little in finding out what it was. "Leave it to me, my good lord," he said comfortably. "I will explain to Madonna in another way." Before they went to bed he had a little guarded talk with his Duchess, half excusation of his absence which might have aggravated her alarms, half condemnation of Amilcare; the whole, consequently, a veiled eulogy of himself. Molly was very quiet at first, subdued and miserable, but sincerely grateful. To express this she fell into her natural way, a way of little timid tenderesses, little touchings of the arm, urgings of the cheek. Grifone received them rigidly; she was reduced to tears. Thereupon he kissed her ardently, twice, and fled. She remained a long while in the dark, breathless, limp, awed, and absurdly happy. Next morning he was as distant as the Alps and quite as frosty. At dusk they reached Milan.

Whatever Duke Ludovic (titular of Barri, actual of Milan) may have intended to ensue, he gave them a proper reception. Cardinal Ascanio himself came to the city gate with clergy and the Council; cavalry, a parti-colored array, pennoned and feathered, escorted them to the Castle. There, on the steps within the great court-yard, the Moor himself, sumptuous in silver brocade, and Donna Beatrice his wife; there his tired sister, Duchess Bona, and her by no means tired daughter, Bianca Maria of the green eyes, stood panoplied to await them. Trumpets announced the greetings that passed; yet another fanfare the greetings that were to come. When within the hall, at the foot of the broad staircase, they found and kissed the hands of the anxious little Duke Galeazzo Maria and his pretty wife—pair of doomed children even then in the cold shadow of their fate. Half-hearted, fainting, Molly went through her little part with the accustomed success. Her

pretty English-Italian, her English lips, again her eager hands, so anxious to search friends out, found their sure way to one at least. Bianca Maria, affianced of the Roman King, delighted to kiss and be kissed, announced herself the strange girl's lover. Pleasure broke over her face, broke the glaze of her bottomless eyes with a gleam like the sun's when in still water it betrays deep green paths of light. She was an enigmatic rogue, so clever that to most she seemed of unplumbed stupidity. Those blank green eyes of hers, that waxen face, that scarlet impenetrable mouth, her even gait, and look of ruminating, look of a dolt—who knew Bianca Maria? Not Maximilian, the mild-mannered King; not Duke Ludovic (that creased traitor) who schemed her marriage; not altogether Lionardo who painted half her portrait and taught her much of his wisdom; certainly not poor Molly of Nona. All the Milanese were her lovers, and here was another heart, Molly's to wit, laid open and soothed by the little witch's quick hand-strokes. Bianca Maria had all her secrets with all her love in the first hour of their embracery.

The two girls sat clasped in one chair in that pretty time of dressing when half is undone and half's to do: Molly, feeling a fool but loving to have it so, on the lap of the younger who mothered her. After many days Lionardo, who forgot nothing and never her whom he thus happened on, glorified her as the Virgin Mary on the knees of Saint Anne. The indefinite smile, the innocent consciousness, the tender maiden ways! Wife, mother, handmaid of High God, he thought of her as of Molly in apotheosis,—dutiful for love's sake, yet incurably a child, made for the petting-place.

"Grifone, the secretary, is your lover, my Molly," said Bianca Maria the sage. Molly admitted the sobering truth, and the other pinched her lip.

"Take care of him, my dear. He is more perilous than that stiff husband you now have. The husband is a trading fool. He uses you as a carrot to induce donkeys. The other is more curious and has no use for donkeys. He will use you otherwise."

"Why, how will he use me, then?" said open-eyed Molly. She was vaguely ill at ease; but the other shammed stupid. All she could be brought to add was: "I will take care of you if I can. You will never do here, nor should ever have come—a lamb among our Lombard wolves. Had you no English lover, to kill Amilcare and prevent it?"

Molly thought of Gregory Drax, who had been upon the North Seas at the time. Gregory Drax used to lean over the garden gate chewing straws. This he did by the hour together, to the perfect satisfaction of himself and understanding of the neighbors. Molly could not think that it would have led to the slaying of Amilcare.

"What was he like, this Gregorio?" asked Bianca Maria, suddenly

alert when she had got his name smoothly. Molly did her best—ruddy, blue-eyed, always blushing and laughing, fair-haired, very long arms. He was a *marinajo*. “He sounds to be so,” said Bianca Maria. Then she clapped her hands and summoned Lionardo.

The great man had no sooner appeared (noiselessly in the doorway, the inscrutable graybeard) than she kissed her friend and bade her go with her women to the appointed quarters of the Nonesi. Lionardo gravely saluted her as she went rosy out. He had seen the Virgin in the lap of Saint Anne, and cared no more for the poor original.

“Dear Lionardo,” said the girl in the chair to the most learned man of her day, “you shall do me the favor to write a letter in Latin to a certain English lord, Messer Gregorio Dras, *marinajo*, Londra.”

“Principessa,” said the great man, “I am ready. Recite your letter.”

“To her very singular good lord,” the letter began,—the only one, so far as I know, written by the Empress Bianca Maria to England; certainly the only one she ever wrote to Wapping. The conceit of it was as follows: That the lovely Lady Molly was at Nona, on the confines of Emilia and Romagna, wife of a man who would shortly be murdered in order that she might become the mate of the assassin; that a very great lord, son of the Holy Father, was intending for those parts, and would probably take the same means to secure himself the position of her third husband. The writer proposed that the Lord Gregorius, whose virtue and celerity of judgment were well known throughout Italy, should journey out to Nona with all reasonable despatch and repossess himself of the lady. “Thus your lordship,” it concluded, “may happily become fourth husband of a lady whose charms are of a sort so noble and perdurable that they are unlikely to suffer from the arduous duties their excellence involves. Yet such haste as is compatible with your worshipful degree in the realm of England may be recommended. From Milan, etc., in the year of our thankful redemption 1494.”

“How shall we send our letter speediest, my Merlin?” His enchantress laid her emerald spell over him—O incomparable witch!

Such sorcery exalted him always. He lifted her question upon one of his towering flights.

“The wings of birds, if we could use them, were admirable for the purpose, Princess,” he replied. “But, for the moment, the difficulty of instructing such messengers is insuperable. And not only so, but it is probable that the Lord Gregorio, seeing such an envoy to his hand, might put a bolt into it and itself into the pot, without interrogatories delivered or answer made. So messenger and message would alike be boiled. Another way occurs to me, which arises out of this consideration. We stand, each bather of us, in a lake of air. A lake? Rather,

an illimitable ocean of it spread over land and sea, in which the very mountain tops do blink. Should not, then, the pulsing of our thought, as it rings outward from us, be discernible in the ripples about the Lord Gregorio's ears? Obviously it should. But the reading of such ripples would be a nice matter; and, again, we lack means, and, again, the time, to instruct his lordship. Once more——”

“Ah, you dream your subtleties, and my letter gets cold,” said Bianca Maria, pouting; “you are now just as you sit watchfully, when you should be painting my picture.”

“It is, then, that I am painting my hardest, Princess Saint Anne,” he returned. “But leave with me your letter. It shall go in a man's bosom to-morrow morning.”

High affairs of state are not settled in a week, nor dukes so apt at billing as a pair of girls. Duke Ludovic would not declare himself to every adventurer; Duke Amilcare was too patently adventurous to disclose all his hand. Then came Grifone, with a game of his own. Blind each of one eye, they set to dealing their cards for beggar-my-neighbor.

Now Ludovic feared one man in all Italy, and so did Amilcare. That was the one man in all Italy whom Grifone respected, on whom he thought he could honestly rely. Thought he to himself: “Can their Serenities be leagued against this man in my service? Can they not, by our risen Lord?” He fancied that they might. To this end he proposed to his master, very shortly, the assassination of Borgia by means of the lovely Molly. Let her, at a private banquet, inveigle him to drink a cup. “Suggest this to the Duke of Barri,” he said; “I think your lordship will not be disappointed. Substantial pledges must be exacted, of course; he must tread in deep enough to leave a footmark or two visible 'twixt Milan and Nona.” Amilcare thought well of this advice and followed it. Ludovic, incredulous at first, and breathless, took a fortnight to ponder. He consulted Cardinal Ascanio, consulted his astrologers, took the test of the opening Virgil. His eye lighted upon the portentous words: “*Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.*” Who would have twittered after those? He sought his guest and told him roundly that if the thing went well he would send an envoy to the Court at Nona, and support the new duchy with moral force. Amilcare did not believe him, naturally, nor did he greatly care for moral forces. He stipulated for an envoy at once, an invitation for himself and his wife to Bianca Maria's wedding, and for a loan of twenty thousand ducats in specie. Ludovic boggled horribly at this; but they accorded at last. The envoy was to go then and there, the invitation should be sent when the Borgia had agreed to visit Nona, and the money when he was within a day's ride of that city. Reduced to cipher writing, this treaty was placed below the visible host on the

high altar of Sant' Eustorgio; the allies received the Communion; and after another week's festivities the Duke and Duchess of Nona went home.

At parting the two girls clung together. "We shall never meet again, child," cried the chosen Empress. "I am sure of it." Molly kissed her. "Are we not to come to your marriage, dear Bianca?"

"My marriage?" cried the other. "You will as likely see me there as that shadow of a name which will be my bridegroom. You will see my simulacrum, a plastered effigy of me. I shall be stiff with gold-dust and diamonds; a doll marrying a doll's bed-gown. Why should I be there if his ever august Majesty is represented by a puff of silly breath? Pray never look for Bianca Maria in the Queen of the Romans. The Queen of the Romans is a doll, windy ruler of the name of a people; Bianca Maria Sforza, daughter of thieves, has been your friend, as you will see. She has provided for your third husband an honest man. Now kiss me for the last time and, by Heaven, go quickly, or I shall keep you here for my soul's health." The fierce little hungry creature threw her arms round Molly's neck and kissed her like a lover. Molly was melted into tears.

"Oh, Bianca, you bewilder, you terrify me! What is this of husbands and your soul?"

"Ah, my soul!" cried she. "Do you think so highly of it as to suppose it will survive this marriage, or so lightly as not to care? My soul, poor child, is in the case with your lovely body. It is the tied bird of all these fowlers."

"Alas, alas! but I cannot understand," Molly wailed; but the other caught her the closer.

"That you do not understand, carina, is your salvation. It proves you immortal. Now go. No! kiss me, kiss me!"

They were parted at last; and though they did meet again, they kissed no more.

### VIII.

#### PRIVATE TREATY.

To a most elaborately penned invitation the Borgia responded by half a dozen words scrawled by his secretary. He would be in the March at such and such a time and would spend such and such a day in Nona. He had heard from Amilcare; he replied to Molly. The insult was glaring, even to her.

"Is this tolerable, my lord?" said the meek beauty, incensed at last. Amilcare shrugged.

"It may not have to be borne very long," said he. "For my part, I am accustomed to reckon a gift by its use to me, not by the sacking round about it." He was now beyond his wife's depth: she neither followed nor tried to follow him.

In these days she saw but little of her lord, and could have wished it less. He, who in action was as cheerful a soul as you could wish to serve, was harassed by the long expectances of diplomacy and in the routine work of governing most grim. The Nonesi had come to hate him a good deal, but to fear him more. Expenses were incalculable; the taxes grew; there were riots. Savage snaps of speech in the Council did harm; imprisonments followed, then some unaccountable sudden deaths. High and low alike, none knew where the blow might fall, but all flinched at it. In these distresses Molly served him well, for she at least was universally loved. If the Duke had a man stabbed, the Duchess took such sweet consolation to the widow that none could murmur long. To watch her warm tears flow was in itself a solace; to feel her arms, to win her kissing mouth, quickened those doubtful poor souls. Furtively, also, Grifone was on her side: a neat phrase here and there made her position plain to the most infidel in the city. It is true that while he helped her there he tortured her otherwise inexpressibly. He hardly ever left her now, and her heart bled to see him go in fear of her; she prayed night and day that he might have strength to shake off this biting cruel love. It never entered her head that she could console him by perfidy to a perfidious husband; it had entered Grifone's head a hundred times, but he always put it out. He could afford to wait for what, after all, he only valued as a concession to vulgar opinion. In thought she had been his for a year, and in the mind he lived most deliciously. It was, no doubt, his full intent to make her his in all the grossness of the fact, but not until he had got rid of Amilcare, or induced Amilcare to get rid of himself. This was what the stiff-necked Condottiere was now doing as fast as his best enemies could have wished. His people hated him so bitterly that he would certainly have worn mail—had not Molly been his mail. They spared him because they loved her and believed that he still had her heart. "Amilcare uxoris gratia, Dux," was now the fact. Grifone could have destroyed belief and him together by a lift of the eyebrow; but he wanted more than that, so waited on. The little fellow was really extraordinary. Luxurious as he was to the root, and effeminate, hating as he did cold water, cold food, the cold shoulder, one and all of these shuddering things he had schooled himself to bear without a blink. He grew even to take a stern pleasure in the bitterness they cost him, as he turned them to his uses and reckoned up his balance at the bank. Amilcare snarled at him, cut his words out of his mouth, struck him, kicked him once like a yard-dog. Grifone added it all to his store.

But as the day for Duke Cesare's visit drew near, Molly began to be much again in her husband's thoughts,—how far she would go in this maturer time. She had charmed the man once before, at Foligno; she had charmed everybody. But then she had been charmed herself. Sub-

sequently she had charmed Bentivoglio, not so happily but that she endangered her own spell. That was the present trouble, for hitherto her charm had lain precisely in herself, in the little every-day acts which were her own nature. Bentivoglio had reasonably wanted more; so would Borgia want very much more. Could Molly be brought not to surrender all he wanted—but to make him want? Amilcare, growing tense between his difficulties, felt that explanations must be given and received, felt also that they must come from himself,—in fact, Grifone had declined them,—and felt that he was not strong in such work. Direction he could give, but not explanation. However, he must try.

On a vivid morning of early summer, when the lemon-trees in the *Cortile* looked as if they had been cut out of metal, and the planes and very poplars were unwinking in the thick blue air, Amilcare came into his wife's room. She had not expected him; he found her lying dishevelled and unbusked, with all her glossy hair tumbled loose. Very much a maiden still, for all her year and a half of marriage, she jumped up directly she saw him and, blushing, covered her neck. Amilcare, finding her and the act adorable together, took her in his arms and kissed her; then he led her back by the hand to the window cushions and made her sit upon his knee. He began to play with her hair. "What a silken mesh, my Molly! What a snare for a man in this lovely cloud! How fragrant of roses! Ah, most beautiful wife, you could lead all Italy by a strand of this miraculous hair."

She was pleased with his praises, touched and grateful; she kissed him for them. So they grew more friendly than they had been ever since the Bentivoglio had shocked her modesty and faith in him at once. Amilcare rattled on; love-talk comes easily to the Italian tongue, whose very vocables are caresses.

Gradually he drew in and in to the Borgia, centre of all his spinning thought. "There is a lover of yours, for instance," he said, comically aghast; and Molly laughed.

"Why, Amilcare, you make all the world to be my lover, all the world to look at me through your eyes. Believe it, they see me truer than you do. I am a very simple person."

Amilcare began to count upon his fingers, one hand meeting the other round Molly's caught waist.

"The Borgia, the Count of Cavalcalupo, Oreste Colonna, Negroponte, three bishops at Seste, Bianca Maria, Cardinal Ascanio Sforza, Ordelaffi, Benti—" She stopped him there with a hand on his mouth.

"Pah, the horrible man!" Amilcare gayly struggled for vent, and—

"Voglio!" he concluded the word. "You may not relish the trophy,

my wife, but him you undoubtedly charmed. And now Don Cesare is coming. Him also it will be as needful as easy to please."

Molly turned in her husband's arms to consider him. Something in his tone (rather than the words he had used) struck bodefully upon her. Amilcare was kissing her hair and would not give over; she cast down her eyes unsatisfied.

"I hope I may always please my lord's friends," she said, in a low voice.

Amilcare settled himself yet more luxuriously in his cushions and looked at the ceiling.

"You must charm him, my soul," he said intensely, "you must charm him. I am in his hands, in his way; he has sought my ruin and I believe still seeks it. Twice he has tried to poison me, once to have me stabbed; if he tries again he will succeed. Nothing can turn Don Cesare from his path but a woman. Therefore, you must charm him, ravish his eyes. You know very well how to do that."

Molly stared, grew red, began to stammer. "But how can I——? Oh, Amilcare, what do you ask of me?" Then he looked at her, severely, but without malice. She noticed for the first time the cold-steel hue in his gray eyes, the complete absence of friendliness,—a tinge which his men knew very well and other men's men even better.

"I ask of you, my Molly, that the man be put at his ease," he said deliberately (happy in ordering at last). "More, that his direction be turned. He must be made high-hearted, full of glorious hope, not counting cost, keen in pursuit. He must blow off the cobwebs of his doubt; rather, these must shred from him as he flies in chase. I cannot afford his distrust. I can do nothing without you. Light of heaven, am I asking too much? Or do you suppose that my safety with the Borgia is not yours also?" He shrugged his intolerable indignation and threw back his head. Thus he avoided to look at his wife.

She still sat upon his knee, but like an alien, bolt upright, reasoning out her misery with wide, tearless eyes and a hand to press her bosom down. Shocks were no more for her,—she had learned too much; but these things seemed like hard fingers on a familiar wound, which opened the old sore and set it aching. The part he now put to her had only to be named to be shown for horrible; was yet too horrible to be named; yet had to be named.

"You ask of me to charm your enemy," she said, in a still, fascinated voice (as if she were forced by a spell to speak obscenity); "to beguile your enemy—to make him—make him—seek me. Him, the man who tried to murder you? Charm him? Charm him? Lead him to pursue?"

She could hardly drag the words out of her, but Lord! what a fool she was. At least Amilcare thought so. The plainest duty, the easiest;

this childish woman's game! He jumped up, quivering, with nerves on edge, and the sympathy between the pair lacked even touch. Molly found her feet, stood brooding before him, all her hair about her lowered face. To see her thus, a mule, a block, maddened Amilcare. He clenched his fists. "Yes, madam,"—his words bit the air,—"you shall charm this enemy of mine, if you please; this assassin, this ravener of other men's goods. You shall charm him in the way you best know—you and your nation. Bentivoglio I excused you: he was not worth your pains. Borgia I shall not excuse you. I showed you him with this only view; I asked him here, I speak to you now, with this only view. You are adorable in every part, if you choose to be. Italy has no woman like you, so winning, so like a sumptuous child: such tall buds shoot only in the North. To it, then! Charm him as you charmed me. Teach him (*Santo Dio!*)—teach him to die for a smile. At least afford him the smile or the provocation of it; the rest shall be my affair. Soul of Christ! am I to miss this astounding opportunity? Never in the world. I bid you by all you hold sacred to do your duty. Am I plain enough?"

He was. She had grown as gray as a cloth, could say nothing, only motion with her dry lips. But she bent her head to him, and stretched out her hands in token of obedience to law.

"Good," said Amilcare; "my wife understands me." And he went out then and there to his Council. His conviction of her submissiveness (and of other things about her to modify it) may be gauged by the fact that he never saw her again (except ceremonially) until a certain moment after the dinner with Borgia.

Grifone saw her all the more for that. What he saw satisfied him that she was in terrible trouble. She slunk about to his view as if beaten down by shame. He had seen young girls in that strait very often, when the first step had been taken, the first flush faded from the venture, the first after-knowledge come. They always went as though they were watched. More than that, he discerned that she was nearly broken down for want of a counsellor: he caught her long gaze fixed upon him sometimes. She seemed to be poring over him, spoke to herself (he thought) as she sat vacantly upon her throne, or at table among the quick wits, with all her peering ladies to fence her in. If anyone addressed the word to her she flushed suddenly and began to catch after her breath. He could see how shortly that breath came, and how it seemed to hurt her. If she answered at all, it was stupidly and beside the purpose; then she would look conscious of her dulness, grow uncomfortably red, be at the point to cry. All this, while it could not but gratify him, made him a little sorry too. One night at a very brilliant assembly given by the notorious *Donna Smeralda Buonaccorso* he saw her standing forlorn on the terrace, like a lonely rock in the sea

—the most beautiful woman in Nona and the most splendidly attired, absolutely alone in all that chattering, grimacing crowd. The Duchess of Nona! This consideration alone moved him to real pity—for to be great and unfortunate has a freakish way of touching your heart; it moved him quietly towards her, to whisper in her ear, “*Madonna*” (and Heaven! how she started), “*Madonna, what you need now is the courage of your race. But courage, I well know, comes only by confidence, and confidence is what I can give you. Trust for trust: will you hear me?*”

But she looked piteously at him, as if she had been found out, and put her hands to her ears. “*I dare not hear you! I dare not! How can you speak to me when I have never asked—never thought—? Ah, leave me, Grifone. I have not heard you yet; ask me not—but go!*” It was she that went, that hurried from him, stumbling in her haste, like a hunted thing. He could see no more of her that night, so with a shrug turned to his quiet amusement. There were women there pleasant enough. It was true that he wanted but one woman superlatively; but it was eminently Grifone’s maxim that, failing that which you need, you should take that which you can get.

The last stage in the education of Molly Amilcare found must positively be left to the secretary. On the night before Duke Cesare’s arrival, when every other preparation had been made, Grifone came into his master’s room late. He said nothing, nor got any greeting, but he placed a little phial on the table and waited. Amilcare looked at it, did not touch it. It was a very small phial, half full of a clear liquid.

“*You prepared it yourself, Grifone?*” he asked. Grifone nodded pleasantly.

“*Then I may rest assured?*”

“*You may, my lord.*”

“*I will ask you to make all arrangements, Grifone. When the time comes you will take the cup to Madonna Duchessa, with a hint of so much as may be necessary to provide against mischances. Will this be done?*”

“*Punctually and surely, Excellence.*” The secretary retired with his bottle. Amilcare sat on with a tight smile which neither waxed nor waned, but seemed frozen on his face. He may thus have sat for two or three hours, his eyes fixed on a point at the table’s edge. That point, whatever it was,—a speck of dust, maybe,—seemed to grow and grow till it was monstrous and a burden intolerable to endure. Amilcare, with an effort, stretched out his hand and cuffed at it. He knocked a book off the table by this means, then started, then swore at himself. Twice after this he spoke, smiling all the while. “*Is it now indeed?*” he asked, raising one eyebrow—“*is it now indeed?*” Then he got up,

stretched himself noisily, and lay down as he was on the sofa, to sleep in a moment. Molly lay with a young maid of hers that night, and never had a wink.

## IX.

## THE LAST BIDDING.

THAT golden Duke of Valentino had a pompous reception from his august ally at Nona. Amilcare, riding like Castor, at one with his horse, went out at the head of the court to meet him. The Centaurs lined the way with a hedge of steel. Hat in hand, the Duke of Nona rode back with his guest to the garlanded gates. There, a fluttered choir, all virgins and all white, strewed flowers; from that point to the Piazza Grande one song came leaping on the heels of another. On the steps of the Duomo were the clergy in brocade, a mitred bishop half smothered in his cope in their midst. The two Dukes dismounted, and hand-in-hand entered the church; the organ pealed; the choir burst out with the chant "Ecce, Rex tuus venit," and then (seeing Cesare had once been a cardinal) "Ecce sacerdos magnus." The smoke of incense went rolling to the roof, Te Deum spired between the rifts; an archbishop intoned the Mass of the Holy Ghost. Cesare, in white satin, golden-headed, red-gold in the beard, cloaked, and collared with the Golden Fleece, knelt in the middle of the dome; beside him the hawk-faced Amilcare, splendid in silver armor, knelt also—but stiffly; whereas the Borgia (graceful in all that he did) drooped easily forward on his *prie-dieu*, like the Archangel Gabriel who brought the great tidings to Madonna Maria. Amilcare, at that rate, was like Michael, his more trenchant colleague, that "bird of God."

The Bishop, who knew perfectly well why the Duke had come to Nona and why Nona's Duke wanted him there, preached a sermon which the saving Italian virtue of urbanity prevented from being either monstrous or ridiculous. Before the altar the two lords kissed each other. One of them had tried, and the other was about to try, murder as a political expedient; but that was no reason why good manners should not prevail: decent ceremony was always a virtue of the race.

Half an hour before dinner Grifone (who had not been to church) stood before his mistress, who had not been suffered to go. He had a flagon in his hands of silver gilt, like the calyx of a great flower, whose stem was sheathed in the clustered wings of angels, whose base was their feet. He held it in both hands as if it were a chalice. Molly, beaten out and white, looked at it dully, but did not seem to see it.

"Madonna mia," said the youth, "this is the loving-cup which I am to hand to you after dinner, and which you are to hand to Duke Cesare." He hardly heard her answer, but judged by the shaping of her lips that it was—

"Well, Grifone?"

"Duke Cesare will ask you to sip it first, Madonna." His looks were piercing; yet she was too far gone to be disturbed by such as those. She even smiled faintly at his emphasis.

"Well, Grifone," she asked again, in that same dry whisper, "how shall that be harm to him if I do it?" Grifone blew out his lips.

"Harm, *per Dio!* None at all, but common prudence on his part. No harm to him, lady; but to you, obeying him, destruction, death!"

Molly stared. Her breath came hollow from her mouth.

"Death, Grifone?" she faltered, and then pored over his face again. He nodded his words into her.

"Death, Madonnina."

The girl tottered to her feet, had to balance like a rope-dancer to keep upon them.

"But then—but then—O Saviour!" She threw her arms up; he thought she would fall, so put one of his round her waist. He felt her heart knocking like a drum, pressed her closer, drew her in and kissed her, with a coaxing word or two. She tried to collect herself—alas, her wits were scattered wide! Her head drooped to his shoulder.

After that there began the most pitiful business; she was pleading with him in a whining, wheedling, silly voice which would have broken down an Englishman. Grifone himself was pricked. It was like a child, frightened into slyness, coaxing its mother.

"Dear Grifone, dear Grifone! You will not hand me the cup. Oh, please, please, please!"

Grifone kissed her. "Why, what can I do?" he said. "My lord has ordered it so, dear one."

She took no notice of his familiarities; indeed, the tone they lent his voice may have soothed the poor affectionate wretch. But she only wrung her hands at his news. "No, no, no! 'Tis impossible! No, no, he could never do it."

"I can repeat his words," said inexorable Grifone; "he said—" Then she sprang away from him as if he had whipped her, and crouched in a corner, at bay. She began to rave, seemingly in a high delirium, pointed at him, wagged her arm at him, sawing the air: "Never repeat them, never repeat them. I shall die if you do!" Grifone set down his cup, ran forward, and embraced her. "My lovely lady, my adorable Molly!" he murmured in a passion of admiration for her melting beauty; she noticed nothing of him or his doings, lay lax in his arms. She stared, gulping down horror; she looked like some shocked Addolorata come upon the body of her dead son. And so, perhaps (since all good women mother their lovers or lords), she was face to face with hers dead. Tears came to blot out her misery; she could not stay their fall. They anointed also the burning cheeks of young

Grifone, and drove him outside himself with love. He kissed her softly again, with reverence, and whispered, "Courage, sweet lady, I shall be with you. The end for you and me shall be happiness undreamed of yet. The Duke comes in a quarter of an hour." Then he left her alone.

"The affair will go by clock-work," he assured himself. "Neither fast nor slow, but by clock-work." He had an ingenious mind, and loved mechanics.

## X.

### WITH ALL FAULTS.

At the coming out from church the two Dukes (mentally at least) separated: their paths coincided, but not their thoughts, nor their behavior. By common consent, as it appeared, Amilcare at once resumed the obsequious, Cesare the overbearing part. Amilcare talked profusely, smirked, grimaced, pranced by the other's side, writhed his hands in copious explanation of nothing at all. Cesare shrugged. The amount of disdain an Italian can throw into a pair of dull eyes or an irritable shoulder, the amount of it another will take without swallowing, can still be studied whenever a young lieutenant of the line sits down to breakfast in a tavern and the waiter slaves for his penny fee. Yet, depend upon it, the cringer has balanced to a nicety the sweets and sours of boot-blacking against the *buona mano*: the rest is pure commerce. So now; the deliberate insolence of the flushed Borgia towards his host was a thing to be dumb at; yet Passavente redoubled his volubility. Going up the steps of the Palazzo Bagnacavallo the guest plumply told his entertainer to bring out the woman and go to the devil with his cackling. Amilcare laughed all over his face at the best joke in the world, and bowed to the earth. Thus humored they went in to dinner.

Molly, in fold over fold of silk gauze which let every lovely limb be seen as glorified in a rosy mist, met them in the ante-room, and thenceforth the Borgia had eyes for nothing but the beauty of her. The moment he saw her he drew, as once before, a sharp breath; she greeted him in her fashion: he was moved to trembling. From that time forth Amilcare was as though he were not. The Roman waited for no invitation and disregarded those he got. Would his Grace be pleased to dine? His Grace went on pouring out his talk to the wonderful rose-colored lady. Amilcare, patient to excess, watched. Presently Cesare said, "Madonna, shall we go to dinner?"—and to dinner they went, Amilcare rubbing his hands behind them. They found the table prepared—a very low one; divans to sit upon; none but Grifone, pale and respectful, in the little painted chamber.

All this had been carefully provided. The Duke's suite dined in

another wing of the palace; the choir of minstrels, who held the passage between them, had mail under their cassocks, and two-edged swords made for thrusting. They were fifty strong. Every page-in-waiting in the hall and long cool passages was a "Centaur" armed to the teeth. Don Cesare, it seems, had walked into a steel trap at last. Do you wonder that Amilcare could afford a supple back?

But as the delicate meats succeeded each other—each duly tasted by Grifone before a morsel went to plate—there was one who in the surge of her terrors was struck dumb with what rather was wonder. The magnificent Cesare went his road over the feelings of his host; the host bowed and waved his hands. Why should he not? Never one word of answer, never a gleam of attention did he win from the Roman. Why should he care? His wife was doing her duty, his enemy was webbed: what else could matter? The Italian shrug goes deeper than the shoulders; sometimes it strokes the heart of a man. The very indignities heaped upon the adventurer made his revenge the sweeter nurseling.

But Molly, the tall English girl, burning in her shameful robe, saw it vastly otherwise. That a man could bend so low! That she should ever have loved a man with such a stooping back! To think of that made (for the moment) every other degradation light. Her part as yet was one of sufferance: to look handsome, languid with the excess of her burden of beauty; to smile slowly, to keep her eyes on her lap. Pure passivity all this, under which the miserable soul could torture in secret. As she often had a backache, it was easy to wilt among her cushions; as she was always mute before flattery, to smile was as simple as to frown (and meant no more); as she was ashamed of herself and her husband, she could hardly hope to lift her honest eyes or temper her furious blushing. It would be untrue to say that the Borgia's eager undercurrent of love-language stirred her not at all. Even to her the man's fame made his homage a tribute: something it was, beyond doubt, to be courted by the greatest prince in Italy. And he had not touched her yet. Amilcare, whose desperate grinning made his jaws ache, noticed so much as he watched her, fidgeting in his place. His nails were for ever at his teeth: when the fruit should come in he was to slip out, and Grifone to crown the work. Meanwhile, the flagrant unconcern for his whereabouts shown by the victim might have stung a blind-worm to bite or excused any treachery. Amilcare had no rage at all and felt the need of no excuse. All his anxiety was that Cesare should enmesh himself deep enough: and then——! The thought of what should happen then set his head singing a song as wild as Judith's.

The still Grifone stood behind his mistress and saw Cesare's golden head sink near and yet nearer to her shoulder. He watched his arm

over the back of her seat, and how his other hand crept towards the lady's idle pair. The room held those four, and them not long. In his time Amilcare muttered some excuse and tip-toed out.

Cesare was saying, "Ah, give me love—love only—else I must die!" Molly answered nothing with her lips, but in her bosom prayed ceaselessly for pity.

"Love me, pledge me with your lips, let me drink of you, O my soul!" sighed the Duke.

"Ecco, Madonna," said Grifone, and handed her the cup.

"The chalice of love!" cried Cesare, straining towards the white girl. "Drink to me, my heart, and I will drink from thee!" Molly still held the cup, though the liquor curved brimming at the lip. Her eyes were sightless, her head shaking with palsy.

"Drink, drink, my soul!"

"Yes, my lord, yes, yes, I must drink very deep," she said, and raised the cup.

"Pshutt!" said Grifone.

She turned like a caught beast, wild and blanched with horror. She rose suddenly, swaying, to her feet, entangled one of them in her long robe, and stumbled forward to stay herself by the table. She looked like some spurred Bacchante, lurching over the board with the great flagon a-nod in her hand. Cesare made to catch her in his arms, and reached for the cup; but then she screamed with all her might and threw the accursed thing crash upon the pavement.

"Treachery! Treachery!" Molly shrieked; and again "Treachery! O God! he has made me a devil!" She threw her head up, herself tumbled back upon the cushions, knew nothing of Grifone's "Go, go, go, my lord, the house is quick with murder," and when she opened her eyes at last saw Amilcare standing grim and gray before her.

Who can say what shall best reveal a man, whether love or hate or fear? Or how to know which of these three passions stripped her this Amilcare, naked? Naked he was now, and she found that she had never known him. The color of his face was that of old white wax; his mouth seemed stretched to cracking point, neither turned up at the corners nor down, but a bleak slit jagged across his face. He fastened her with his hard eyes, which seemed smaller than usual, and had a scared look, as if he was positively disconcerted at what he read as they glimmered over his wife. In one of his hands (never still) he had a long knife, very lean in the blade.

"Ah, what do you want of me more, Amilcare?" It was Molly spoke first, in a whisper. He croaked his reply:

"I am going to kill you."

"Oh! Oh! You are going to kill me, my lord?"

"You have sold me to my enemy. He is your lover."

"No, no! I have no lover, Amilcare. I have never had a lover."

"Liar!" he brayed. "If he had not been your lover you would not have spared his life. There can be no other reason. I am not a fool."

To Grifone that was just what he appeared. To her some ray of her own soul's homespun logic showed at the last.

"Amilcare!" she cried out, on her knees; "Amilcare, listen, I pray you. I have done you no wrong; I implore you not to hurt me; I have done you honor. It was because I loved *you* that I saved his life. I speak the truth, my lord, I speak the truth."

This could never have appealed to Amilcare. Yet he spoke calmly in reply:

"I have never thought you to speak otherwise; but I have been wrong, it appears. The excuse is monstrous. I am going to kill you."

The miserable girl turned him a pinched face. She searched for any shred of what she had known in him, but all the deadly mask of him she saw told her nothing. She began to be witless again, to wring her hands, to whimper and whine. Amilcare looked fixedly at her, every muscle of his face rigid as stone. So, as he ruminated, some wisp of his racing thought caught light from his inner rage, flared blood-bright before him, and, convulsing him, drove him to his work.

"Gross trull!" He sprang at her with his knife in the air. Molly shrieked for mercy; and before he could be on her Grifone whipped out his dagger and stabbed his master under the stabbing arm. Amilcare jerked in mid-career, constricted, and turned half. But the blow had gone too deep and too true. He fell horribly, and Molly knew no more.

## XI.

### FROM AN AMATEUR'S CABINET.

GRIFONE received his swooning lady into his arms, and held her there to his great content, triumphing in her beauty and successful capture. Truly the adventure had gone by clock-work; he might say (he thought) that there was not one step in it but had been schemed to an eighth of an inch; and when you have to bring temperamental differences into account, the chances of Italian politics, the influence of climate, the panic alarms of a ridden mob, and still succeed, why, then you may lawfully be happy. Happy he was; but Molly was tall and he a light-weight. Moreover, he wanted to wipe his blade and be off. He judged it prudent, therefore, to bring her to herself again, and so did by sousing her liberally with cold water. Molly, as soon as she could see, was aware of him kneeling by her side and of his arms about her. Before she had done gasping he began to kiss her.

"My heart of hearts, my lovely soul, my Lady Moll! Mine alto-

gether by the act of my arm!" were some of his fiery words. There were others yet more explicit, which left no doubt of his passion, nor any ray of doubt of his intentions. Grifone took everything for granted, as he had done from the beginning. "My charmer," he said, "I have saved you from an ignominious death; but I have saved myself also from a death by no means agreeable to me. It was impossible that our love could have held us much longer at a distance from each other, impossible that we could have still suffered a third person to usurp our privileges. If that stabbed stabber under the table had not misunderstood you so grotesquely, the gross-witted hog, he would have lived, and I died of jealousy: a far from pleasant death, you will allow; worse, in that it would have involved your own, for I should have had to kill you too, my dearest joy; so much would have been owing to my self-respect. Things, you see, could not have turned out more fortunately; the fellow trapped himself. We may be happy—we will be wildly happy—you shall see!"

It may be doubted whether Molly heard anything of this exposition; she may well have missed one or two steps in a carefully reasoned argument. Hers was that state of absorbent lassitude when the words and acts put to you sink in to the floating mass of your weakness. The late shocking grief hovers felt about you: a buzz of talk, a rain of caresses, hold the spectre off, and so are serviceable—but no more. The cold cheek, the clay-cold lips, the long lax limbs of the poor doll were at his service. She saw nothing through her dim eyes, made no motion with her lips, sobbed rather than breathed, endured tearlessly rather than lived awake her misery. Misery is not the word: she had been sent down to hell and had come back dumb to earth, neither knowing why such torment was hers nor thinking how to fly a second questioning. Had she been capable of a wish, a prayer, or of begging a favor, who can doubt what it would have been? Death, oh, death!

Grifone's face was so near to hers that not to kiss her would have been an affectation; but when he began to make plans he released her, sat up, and spoke as though he were discussing theory.

"There is very much to do, my love," said he, "but I think I see my way clear. It is instant flight, to begin with, for one of the household may be here any moment, or Don Cesare return. Such an one would have but to open the window and cry "Treason, ho!" to secure our being torn to pieces—not for any love the Nonesi bear to that carrion, but because not one of them could resist the chance of kicking his benefactors. It is reasonable, after all. Instant flight, my dear, if you please. But whither? you will ask. Luckily I can take you to a pretty safe place, of which I have the key and custode's good-will in my pocket. You know the Rocca del Capitan Vecchio outside the Latin

Gate? We go there for our terrestrial Paradise. Shawl your lovely head, therefore, stoop your glorious shoulders, and obey me exactly."

He got up as he made an end of speech, drew her gently to her feet, and showed her how to muffle herself in the hood of a man's cloak. He bound the rest of the garment about her waist with his belt, pinned up her skirt and petticoat as high as her knees, and gave her his own stockings and shoes. Then he helped himself to his dead master's pair, to his sword and velvet gown; and "Now," he said, "we may start by the privy garden."

He led the way. It was a golden afternoon of late summer; the shadows were lengthening as the air grew tired and cool; all the place full of that vast peace in which a day of strenuous heat sinks to rest. The faint breeze in the myrtles was like a sleeper's sigh.

"Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus *umbrae*—" murmured Grifone to himself as he slipped among the cypresses over the grass. Molly followed him with faltering knees, nearly spent. As always, she was at the mercy of a clear head, never masterless when a man was near her. Morally, nervously, she seemed to be dead; so she followed her new lord as meekly as she had followed her old,—that one to Nona across the seas, this one by gloomy tortuous ways through the stale-smelling streets of the city to the Rocca del Capitan Vecchio.

Meekly enough she went, yet not so far nor so meekly but that she gave Grifone a genuine surprise. It seems that the air, the exercise, precautions, what-not, had cried back her escaped wits; certain it is that, once in the storm-bitten old fortress, she thanked her leader and rescuer with a tremulous sweetness all her own, and then—by heaven and earth!—urged him gently to go back, "lest her honor should be breathed upon." Her honor! Grifone, the romancer, turned sick with amaze. He was dumfounded, could not believe his ears, nor yet his eyes, that there before him should stand that drooping, fagged, pitiful beauty, always at his discretion, now wholly at his mercy within nine-foot walls, and talk to him with wet eyes and pleading lips of the Cardinal Virtues. As soon as he could collect himself he put this before her in a whirl of words. Santo Dio! Timidity, prejudice, after what had passed. In what possible way, or by what possible quibble of a priest, could anything stay them now from the harvest of a sown love,—two years' sowing, by the Redeemer! two years' torture; and now—a solid square fortress on a naked rock, deemed impregnable by anything but black treachery! Let him make assurance incredibly secure: say the word, and he would go and silence the old *custode* for ever. It was done in a moment—what more could he do?

So he prayed, but Molly was a rock at last. She ignored everything but the fact that she could never survive the night if he stayed in the

fortress tower. Such, she assured him, was the fixed habit of her extraordinary race. She made no pretence of mourning her dead husband; indeed, her horror of him set her shuddering at his mere name; nor did she affect to deny that she had loved Grifone. It made no difference. She was luminously mild, used her hands like a Madonna in a picture, was more lovely and winning in the motions of her little head, the wistful deeps and darks of her eyes, the pathetic curve of her mouth, than any Madonna short of Lionardo's. Grifone threw up his arms; such a pass confounded him; he had no tools to pick this sort of lock. Oh, but the thing was impossible! Two years' longing, the husband dead—why, they might marry if she would. Perhaps that was what she needed? If so, he would risk his life in the city again to find a priest. But think of it,—formalities at this hour! Molly smiled and blushed; she was sorry for her friend and would have consoled him if she could, but the thing was so obvious. Did not Grifone see? Grifone did not see; he tore his hair, he threatened, prayed, raved, commanded, coaxed, swore by God and the Devil, clung to her knees—useless!

“Dear friend,” she said, and stroked his hot hair, “you have served me well. Never serve me now so ill.” She beat him. From that moment, when love was dead, he began to hate her. She was safe from what she feared. Everything he might have waived but that, a clean blow at his own conceit. The end was near.

Their colloquy, so frenzied on his part, so staid and generous at once on hers, was barely over before the hum of many voices crept upon them, a slow murmurous advance, out of which, as the hordes drew near, one or two sharp cries—“Seek, seek!” “Death to the traitor!”—threw up like the hastier wave-crests in a racing tide. Again they heard (and now more clearly) “Evviva Madonna! La Madonna di Nona!” and then (more ominous than all) a cry for Cesare Borgia, “Chiesa! Chiesa!”

At this last Grifone, who had been biting his fingers shrewdly, wrung a nail apart till the blood came. His was the desperate caught face of a stoat in a trap.

“What is this crying without?” said Molly in a hush.

“Pest! I must find out,” said Grifone.

He climbed up a high window and looked down into the moonlight. “The Nonesi in force. Cesare Borgia and the troops. Hist! He is going to speak to them; they are holding him up.” He strained to listen—and it seems that he heard.

“Citizens,” said the Borgia in fact, “I pledge you my sacred word that the Duchess shall be delivered to you whole and in honor. She shall be in the Palace within an hour. The secretary who has her there, who stabbed his master and (as I learn from Milan) hatched all the plot, must be left to me. Madonna Maria saved my life at the peril

of her own. She has no more devoted servant than I am. Trust me to prove it."

"Chiesa! Chiesa! Madonna! Heed the Duke!" cried the mob; and then, "Let the Duke go up and win us our lady."

"That he shall never do," said Grifone, and came down from the window. Molly, seeing the cunning in his eyes, backed to the wall.

Time does not serve and pity forbids that I should dwell upon this misery. What she may have wailed, what he withheld who loved her once, I have no care to set down at large. He strangled her with cruel vivacious hands, and then (since time had pressed and all his passion not been pent in one wicked place) fell to kissing the flouted clay. Getting up from this tribute, he was faced by Cesare Borgia and his men; by Cesare, who, used to such stratagems as this of late, had had the whole story out of Ludovic of Milan and forestalled all Nona by buying up the troop of "Centaurs" before ever he entered the city. Thus had Amilcare been sold by his own purchase, and thus Grifone gripped in his own springe. Cesare found him, I say, and Grifone knew in the first crossing of their eyes that his hour had come.

He bore it without a wink, and lucky he might think it that for Cesare also the time was short. He was sooner dead than he dared to hope, and died cursing the name of Borgia. But that was a seasoned name.

"The populace is on fire, Highness," reported a breathed captain. "It clamors for the Duchess of Nona. We can hardly hold them much longer, strong as we are. We must show her, though I perceive that her Excellency has fainted."

"She is dead, man," said Cesare shortly, wiping his pair of daggers.

"It is a pity, Highness. *Ma—!*" He shrugged for the end of his period. Cesare looked at the girl, and shrugged in his turn.

"Luckily it is dark. We must play them that trick they played on Borgo San Donnino. She must be put in a litter, and at the Palace see to it that the lights are behind her before ever you set her up in the window. Do what you can for us, Ercole."

They worked their best to compose that pitiful dead. She had suffered much, and showed it. Her wide eyes were horrible. And there was little time for more than to order her dress and neck-jewels and to smooth out her brown hair.

"H'm," said Cesare, "you have made little of it; but at a distance it may serve our turn until the troops arrive. Is the litter below? Good. *Avanti!*"

The church-bells rang all night, and all night the Piazza Grande was alive, a flickering field of torches and passing and repassing throngs. "Evviva Madonna! Hail, Duchess of Nona!" were the cries they gave.

And above, at an arched window, haloed by candle-light, the staring lady of the land stiffened and relaxed,—played out the last functions of her generous body in return for the people's acclamation.

Bianca Maria, Queen of the Romans by virtue of proxy and the Sacrament, spurred into the city of Nona next noon at the head of a plumed escort. There, at the fatal window, she saw the whole truth in a flash.

“*O lasso!* Her third husband was her last, I see,” she said, and bit her lip to sting the tears back.

“Majesty,” said Cesare, hat in hand, at her stirrup, “it is not quite so. Grifone was not quick enough for the other fellow. Messer Death is actually her second husband.”

“Now I have something for which to thank our Lord God,” said Bianca Maria. “Let her be decently buried, but not here.”

It was, however, explained that for reasons of policy the Duchess of Nona must share tomb with the Duke. Serviceable in death as in life, there where she was marketed lies her fragrant dust: fragrant now, I hope, since all the passion is out.

I almost despair of winning your applause for poor Molly Lovel, yet will add this finally in her justification. Women are most loved when they are lovely, most lovely when they are meek. This is not to say that they will be worthily loved or loyally: there are two sides to the bargain. Yet this one thing more: they are neither meek nor lovely unless they love. And since Molly Lovel, on my showing, was both in a superlative degree, it follows that she must have loved much. She was ill repaid while she lived; let now that measure be meted her which was accorded another, whose surname was Magdalene.

THE END.

## WHERE STOCKTON WROTE HIS STORIES

BY THEODORE F. WOLFE, M.D., PH.D.

*Author of "A Literary Pilgrimage," "Literary Shrines," and "Literary Haunts and Homes"*

THE course of a New Jersey literary ramble has led us to the lovely valley of the Passaic. In the staid old city which borders the seaward reach of that once "pure and pellucid streme" we have sought out the spots where Talleyrand and Chateaubriand, Irving and English, Stedman, Gilder, and many lesser or larger lights of literature have had home or haunt. From a grassy knoll the venerable Cockloft-Hall of "Salmagundi" still looks down upon the Passaic's tides as in the olden time when Irving and Paulding wrote and frolicked beneath its roof. A furlong northward the river flows at the foot of the eminence where, by the site of his ruined home, poor Henry William Herbert sleeps in a suicide's grave, while his own "Cedars" whisper above him of the silence and mystery.

Above Newark the stream is bordered by trees beneath which a pleasant highway follows the curves of the river-bank and brings us to the pretty, park-like town of Rutherford and to scenes of Frank R. Stockton's life and work. The "Roundabout Rambles," the "Ting-a-ling" and other minor stories, had been written and much editorial work had been accomplished by him before he came to this place, but it was here that his phenomenally successful literary career really began with that first—and perhaps best—distinctively Stocktonese story, "Rudder Grange," whose scenes and characters he found in and about his Rutherford home.

His quondam abode here is now numbered one hundred and ninety-two Passaic Avenue, and stands, essentially unchanged since his occupancy, upon a green, shaded slope which falls away towards the river and the sunset. It is a pleasant and picturesque frame cottage of two stories, with pretty porches and bay-windows, and cosey rooms whose western windows afford us an enchanting prospect. We look down a long decline to the fringe of overhanging trees that conceals the river and see, rising from its farther margin, a mild acclivity checkered with verdant fields that stretch away to the darker woodlands, above which mounts distant Watchung, its tree-crowned ridge indented by the historic Great Notch. Between us and the far mountain lies Montclair, where dwelt John Habberton when he wrote "Helen's Babies," and where Edward W. Townsend, the creator of "Chimmie Fadden," now lives, and Nutley, where Henry C. Bunner lived and produced delightful poems and books. At Nutley, too, lived Mr. Stockton's friend, for

whose evening party the distractful story of "The Lady or the Tiger?" was originally designed.

The Stockton cottage is placed in the midst of a greensward dotted here and there with shrubbery and broken by the flower-beds, which the German servant-girl of "Rudder Grange" decorated with the border of ham-bones with flower seeds planted in their marrow cavities. By the street is more than one tree that might have borne the cabalistic inscription which frightened away the tramps; and upon the lawn, before and beside the cottage, are dark evergreens and other tall trees that stood here in Mr. Stockton's day, among which we may make our choice—it will not be disputed—of the one in which the dog, Lord Edward, "treed" the tree-man. With the same freedom may we—if we have set our heart upon doing it—locate for ourselves, in the clear space behind the dwelling, the arena of the dog-fight—instigated by Pomona and witnessed by the "Piscopal minister"—which made the male Rudder Granger a church vestryman. Other scenes, like the site of the summer camp of the Ardens,—afterwards occupied by the ex-boarder,—are not far away, and a stroll along the shady river-bank will sometimes discover the remains of more than one canal-boat which may have been the prototype of the first "Rudder Grange," since, for the purposes of the tale, Mr. Stockton transferred that famous craft from the Harlem River to the neighborhood of his home.

Most of the characters of that inimitably humorous story may be identified more definitely, being, even to the rascally old John, persons whom the author observed at Rutherford.

The unique Pomona who figures so prominently in the tale was a maid-of-all-work here in the Stockton household. She was procured from a charitable institution of New York and bore in real life a name so absurdly romantic that it must have been assumed. This hand-maiden had in her mental composition the same odd combination of the practical with the sentimental which is attributed to Pomona, and with it all of Pomona's eccentricities, including her habit of reading to herself, in distinct syllables and very loud tones, the most harrowing tales of agony and blood. Other even less endurable peculiarities of hers caused the Stocktons to part with her after a few months, and the subsequent career of the girl is more or less a matter of mystery, for in real life she did not marry Jonas and undergo all those irresistibly droll experiences which the author invents for her in his fiction. She thought herself to be a "born actress," and Mr. Stockton has more than once led or left this writer to infer that she went upon the stage, not "to scrub the stage and work up by scrubbing the galleries," but to rise to eminence on more ambitious and remunerative histrionic lines. Which of our successful actresses she is *not* Mr. Stockton will readily tell us, but which she is has never been extorted from him.

The German servant and the canine Lord Edward were actualities, and the character of "the boarder" was suggested by a veritable boarder who was the friend of the Stocktons.

The "nearest neighbor," who, in the story, lived "within vigorous shouting distance"—he would not be the nearest now, for other dwellings have been erected closer by than his pleasant domicile—was the author's especial friend, Doctor Williams, with whom the Stocktons sojourned for a time after they had given up this cottage home. The little toddler—himself "scarcely weaned before he began to carry milk to other people"—who served the Rudder Grangers with their accustomed "lacteal pint" was also real, and came daily to the Stocktons' kitchen-door from a neighboring farm-house, which is now used by the Salvation Army as a children's home or asylum. The scheming old John was not long ago living in the neighborhood.

The vexatious incidents of the house-hunting, which are so humorously narrated in the first chapter of the story, were part of the actual experiences of Mr. Stockton and his wife in the quest which resulted in their taking the Rutherford cottage, and throughout the book, mingled with the quaint situations and comical incidents, are vistas of a simple and happy domestic life which may easily have been the author's in this unpretentious home.

It is noteworthy that this story of "Rudder Grange," which proved such an instant and complete success and gained for its author international fame, was "declined with thanks" by several publishers before one was found willing to take the risks of its publication.

The slopes of yonder Watchung Mountain have been the retreat of many famed in literature or art, and in one home of lettered refinement upon its summit Hamilton W. Mabie sits by his "Study Fire" or "Under the Trees" to ponder and write his volumes of brilliant and scholarly essays; the region beyond is the "hill country of New Jersey,"—scene of "The Great Stone of Sardis,"—and there, near the head-waters of the stream which flows by the Rutherford cottage, we find a later home of Mr. Stockton. This home has more than any other been associated with his literary work.

From the western verge of an elevated plateau, midway between Madison and Morristown, a wooded promontory juts into the romantic valley of the Loantaka, and upon this slightly eminence is set the mansion which has for a decade of years held our author's Lares and Penates. The approach is by a broad avenue, shaded by tall elms and shapely maples, whence a drive-way curves across a lawn and among trees and shrubbery to the entrance door.

The house is an ample and imposing structure of wood of irregular design, with a fine portico in front and with balconies beneath its arched windows; from one portion of the roof rises among the tree-tops

a multi-storied square tower—erected for an observatory by a former owner, Professor Kitchell, of the State Geological Survey—which gave to the mansion the name of “The Tower House,” by which it was locally known for forty years. This appellation has been superseded by “The Holt” (old Saxon for wooded hill), the name appropriately bestowed by Mr. Stockton. Within, high-ceiled rooms of generous size flank upon either side a central hall, parlors upon the left, a dining-room on the right,—apartments all tastefully fitted and furnished, with curios and articles of virtu artistically arranged throughout, and with fine pictures and engravings upon the walls.

To the northwest corner of the mansion has been added the study, in which the creator of Sarah Block, Mrs. Leeks, Mrs. Aleshine, and the procession of imitable Stocktonian characters dictates the stories which delight the world of readers. It is here that we are received by the master of the place, whose greeting is as simple as it is genial and reassuring. We see a quiet, mild-mannered man, slight of figure, vibrant of voice, strong yet mobile of face, with hair and mustache of iron-gray, and with large, dark, luminous eyes that behold everything about them,—responsive eyes that dance with merriment or deepen with feeling.

This study, in which so much of his literary work has been done, is of all places the one most meet for a chat with the author concerning his books. It is a spacious, cheerful, pleasantly furnished apartment, with panelled ceiling, and with windows that look out upon an entrancing landscape of green and golden fields and farther forest-clad hills,—a prospect whose beauties surely must sometimes allure the author's vision from the grotesque mental pictures that are being portrayed upon his page. An open desk stands against one wall and a large centre-table holds a few volumes of reference, but there is little in the room to suggest the literary workshop. The usual disorder of manuscripts, papers, and books is conspicuously absent, and we look in vain for some justification of the averment of a visitor that, while the touch of the lady is seen in the other apartments, the tiger evidently holds undisputed sway in the study: except for an array of unanswered letters upon the desk, this room is as orderly as any other in that well-ordered house.

The bookcase in the study is mostly filled with the different editions of his own books, from “The Ting-a-ling Stories” to “The Associate Hermits,” including translations into several languages: of these, one cherished volume is an Italian version of “The Griffin and the Minor Canon,” the work of a young lady spending a winter in Rome, who made the translation, engrossed the whole book with her pen, illustrated it with several spirited drawings, tastefully illuminated the initial capitals, and bound the volume in sumptuous old vellum as an offering

to her favorite author. Among the curios upon the case are fantastic figures in flannel of the lady and the tiger—in this instance the lady is riding the tiger—and of Mrs. Lecks equipped for shipwreck with an umbrella and a metallic case of provisions, her features being delineated in sepia upon a facies of hickory-nut. Another grotesque image, a diminutive Japanese manikin that savagely thrusts a great sword when his spinal cord is pulled upon, was the gift of Miss Mary L. Booth, the late editor of Harper's *Bazar*, and represents "The Discourager of Hesitancy." A murderous-looking oriental blade, which lies conveniently near, is probably displayed with intent to intimidate the visitor who might be tempted to ask in person of the long-suffering author which it really was, "The Lady or the Tiger?" It may be safer to discharge that perennial question at him at longer range and through the medium of the mails.

The tiles beneath the mantel bear this apt invocation,—

"Yee that frequent the Hilles and highest Holtes of All,  
Assist me with your skilful Quilles and listen when I call,"—

which, as Mr. Stockton tells us, was discovered by Mary Mapes Dodge in the verse of quaint old George Turberville, and sent to "The Holt" several years ago. Our author has long substituted a deft type-writer for the "Quilles;" when we mention, among the manifest advantages of this change, his immunity from scrivener's paralysis, he exclaims in mock dismay, "But what if it should attack my jaw?"

In this room he is, when at home, regularly engaged for about three hours of each morning. Seated in the easiest of easy chairs, or more often reclined in a hammock swung across a portion of the apartment, he dictates the first draft of his matchless stories, which usually—even to the conversations and the minutest details—have been constructed in his mind perhaps months before a word of them is written. Rarely there may be a question concerning some matter of the story, or a doubt as to the very best word to be employed, which must be duly deliberated and settled in the author's mind before the dictation can be commenced or resumed, and, as "The Discourager of Hesitancy" is not permitted to prompt his creator with the whispered "I am here," it sometimes happens that the stenographer has little or nothing in her note-book at the end of the session. Under favorable conditions fifteen hundred words is an average morning's work. From this first draft the fair copy for the printer is made by the secretary in the topmost story of the tower, whence the sharp clatter of the type-writer is inaudible to the household.

Here and in this way have been produced many of his thirty or more books,—he has never counted them,—including, among others, "The House of Martha," "The Squirrel Inn," "Pomona's Travels,"

"The Adventures of Captain Horn," "The Girl at Cobhurst," "The Great Stone of Sardis," "The Associate Hermits," and many minor stories and sketches.

Here also has he lately been occupied in recasting his interesting boys' story, "The Young Master of Hyson Hall" (originally published serially under the title of "Philip Berkeley"). It is to appear in book form for the first time this fall, being published by the Lippincotts as a companion volume to "Captain Chap."

Of the tales written here, the scenes of only a few of the short ones are laid in the vicinage, excepting only the marvellous "Great Stone of Sardis," which in a general way is located in this central highland region of New Jersey. It has been said that Mr. Stockton discovered the original of the sign of "The Squirrel Inn" during one of his drives along a woodland road not far away from his home, but that crooked hostelry is placed upon a different and distant site.

Of all his humorous works the author most enjoyed writing "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine." He sometime knew those altogether delightful old ladies in the flesh,—they are both dead now,—and although in real life they never had any of the experiences imagined for them in the story, they possessed, with the other quaint peculiarities described, the ultra-practical habit of mind which would prompt them to do just the things imputed to them in the tale if similarly circumstanced. A majority of readers have preferred "Rudder Grange," if we may judge by the comparative circulation of his books; the phenomenal sales of "The Late Mrs. Null," his first long novel, led for a time, but the popular demand for that book has not been so continuous and persistent as for the earlier favorite.

Of the female characters of his fiction, Mr. Stockton confesses to an especial fondness for the racy and piquant "Ardis Claverden." The long-sought type of this heroine was finally found in a famous American authoress of our day, who, sufficiently disguised, stood as the pattern: Ardis is a name hereditary in the family of the author's mother, down in Virginia. The famous artist in black and white, Arthur B. Frost, who lives at the farther end of the well-trodden path which leads across a field from Mr. Stockton's house, was the illustrator of "Rudder Grange," and it is believed that his own form is pictured as that of the male Rudder Granger.

The much-discussed sketch, "The Lady or the Tiger?" which drove a host of readers to the brink of madness, was written elsewhere, but the epistolary and controversial consequences of that conundrum have here occupied not a little of the author's time and attention. Letters from all sorts and conditions of people, demanding or entreating private information as to which door the lover opened, have come in such numbers that Mr. Stockton once contemplated having a printed answer

prepared declaring that he had no idea himself which it was. Letters of inquiry are still received, but in diminished numbers, and usually from the second generation of readers of the perplexing problem.

The correspondents who themselves gave an express answer to the question of the story were about evenly divided in opinion between the lady and the tiger; it is notable that the poet Robert Browning was among those who thought the princess sent her lover to the tiger. Some of the solutions of the problem were fortified by pages of reasoning which had manifestly cost the writers much thought, and of the many and diverse extensions of the story suggested by correspondents the author tells us of not a few that are interesting and ingenious. According to one of these, the tiger during the preliminary proceedings of the tribunal broke into the compartment of the lady and devoured her; then, being gorged with his repast, he lazily walked out when his door was opened and lay down to sleep upon the sands of the arena. In another version the lady's door was opened and the young man was accordingly married to her, and speedily found in her temper and disposition the evidence that he had acquired both the lady and the tiger. A more felicitous termination is foreshadowed by still another version in which the princess herself is secreted behind the door on the right, while a friend of hers, disguised in her robes, occupies her seat by the king's side, and by a movement of the hand to the right indicates to the lover which door he shall open.

Some of our converse with the fanciful magician is held as we walk with him under the trees that crown his hill-top, or sit with him upon the lawn, while soft winds murmur in the foliage overhead and the air is caressed with song. From the smooth sward rise stately spruces which partially hide the mansion from the highway, and in the depths of their foliage are room-like recesses of summer shade and coolness, where hammocks and rustic seats tempt the loiterer to "sweet doing-nothing." The hill falls away upon three sides,—as described by Mr. Stockton in "My Terminal Moraine,"—its slopes clothed with noble old forest trees, oaks, chestnuts, poplars, hickories, which are surviving members of the wood that once covered the countryside. Flowers and shrubs deck the grounds about the house; a tall screen of evergreen conceals stable, orchard, and garden at the one side, and, by the farther margin of the lawn upon the other side, a great oak—called by the *genius loci* the "Corner Oak"—shades with its wide-spreading branches a rustic seat and a reach of velvet turf. Paths wind along the slope and among the trees and lead to cosey retreats and sightly outlooks.

Sweeping away in every direction to a far horizon of green hills is an expanse of field, orchard, and woodland through which Mr. Stockton takes his daily afternoon drive behind his favorite roadsters. Southward the long range of Watchung bounds a broad champaign, in

another direction rise the loftier summits of the central highlands, and away in the north are heights which look down upon the storied Ramapo. Yonder, in the middle-distance, lies historic Morristown,—described as “Marrowfat” by the author of “Rutledge,” who once lived and wrote there,—where we find the theatre of one of Mr. Stockton’s “Stories of New Jersey;” there too we see the home of Thomas Nast and the sometime abode of Bret Harte, who laid the scenes of his story of “Thankful Blossom” in and around that delightful old town.

Nearer, at the foot of Stockton’s wooded hill, stretches the lovely valley of the Loantaka, with its pathetic memories of patriotic endurance and endeavor; just beyond the verdant ridge that borders the valley on the west is the ancient farm-house, “with its shaded yard and the great willow behind it,” once the home of “Tempe Wick” and the scene of the occurrences upon which Mr. Stockton’s story is founded, where we may yet see the back room in which the heroine secreted her steed to save it from the soldiery; and farther among these sunset hills is the home of John Gilmer Speed, the gifted grand-nephew of the poet of “Endymion.”

Mr. Stockton has always loved Virginia,—the State which gave his mother birth and was the girlhood home of the lady who is now his wife,—and since his marriage he has made frequent and prolonged sojourns in that venerable Commonwealth. Not far from the banks of the historic Appomattox, in the black belt of southern Virginia, is Paineville, the home of Mrs. Stockton’s relatives, and three miles away is Elmwood, the scene of several of Mr. Stockton’s Southern stories. This old mansion figures in “The Late Mrs. Null” as the home of the heroine, Roberta March. An idea of the age of this ample edifice is given by the fact that a room which was added for the use of visitors is still called “the new room,” although it was a hundred years old at the time of Mr. Stockton’s long visit to the place. Upon its broad lawn a summer office, upheld by wooden piles, stands in the shade of tall trees, and this was the author’s workshop during extended visits to this place. Here many of his stories, including “The Lady or the Tiger?” were dictated to his wife, and many more—among them being his first novel, “The Late Mrs. Null”—were conceived and mentally elaborated to be written after his return to the North.

In the vicinage of this homestead are laid the scenes of more than one incident of his tales: the hamlet of Paineville, three miles distant, figures as Akeville in “What Might Have Been Expected,” Midbranch and other scenes of “The Late Mrs. Null” were suggested to the author by places known to him here, and pictured with more or less distinctness in his pages. Of the negro characters who appear in his stories of Southern life most were drawn from the colored people in Paineville and at Elmwood. The Uncle Pete of “A Story of Seven Devils” was a

real negro preacher; the Grandison Pratt and Brother 'Bijah of "Grandison's Quandary," the Aunt Judy of "What Might Have Been Expected," the Plez, Peggy, Uncle Isham, and Aunt Patsy of "The Late Mrs. Null," Uncle Elijah of "The Cloverfields Carriage," as well as John William Webster, Brother Enoch, and the rest, are portraiture of persons then existent hereabout. Some individuals, like Uncle Brad-dock and Aunt Matilda, wear in his fiction the names by which they were known in real life, and highly elated were they by the distinction thus conferred.

A few of his white characters were more or less definitely suggested by persons the author met. Some of the incidents of his stories were actual occurrences in this neighborhood and were made known to him here: such, for instance, are the events of "A Story of Seven Devils" and "The Cloverfields Carriage;" while the incident of Mrs. Keswick's revenge never happened as it is narrated, something did occur so much like it as to suggest to the quick-witted author that astonishing episode.

Among the outlying mountains near the eastern base of the Blue Ridge is another Virginia resort of Mr. Stockton. Here, at a country-place, sometime a part of the estate of Jefferson, who lived near by and gave to this seat the name of Lego, which it still bears, our author dwelt during five fruitful summers. His hosts were descendants of the illustrious writer of the Declaration of Independence, and the symmetrical summit of Monticello, with its crown of foliage, is a pleasing feature of the broad and animating landscape. Miles of the green valley of the Rivanna are in view, low mountains and rounded hills cluster upon either hand, and on the western horizon the Ridge, a mighty mountain wall, upholds the sky.

The mansion in which Mr. Stockton sojourned was destroyed by fire a few years ago and its successor is built in different fashion, but the great trees, beneath which was his study in the summer days, remain upon the sward. Lying in his hammock here, with Mrs. Stockton seated near at a little table with quaint side-wings, that once was Jefferson's writing-stand, he recounted to her his humorous conceits, which she rapidly recorded. Here were written several short stories and the novel of "Ardis Claverden," the scenes of which are found in this locality,—Bald Mountain, the home of the bewitching heroine, Heatherley, the seat of the Crantons, and other scenes being pen pictures of places in this rolling region at the foot of the mountains.

Near the storied Shenandoah, by the western base of the Blue Ridge, in that picturesque country of West Virginia which "Porte Crayon" loved to sketch, lies Claymont, the country-seat which our author has recently acquired. It is pleasantly placed amid romantic and inspiring scenes; southward it overlooks an expanse of the beautiful valley, east-ward rises the cloud-capped mountain chain, visible almost to the

heights which overhang the Potomac at historic Harper's Ferry, and all about it are stretches of noble woodlands.

In this place Mr. Stockton is planning to make his home and to it, before these pages reach the reader, he will probably have removed his household gods; here, in years to come, he will dwell upon the estate once owned by Washington, in the stately old mansion erected by Washington's nephew and named for a Washington homestead in England; and here he will conjure other Stocktonese personages, combinations, and plots, and produce more of those droll delineations of human character, which "will outlive a thousand laughs, because fun is only their color and not their substance."

### THE EFFRONTERY OF PAUL JONES

BY GEORGE GIBBS

**I**N April, 1778, there were more than two score of French ships-of-the-line within easy sailing distance of the coast of England. They were tremendous three-decked monsters, armed with tier upon tier of cannon, and it took nearly a thousand officers and men to man each of them. They lay at anchor in the harbors of France or sallied forth into the open sea to the southward to prey upon the commerce of Great Britain. But grand as they were, not one of them dared to do what John Paul Jones did in the little Continental sloop of war *Ranger*. By good seamanship, an element of chance, and a reckless daring almost without precedent, he accomplished under the very noses of the gold-laced French admirals what they had been hemming and hawing about since the beginning of the war.

Inaction weighed upon the mind of Paul Jones more heavily than the hardest of labor. He had to be up and doing all the time, or trouble was brewing for everybody on ship-board. So when he reached Nantes, France, and found that the frigate which had been promised him was not forthcoming, he determined, alone and unaided, to do with the little *Ranger* what he was not yet destined to do with a bigger ship. No person but Paul Jones would for a moment have considered such a desperate project as the one he conceived. What the flower of the navy and chivalry of France had refused to attempt was little short of suicide for the mad American. But Jones was not cast in an ordinary mould. When he got to Brest, he made up his mind, once and for all, by one good fire of British shipping to put an end to all the ship and town burnings in America.

There was clanking of bit and chain as the anchor was hove up short on the little craft. The officers and men of the great vessels of the French fleet looked over the glistening water, warmed by the afternoon sun of spring, and wondered where their impetuous harbor-mate was off to. A week before, they knew Paul Jones had demanded that the French Admiral salute the Continental flag which the Ranger wore for the first time. And they had given those salutes right willingly, acknowledging publicly the nation they had been helping in secret. They knew he was a man of determination, and they wondered what the American was going to do. Some of them—the younger ones—wished they too were aboard the dainty little craft, bound out to sea under a man who feared nothing and dared everything. They heard the whistles and hoarse calls of the bos'n as the men tumbled down from aloft, the sheets flew home, and yards went up to their blocks with a clatter and a rush that showed how willing were the hands at the tackles. The tops'l's caught a fine breeze from the southward and, bracing up, the Ranger flew down the harbor and around the point of Quiberon just as the sun was setting behind the purple cloud-streaks along the line of limitless ocean. Up the coast she moved, her bowsprit pointing fearlessly to the north, where lay the Scilly Isles. The Frenchmen left behind in the harbor looked enviously at the patch of gold, growing every moment more indistinct in the fading light, and said "En voilà un Brave!"

The next day Jones left the Scilly Isles on his starboard quarter and steered boldly up Saint George's Channel into the wide Irish Sea. The merchantmen he boarded and captured or scuttled did not quite know what to make of a man who feared so little that he looked into the eyes of the lion sternly and even menacingly when one movement might have destroyed him. These channel-men thought themselves secure, for such a venturesome procedure as that of Paul Jones was contrary to all precedent. They couldn't understand it at all until their vessels were burned and they themselves were prisoners. Then they knew that they had been taken by a man whose daring far surpassed that of the naval captains of England and all France. In plain sight of land he took a brig bound from Ireland to Ostend. He didn't want to be bothered with prisoners, so he sent her crew ashore in their own boat to tell the story of their escape. Then off Dublin he took another ship, the Lord Chatham, and sent her in charge of a prize-crew down to Brest.

Paul Jones had one great advantage. Nowadays, when the railway and telegraph have brought all the people of the world closer together, such a cruise would be impossible. The report would be sent at once to the Admiralty, and two fleets, if necessary, would be despatched post-haste to intercept him. But Paul Jones knew the value of the un-

expected. And although fortune favors the brave and the winds and waves seem always on the side of the ablest navigators, he had made his calculations carefully. He knew that unless an English fleet was at some point nearer than Portsmouth he would have ample time to carry out his plans.

He made up his mind before burning any shipping to capture, if possible, the Earl of Selkirk, who lived on St. Mary's Isle, and to hold him as a hostage. By this means he hoped to compel England to treat American prisoners with humanity, according to the laws of war. But on the twenty-first of April he picked up a fisherman who gave him information which for the moment drove all thought of the Earl of Selkirk and the shipping from his mind. Inside the harbor of Carrickfergus, where Belfast is, lay a man-of-war of twenty guns, the Drake, a large ship, with more men than the Ranger carried. He would drop down alongside of her under cover of the night and board her before her crew could tumble out of their hammocks. Such an attempt in a fortified harbor of the enemy would not have occurred to most men, but Paul Jones believed in achieving the impossible. He waited until nightfall, and then, with a wind freshening almost to a gale, sped up the harbor. The Drake lay well out in the roadstead, her anchor lights only marking her position in the blackness of the night. Carefully watching his time, Captain Jones stood forward looking at the lights that showed how she swung to the tide. He kept full headway on the Ranger, until she could swing up into the wind almost under the jib-boom of the Englishman. By dropping his anchor across the chain of the Drake he hoped to swing down alongside, grapple, and board before the crew were fairly awake.

But this time he was destined to fail. Everything depended on the dropping of the anchor at the proper time. His orders were not obeyed, for not until the Ranger had drifted clear of the Englishman's chain did the splash come. Then it was too late. Fortunately the watch on the Drake were not suspicious. Had they been wider awake they would have had the Ranger at their mercy, and Paul Jones might not have survived to fight them a few days later. As it was, they only swore at the stupidity of the Irish lubber they thought he was. Jones knew that his chance was gone, and as soon as a strain came on the cable it was cut, and he filled away to sea again.

He now returned to his original plan of burning the shipping of some important town. He decided on Whitehaven as his first objective point, and the Ranger, sailing leisurely over, dropped anchor in the outer harbor during the following night.

Whitehaven was a town of considerable importance in the Scottish and North of England shipping trade. The inhabitants were for the greater part sailors and others who made their living by the sea, and

there was never a time when the docks were not crowded with vessels of all countries, from the sloop to the full-rigged ship, discharging or taking on cargoes which figured largely in England's commerce. At one side of the harbor lay the town, and farther around to the left lay the docks where the shipping was. Over two hundred vessels, large and small, lay there or out in the roadstead. Two forts, mounting fifteen guns each, guarded the town. They were adequately garrisoned, and it looked like a piece of desperate folly to make the attempt upon a town directly under their guns.

Paul Jones knew Whitehaven from his childhood. He remembered just where the guard-houses were to be found, and knew how to force the entrance to the barracks. By three o'clock in the morning he was ready to make the assault. Two cutters with fifteen men in each, armed with cutlasses and pistols, were all he took to do the work. With thirty men he went fearlessly and confidently to intimidate the soldiers, spike the guns in the forts, overawe the town, and burn the shipping! Lieutenant Wallingford was given command of one of the cutters. His mission was to burn the shipping to the left. The other cutter Paul Jones commanded himself, and assumed the more hazardous duty of holding with his fifteen men the forts and the town, until such a blaze should illumine the morning sky that all England would know that the burning of Portland, Maine, was avenged.

Quietly they pulled up towards the great stone dock, where the shipping-houses were. The tide was very low as they moved past the schooners and brigs in the harbor, many of them careened far over on their sides, waiting for a rise in the tide to pull down to more comfortable moorings. But the boats went by without challenge or notice, and Wallingford's cutter had slipped away like a gray shadow in the darkness. The first violet streaks of dawn were just beginning to throw the shore-line to the east in hazy silhouette when they reached the landing-place.

The dawn was coming up quickly now, and Paul Jones led his fifteen men at a run to the nearest fort. With cutlass in one hand and pistol in the other, they dashed upon the first sentry. There was no time for stealth, so they bore him down by sheer weight. The next one saw them coming, but Jones locked him and the rest of them in the guard-house. Then he proceeded to spike the guns. So quick was the work that not a shot was fired. They were running towards the second fort before the soldiers were quite sure what had happened. Even then they were too terrified to follow in pursuit. As the gallant band ran towards the other fort they got a clear view of the harbor, a glimmering sheet of orange and violet under the morning glow. But strain his eyes as he might, their captain could get no sign of Wallingford or his work. They dashed as desperately at this fort as at the other and

were equally successful, intimidating the garrison and spiking every gun they could find.

But what could be the trouble with Wallingford? Still seeing no blaze or even spark among the shipping to the eastward, Paul Jones felt that the main object of his descent upon the town was to prove a failure. So he dashed down the street from the fort towards the dock, pistol in hand, followed by his crew, who rolled along grinning at the ease with which they had accomplished their work. One of them had a bad cut over the head and the blood was staining his shoulder, but he didn't seem to mind it in the least. To their surprise as they passed the houses the people began coming out of their doors shaking their fists at and cursing them. They grinned no longer, for they knew that some one had betrayed them. Jones looked around for the fifteenth man. The fellow with the cut wiped some blood from his cheek and said,—

“Dave Freeman, sir, he's gone!”

Freeman was the traitor, then.

But there was no time for parley or revenge. The mob was collecting in the street they had left and soon would be down on the dock. Though Wallingford failed, Paul Jones would not. He dashed into a house on the dock, and seizing a burning brand went aboard one of the largest vessels of the fleet. He hastily pulled together some straw and hatchway gratings and soon had a roaring blaze. Then one of his men spilled a barrel of tar in the midst of it to make the destruction more sure.

He had been so intent upon his work that he had not noticed the mob that had gathered on the dock. The place seemed black with people, and their number was increasing every minute. Then, leaving the work of destruction to the others, he went alone to face fifteen hundred infuriated people with a single flint-lock pistol! Dave Freeman had done his work well, for they seemed to pour from every street and doorway. But Paul Jones was determined that the work should be finished, and took a position where he could command the boat-landing and retreat of his men. The people came down in a body to within twenty paces of Paul Jones and then—stopped. There was something in the *look* of the man and the menacing black barrel that moved from one to the other that made them quail and fall over each other to get out of range. Those in the background swore and pushed gallantly, but the front rank was a line of straw, and Paul Jones moved it with his old flint-lock as though a Biscay wind-squall was striking it. For fifteen minutes and longer he stood there, immovable, the master of the situation, the picture of the intimidating power of one resolute man over a mob. Such another instance is hardly to be found in history.

When the black smoke rolled up from half a dozen vessels of the fleet, Paul Jones' crew retreated in an orderly manner to the cutter.

Jones walked down the steps into the boat, covering the crowd the while. Then his men leisurely rowed away, not a shot having been fired. It was not until the cutter was well out into the bay that some of the bewildered soldiers recovered sufficiently to load two cannon that Paul Jones had overlooked. These they brought to bear upon the cutter dancing down in the sunrise towards the Ranger and fired. The shot whistled wide of the mark, and Jones, to show his contempt of such long-range courage, fired only his pistol in return.

But that was not the end of this remarkable cruise. Having failed to find the Earl of Selkirk on St. Mary's Isle, Paul Jones squared away to the southward, hoping to pick up another full-rigged ship off Dublin or to meet with the Drake again. He knew that by this time the Admiralty was well informed as to his whereabouts, and that before many hours had passed he would be obliged to run the gauntlet of a whole line of British fire. But he hated to be beaten at anything, and since the night when he failed to grapple her had been burning to try conclusions yard-arm to yard-arm with the Drake.

On the twenty-fourth of April, just two weeks after sailing from the harbor of Brest, he hove to off the Lough of Belfast, where within the harbor he could plainly see the tall spars of the Englishman swinging at his anchorage. Paul Jones was puzzled at first to know how he was to lure the Drake out to sea, for a battle under the lee of the land in the harbor was not to be thought of. So he went about from one tack to another, wearing ship and backing and filling, until the curiosity of the English captain, Burdon, was thoroughly aroused, and he sent one of his junior officers out in a cutter to find out who the stranger was. Jones ran his guns in and manœuvred so cleverly that the stern of the Ranger was kept towards the boat until he was well aboard. The young officer was rather suspicious, but, nothing daunted, pulled up to the gangway in true man-o'-war style and went on deck. There he was met by an officer, who courteously informed him that he was on board the Continental sloop of war Ranger, Captain Paul Jones, and that he and his boat's crew were prisoners of war.

In the meanwhile Captain Burdon, finding that his boat's crew did not return, got up his anchor, shook out his sails, and cleared ship for action. He was already suspicious, and too good a seaman to let unpreparedness play any part in his actions. There was not very much wind, and slowly the Drake bore down on the silent vessel which lay, sails flapping idly as she rolled, on the swell of the Irish Sea. As the afternoon drew on the wind almost failed, so that it was an hour before sunset before the Drake could get within speaking range. Hardly a ripple stirred the surface of the glassy swells, and the stillness was ominous and oppressive.

When within a cable's length of the Ranger Captain Burdon sent

up his colors. Captain Jones followed his lead in a moment by running up the Stars and Stripes.

Suddenly a voice, looming big and hoarse in the silence, came from the Drake,—

“What ship is that?”

Paul Jones mounted the hammock nettings and, putting his speaking-trumpet to his lips, coolly replied,—

“The American Continental ship Ranger. We have been waiting for you. The sun is but little more than an hour from setting, and it is time to begin.”

Then he turned and gave a low order to the man at the wheel, and the Ranger wore around so that her broadside would bear. Paul Jones always believed in striking the first blow. When they came before the wind the word was passed, and a mass of flame seemed to leap clear across the intervening water to the Drake. The Ranger shuddered with the shock and felt in a moment the crashing of the other's broadside through her hull and rigging. The battle was on in earnest. Yard-arm to yard-arm they went, drifting down the wind, and the deep thundering of the cannonade was carried over to the Irish hills, where masses of people were watching the smoke-enveloped duel. The sun sank low, touching the purple hill-tops, a golden ball that shed a ruddy glow over the scene and made the spectacle seem a dream rather than reality. Still they fought on.

It was a glorious fight—and as fair a one as history records. The Drake pounded away at the Ranger's hull alone, while Jones was doing all he could with his smaller pieces to cripple his enemy's rigging. First the Drake's fore-tops'l yard was cut in two. The main dropped next, and the mizzen gaff was shot away. For purposes of manœuvring, the Drake was useless and drifted down, her jib trailing in the water and her shrouds and rigging dragging astern. She was almost a wreck. As she heeled over on the swell, the gunners on the Ranger could see human blood mingling with the water of the division tubs that came from her scuppers. The first flag was shot away, but another was quickly run up to its place. In a moment that too was shot away from the hoisting-halyard and fell into the water astern, where it trailed among the wreckage. But still she fought on.

On the Ranger the loss had been comparatively slight. Lieutenant Wallingford and one other man had been killed and there were five or six wounded men in the cockpit. Jones seemed to be everywhere, but still remained uninjured and directed the firing until the end. He saw that the sharp-shooters in his tops were doing terrific execution on the decks of his adversary, and at last he saw the imposing figure of Captain Burdon twist around for a second and then sink down to the deck. Another officer fell, and in a moment above the crash of

division firing and the rattle of the musketry overhead he heard a cry for quarter.

The battle was at an end in a little over an hour. It was almost as great a victory as that of the Bon Homme Richard over the Serapis. Paul Jones's ship carried eighteen guns; the Englishman carried twenty. The Ranger had one hundred and twenty-three men; the Drake had one hundred and fifty-one and carried many volunteers besides. The Ranger lost two killed and had six wounded; the Drake lost forty-two killed and wounded. Against great odds John Paul Jones still remained victorious.

The people on shore heard the cannonading cease and saw the great clouds of gold-tinted smoke roll away to the south. There they saw the two vessels locked as if in an embrace of death and a great cheer went up. They thought the Drake invincible. The gray of twilight turned to black, and the ships vanished like spectres in the darkness. But late that night some fishermen in a boat came ashore with a sail from the store-room of the Drake. They said it had been given them by John Paul Jones. The people knew then that the Drake had been captured.

When the Ranger returned with her prizes to Brest, and his people told the tale of Paul Jones's victory, France was electrified. Neither in France nor in England would they at first believe it. France made him her hero. England offered ten thousand guineas for his head.

## NATURE

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

I WEAVE the beginning, I fashion the end;  
Life is my fellow, and Death is my friend;  
Time cannot stay me,  
Nor evil betray me,—  
They that assail me, unknowing, defend.

I ravel asunder, I knit every flaw;  
Blossoms I scatter, with tempests I awe;  
Birth-place of duty,  
And shrine of all beauty,—  
Firmly I govern and love is my law!

## PICAYUNE: A CHILD STUDY

BY RUTH MCENERY STUART

*Author of "The Story of Babette," "In Simpkinsville," and others.*

**P**ICAYUNE Steve, familiarly called Picayune—age anywhere from twenty to thirty-five—stood four feet one in his bare feet.

At least, measured against the door-frame, these were the figures. But Steve objected to being measured against the door-frame. He said it "wan't fair," and when it is seen that a twine measurement from the top of his woolly head following the outer curve of his bow-legs raised the pencil-mark fully ten inches—well, perhaps Steve was right.

He was no doubt right as to the Divine intention concerning himself, and the second-hand trousers which clad his curved nether limbs were witnesses for the defence whenever he was charged with the lesser altitude—witnesses, indeed, which Steve had more than once been known to produce to his own discomfort, taking them off and standing in nature's chocolate-colored enamelling, while the friendly garments stretched carefully upon the floor gave their elevating testimony.

This novel performance consisted in first measuring the trousers and then his own body from the waist-line upward, adding the results. By this mathematical process, indeed, Steve had been known to gain as many as eighteen inches—but then he had cheated. The chalk-line he drew upon his own body indicated a waist unduly long, while the trousers, descending from a corpulent first wearer, were deep in the crotch and aspired nearly to his armpits, so that the space of several inches was thus twice reckoned.

Another advantage Steve always claimed was that his bushy hair should not be pushed down. "My hair is myse'f," he would protest, "des as much as any yether part o' me. How kin any man be counted tall when he's cheated at bofe ends dat-a-way?" And so Steve tried to "get even" by cheating in the middle.

When questioned in regard to his height, as he constantly was, he would reply,—"Well, ranges various, 'cordin' to fairness an' ca'culation. *When I gits my rights, I'm 'long about six foot.*"

Though born long after the close of the Civil War, Steve had always lived with his mother's former mistress, to whom she had tacitly given him.

Violet, his mother, had been rather a notorious woman in her day, a day that, though visibly waning, was not yet over. There were now living about the country several portly women of various complexions who referred to her as "mammy," and in these daughters, although

it was a notable fact that she could live with none of them, she had always taken especial pride.

They all wore gilt shoes and clocked stockings, lived without work, "asked nobody any odds," and were "in good and regular standing in the churches."

What could fond mother ask for more?

But Steve—poor little black, bow-legged, simple-minded Steve, her last-born ugly duckling—could count for naught in her estimate of life and its values, and so she had formally cast him out.

And then she had gone her own gait, untrammelled by family ties, whither nobody seemed to know or to care.

When first she had deserted Steve at the homestead door, the fading garment of ante-bellum ease still lay loosely about the old place.

It had never been one of the great estates, and its proprietors, plain, honest folk of the class commonly designated as "estimable" by their more pretentious neighbors, had laid no claim to aristocracy. Still, when in a few years the plantation passed from its widowed owner into new hands, it left her possessed of traditions that, so far as they went, were equal to the best,—traditions of affluence as expressed in bountiful living, open doors and stables, and a retinue of lazy, happy-go-lucky servants, underworked and overfed,—traditions held in common with such as add to the list a certain degree of culture, travel, social discrimination, and world-wisdom.

Now the great old house was painted anew. "New people" occupied it. "New methods" had set the old sugar-house panting to a quicker breath.

Old lady Trowland never realized that much of the picturesque charm had passed out with the passing of the old régime. She realized simply that she had been rich and was now very poor, and that, meagrely equipped, she must face the world alone.

When, at the very last, the crowd of house-servants had disbanded, little Steve—ugly, deformed, incapable of work—was alone unclaimed, uncared for.

Here was at least one definite heritage descending from the old life—an inheritance of responsibility, and as such it had a certain dignity.

And thus it was that when finally the pale, black-gowned woman passed out the front gate, down the avenue of tall cedars guarding the walk, little Steve toddled grotesquely beside her.

Again, as so often in life, Tragedy and Comedy walked hand in hand.

The change of home was a simple one, and the short journey to the former "overseer's cabin"—"a little piece down the road"—was taken on foot.

For several years before she left the "great house" the mistress had

taken in a little sewing—"having so much time and nothing to do" when the war was over and the men of her family had not come back to her. It was in this way, indeed, that she had earned the little ready money necessary for the lubrication of the prevailing credit system of the country. But now that there was not even any ostensible security, of course this had also to pass, and the small sign that soon appeared within a window-pane of her sitting-room, facing the public road, was, to him who read it aright, a pathetic epitome of the situation. "Sewing for Cash." Such was its modest announcement. The "cash," it is true, was in this case a variable commodity, ranging from fractional currency to "frying-sized chickens," or small pails of wild berries gathered from the roadside, or bags of potatoes or Indian meal.

Sometimes it was even strained to mean service—wood-chopping, washing, or scouring—in which cases payment was cheerfully offered in advance.

Steve could do little to help, but he could do something. He could pick up chips, light fires, draw out basting threads. Better than this, he could talk and he could sing and was light of heart and merry. But still best in the situation, he needed care. In the bestowal of self lies the salvation of the forlorn, and it is when God's poor find a needy poorer at hand to be saved, that they themselves find salvation.

Summer after summer in the long afternoon Steve played outside the door with the other plantation children, for to such as he life is but a prolonged childhood. He had long ago been nine years old and he would practically never be any older.

As was natural, boy-nature being what it is, Steve was somewhat a butt among the youth of his own color, and, indeed, there were many times when he was constrained to appeal to his protector to defend him against them.

"Mis' Annie! *oh*, Mis' Annie!" he would call from the play-ground. "I wish-t you'd step out heah ter deze boys! Dey a-devilin' me ag'in! Say my legs makes O every time I puts my foots togedder, an' when I crosses 'em, dey holler X.

"An' darin' me to head off chickens an' dey know I can't head off nothen' less'n it's too big ter run th'ough—

"An'—an' dey axin' me if my pants is cut out wid a circular saw—  
an'—an'—

"An'—"

His complaint, once flowing, would generally continue to pour itself out until "Mis' Annie" would appear at the door, where, with a mild reproof, she would disperse the crowd and Steve would hobble indoors. Then while he returned to his basting threads, he would fall to moralizing in the following innocent fashion:

"Mis' Annie, you know some 'h'n'?" So he began one day, while he

mechanically wound the long basting-threads upon a "pewee stick" for a second using. "You know some 'h'n', Mis' Annie? Ef—er I had a baby—I declare, lis'n at me a-talkin' about havin' a baby an' I ain't even to say married, much less'n havin' no baby—but ef I *was* to have a baby an' anybody 'd stan' it on its foots an' make it loney 'fo' its time, I'd—I'd purty nigh bus' his head open, dat I would!"

The virile wrath expressed in this volley was a supreme effort of Steve's arrested manhood.

"Why, Stevie," his mistress replied, "I thought you liked the nice curved legs that God gave you?"

"So I does! So I does, Mis' Annie! Caze I knows 'tain't *eve'body* dat's *got* legs like I is, and I knows dey's *p'intedly special*, and I knows dey got a double-hinge back action to 'em, too, an' all dat.

"But you see, my baby—des a-s'posin', Mis' Annie—s'posin' he might not like dese heah circumf'ence legs. (Dat's what de new boss calls 'em, an' I think it sound a heap purtier 'n des common bow-legs.)

"Heap o' folks is bow-legged, but for reg'ler circumf'ence legs, de new boss he say I ought to have my picture taken an' put into a book.

"You reckon anybody 'd put my picture in a book, Mis' Annie, black like I is, an' no purtier 'n dis?"

"Why, certainly, Stevie. Your color wouldn't have anything to do with it, I am sure. Would you like to have your picture go into a book?"

"Yas 'm indeedy! I reckon I would! But you know what I'd like to do? Des de minute dey'd git a snap at me, I'd crave to rise up straight an' high on my foots, des ter see how I'd look. I often wishes I could h'ist myself good des once-t, till I could prove dat top mark on de do-sill."

"Yes, but maybe if you were to straighten up, you couldn't get down again,—and—"

"An' maybe it's a sin ter say it, Mis' Annie," he interrupted eagerly, "but I wouldn't keer much ef I couldn't. I dremp' one night I straightened out my legs an' couldn't twis' 'em back ag'in, an' 'twasn't sech a bad dream, nuther."

"But think how much fun you'd lose, Steve," so proceeded his gentle comforter. "You couldn't play circus for the boys. Remember you are the only fellow they have who can scratch his ears with his toes, or put the soles of his feet together and rock like a cradle. And then, too, if you had straight, strong legs, maybe you would run away and leave me, and I would be so lonely. I wouldn't have a nice little servant-boy to draw out my bastings and run the sewing-machine treadle for me with his strong, willing hands when my feet are tired."

"Um—hm! No, ma'am! I wouldn't leave you, Mis' Annie. Did you think I stayed wid you on de 'count o' my bow-legs?"

"I wouldn't think o' nothin' else but to stay wid you, not ef I had a million legs."

So little Steve, unconsciously confessing his utter dependence, when he meant only to avow his loyalty, would forget his wrongs so completely that at a first signal from the boys he would give an answering whistle and bound out again so fast that sometimes in his eagerness he would lift both feet together,—they would cross, and down he would tumble upon his face, to the hilarious delight of the waiting crowd, who would gleefully bear him away upon their shoulders, and he might presently be seen perched upon a barrel going through his antics for the amusement of his tormentors.

The coming of a visitor to the plantation was frequently the occasion of a special exhibition, when Steve would "perform" with more or less ardor according to the enthusiasm or apparent importance of the guest.

Steve's reputation as a funny little performing freak had gone abroad through his own and adjacent counties, and as there was nothing repulsive in his simple child-face or his absurdly nimble nether limbs, his "shows" were always regarded as good fun.

It was perhaps the glitter of a brilliant scarf-pin upon the breast of an unexpected visitor, at one of these impromptu performances, that inspired Steve to his best effort on a certain memorable occasion which proved the turning-point in his life.

When the show was over the strange guest of the jewelled pin put a silver dollar into the toddling performer's little palm, and, engaging him in conversation, accompanied him home.

He had heard of the boy, and had come many miles to see him. And now he wanted him.

There was money in Picayune Steve's "double-j'intValue, back-action circum'fence legs," money for the "Golden Star Museum, America's greatest collection of living wonders," in New York City—money for Steve.

Old lady Trowland had all a provincial woman's horror of everything connected with stage life, and although her poor protégé had proven himself impervious to learning, having barely mastered the intricacies of the wary alphabet after fourteen years of patient teaching, still she feared lest he should prove normally susceptible to vice.

All his life she had guarded him against contaminating influences, her one fear being that he would "go to the bad," though by what circuitous route his crooked little legs would carry him there she had never asked herself.

It is true that many of her prejudices against the stage life were quickly dispelled by Mr. Steinberger's assurance that the institution which he had the honor to represent was conducted strictly in the

interest of science and religion, and differed from such as the Smithsonian in Washington, for instance, only in exhibiting living instead of defunct marvels.

This invested his proposition with a certain dignity, no doubt, and yet certain it is that if it had come at any other time than the present it would have been unhesitatingly rejected. But the old lady had been feeling ill of late. A numbness often made her busy fingers "all thumbs" as she sewed, and she would sometimes drop her needle for no cause whatever, and occasionally she woke suddenly over her work, not remembering when she had fallen asleep. Upon her death, Steve must go to his mother or sisters or to the poor-house. Any one of these alternatives meant neglect, vicious associations, if not abuse.

She would think it over. She had not failed to note with pleasure that during his conversation Mr. Steinberger had ventured to hope that she would not object to Steve's attending Sunday-school in company with other members of his company, church, and the sacred concerts which were open to all worshippers on Sabbath afternoon.

The museum was situated——?

Oh, no, not in a wicked street. Certainly not, but in the Bowery, which from its very name——!

No, it was not exactly a part of Central Park. It was much smaller, quieter—"in every way more elevated. In fact, de elevated tone perwades de untire Powery—tay und night."

This was one of Mr. Steinberger's stock jokes, actually perpetrated at his burlesque Sunday-school performances, but he dared to risk it here, and old lady Trowland, as she sat in her little parlor resting her elbow on a well-worn copy of Alexander's "Evidence," only smiled at the quaintness of her guest's English, as she naïvely remarked that she "presumed that Mr. Steinberger's own family were Lutherans."

"Orichinally," was the laconic reply uttered in a pious voice.

And then he added "But dey don't shtuck to it so close-t no more. Dthey are very liberal."

The end is not difficult to see.

It was soon noised abroad that Picayune Steve was going out into the great world.

And so, in due time, a little sole-leather trunk—the best the house afforded—was packed with a full and comfortable wardrobe, which his benefactress supplied from her slender purse at a definite cost of comfort to herself.

In her sentiment towards her pitiful little protégé, old lady Trowland unconsciously reversed the old legend of the jewel in the toad's head. She had loved to think of this poor little "Crappaud noir"—so he was often playfully called along the coast—as transfigured into a

possible jewel which she might one day wear in her own heavenly crown, if, by God's grace, she might be the humble means of making his "calling and election sure."

There were marked passages in the New Testament of large print which she laid on the very top of the clothing in his trunk—passages so simple that the wayfaring man, though a fool, might not err therein. This little book Mr. Steinberger pressed to his heart while he promised that it should be read to the boy every day.

Steve's triumphant departure was a great event upon the plantation, and when at last, sitting beside his resplendent patron, the small boy drove down the public road, there was a great farewell shout from the assembled crowd of black fellows about the gate, many of whom would no doubt, in the exhilaration of the moment, have been happy to change legs with him for his precarious journey.

News travels fast, even on a Southern plantation.

During the few days while Mr. Steinberger waited for Steve to be made ready, the report of the boy's prospective honors had spread abroad, and as the carriage passed the plantations lying on either side the road *en route* for the station, there were crowds waiting by the wayside to see it, and to hurl after it their blessing, prodigally expressed in handfuls of rice and old shoes.

Steve was beginning to know himself for a celebrity already, even before he had reached the depot and found himself the hero of a most sensational little drama.

It was quite train time when he and Mr. Steinberger arrived at the station, and the prospective passengers stood laden with their small luggage upon the platform beside the rail awaiting the train.

Mr. Steinberger had bought tickets and was stepping out with the others, Steve toddling beside him, when from a plantation wagon that rattled up to the landing a huge colored woman alighted, and before any one realized her intention, she had rushed up to the poor bewildered boy, clasped him to her bosom, and begun to shriek aloud:

"Who dis gwine rob me of my blessed child! Gimme my flesh an' blood! Can't nobody take my baby out'n bosom less'n—"

Steve was pretty heavy to be carried in the arms, and as the hysterical woman had actually lifted him from the ground, she soon found herself breathless and panting, and from sheer exhaustion she dropped upon one of the benches, still holding the boy against her breast.

Steve had not laid his eyes upon his fond parent for several years, and she had about doubled in weight in the interval, but he recognized her, and, child-like, he began to cry.

The train was in sight. Steve's ticket was bought—his trunk checked.

Mr. Steinberger was a man of business and he was quick of vision.

At the beginning of the little scene between mother and son he had only looked askance and smiled, but a second glance at the woman changed his relation to the affair. He stepped quickly back ten paces or such a matter and scrutinized her, changed his position, and examined her again from the new point of view, and then, after rushing to her for a few whispered words, he proceeded to buy a third ticket and to secure a handful of checks for the numerous bundles in the wagon in which she had come.

The mother, whose love would not brook the threatened separation from her offspring, had come prepared to follow him.

No one will ever know whether it was a subsequent discovery or he had realized her full value on sight, but it was only after Mr. Steinberger had safely bestowed mother and son within the day coach and found his own seat in the sleeper that he was heard to chuckle, as he clapped his jewelled hand upon his knee:

"He, he, he! Six chins py golly! But dat's what I call luggy! For fife year I haf peen looging for a laty mid six chins! Und now I got her midout no papers signed und she don't know de value of suberfluous chins in my pizness! He, he, he, he!"

"A poy as can scratch his head mid his toes is *nutting* to a laty mid six chins! Ho, ho, ho, ho!"

And Mr. Steinberger rubbed his hands together with glee. And then he pressed the electric button at his side.

"Anyhow I drink to de six chins," he chuckled; "I sign quick de papers as she shall shtand mit her poy on de blatform und den I shpring de chins."

Little Steve wears a gilded crown. His diminutive body is gorgeously clad in jacket and breech-cloth of scarlet velveteen, bedecked with tinsel fringe, and he sits upon a miniature throne in the Museum of the Golden Star, but Violet does not stand beside him.

It was thought best to make a new combination by which she soon found herself advertised as twin sister to a dashing chinless man from New Munster, who stood six feet seven in his boots and drew twenty dollars a week. Violet had chins enough for both. It was a case of love at first sight and there was soon a real wedding. This romantic event was, of course, never mentioned in the bills when she and her complementary spouse were still announced as the "New Munster twins" with explanatory notes giving the true story of the confusion of chins in some prenatal influence, etc.

Steve was of age. Violet soon realized that there was no money in his contract for her, and she forthwith grew ashamed of him and disclaimed all relationship with him. And so when the little fellow was thrown in with a "job-lot" of freaks who were sent to board with the

"Living Mermaid," and Violet had taken to a furnished apartment—all Nottingham lace and cheap upholstery—off the Bowery, she seemed to forget all about him. She had, by the way, learned somewhat of the value of extra chins in the mean time, and drew the opulent sum of five dollars a week apiece on all six.

When Mr. Steinberger had demurred at this figure, she had threatened to tie the nether one inside her collar, and when still further provoked, what did she but with a quick puff seem to inflate the entire half-dozen until they were worth no more than a common goitre in the trade, which masterful exhibition of power and fire brought the manager to terms.

Subsequently, however, there arose out of her environment of admiration a resplendent suitor who proved a fatal rival to Violet's chinless mate,—a suitor from whom she could draw a royalty on chins kept at home,—and so there was a general rupture of museum contracts, and little Steve's mother, already gone quite out of his life, passed forever beyond his sight.

The first day that the boy missed her from her accustomed stand on the platform opposite his own, he could not have explained why, but his lip quivered just a little.

It is something when one is quite alone among strangers to be able to look over a sea of faces and simply to think "There is my mother." If this be all, it is not much surely. Perhaps its full value was expressed in the slight momentary tremor of the boy's lip when he knew that she had gone.

But who shall say, when life is most hopeless and barren, that such an atmosphere is poison, this or that flower a bane?

There be kind hearts in strange bosoms, and the "Living Mermaid" was a maternal creature and good to her boarders. Even the double-headed Chinaman, who is so disagreeable a sight to her that she seats him at meal-time at a table behind her, will tell you that both his mouths are generously fed. He will tell you this with both at once, indeed, not only behind her back but behind his own—so it must be true.

Herself only a freak by courtesy, she regards with compassion all those who when their hours of service are over must needs fetch their superfluous members or their deficiencies home with them. She, of course, leaves the mermaid's caudal appendage in the tank and walks out from behind the curtain quite as other women, excepting, perhaps, more like rheumatic women than others, from the strained position of her limbs and the chill of the water.

Even more than all the other curios of her household, little Steve endears himself to her. She would probably care most for him simply because he is the one of lowest estate among them, and the loneliest,

even had he not little ways of devotion, as when for long hours at a time he is pleased to simply sit and rub her feet for her.

She does not drink or smoke or even swear in Steve's hearing, though the man of the house, who is not a merman, does all three.

Every second Sunday is her "day off" from tank duty, and on this afternoon, while Steve rubs her feet, she actually reads aloud a chapter in his Testament to him.

She has flowing crimson hair and Steve thinks she is a goddess, especially when she gets her fins and tail on, and he could never conceive of anything more unfitting than that she should willingly do wrong.

Further than worshipping at the shrine of this most improper saint, who, under the undefined influence of his child-heart, shows him only her angel side, Steve will never go to the bad.

He enjoys his little throne, albeit it has, as other thrones, its weary hours.

He loves the music of the band and is not yet able to refrain from giggling aloud when the fat women mount their bicycles.

He prides himself upon his scarlet coat and golden fringe. But to him, as to a child, these things are simples with no secondary meanings or dangers.

Sometimes he falls asleep in his lofty seat and dreams of the plantation and "Mis' Annie," or of his boy companions, fancying himself flying from them, as he had often done, to an ambush of poison oak, where they dare not follow him.

Rolling over and over in its luxuriant foliage in the old plantation days, he would gather the crimson leaves, which held no poison for him, and hurl them at his tormentors until his anger was spent, when he would fall asleep.

Old lady Trowland has long ago gone to her rest. Fortunately she never knew of Violet's meeting with Steve at the station, and a letter from the boy, following some time after Mr. Steinberger's prompt announcement of safe arrival, had assured her that he was well and happy.

The Mermaid had recognized sundry evidences of gentle rearing in this humblest of her boarders. She had great respect for old Mrs. Trowland, and this first letter, written with great pains, was her supreme effort.

Steve had wanted some poetry in the letter, but such verses as she suggested did not seem to him to quite fit the case. He thought that a certain one that he called "Title Clair" would be very suitable, but unfortunately his amanuensis could not recall the words.

Although dazzled by the brilliant personality of the claret-colored divinity, Steve never hesitated, under provocation, to proclaim his first allegiance to the friend of his childhood, as in one instance when the

goddess had attempted to assert herself unduly, he startled her by springing to his feet and exclaiming:

"I'll have you know Mis' Annie don't 'low nobody to impose on me! Don't keer if you is belle o' de tank—or whatever!"

Whereupon the tender-hearted lady of fin fame, after gasping a moment in mute bewilderment, did forthwith don her gilt bonnet trimmed with a green parrot and solferino feathers and sally forth down the street, whence she soon returned with a pink pop-corn ball and a pair of campaign sleeve-buttons.

"Here's a bit of joolry for him now, for makin' him mad it is," she says coaxingly as she lays them in his hands, and the boy, crunching yesterday's reluctant confection, as he laboriously adjusts a button, says presently:

"I see you walk tolerable limpy. Ef you wants yo' foots rubbed, you better set down an' take me whiles I'm in de notion."

So peace is restored.

The wine-colored goddess in the bestowal of her womanly sympathies unconsciously poses as a saint while she lends herself to the boy's innocent worship.

And he, stroking her great freckled foot with his little black hands, warms his own heart as well.

Again the poison ivy is his friend. For little Steve's heart is as the heart of a child.

#### ENTERTAINING ENGLISH ROYALTY

BY IGNOTA

AT the time of the Tranby Croft baccarat case a very bitter and powerful article appeared in one of the leading English weekly papers, entitled "Purveyors to the Royal Family." Without actual mention by name of any of the wealthy plutocrats whom the Prince of Wales at that time delighted to honor with frequent visits, the whole circle were held up to scorn as spending not only their worldly substance but in some cases their health and the major portion of their time in entertaining the numerous members of the royal family, by whom, it was pointed out, they could but be regarded as superior hotel-keepers.

Severe as was the indictment, the rebuke administered to those in high quarters was to a great extent merited, and there is no doubt that since the lamentable scandal of the autumn of 1890 far more care has been taken, both by the Prince of Wales and by those whose duty it is to advise him in such matters, as to the selection of royalty's hosts.

In this connection it is interesting to see what manner of men and women they are whose privilege it is to entertain members of the royal family. As a young married woman, Queen Victoria paid visits from time to time to the country-houses of those whom Disraeli, with his nice choice of words, rightly entitled "the high nobility;" and often these royal visits were splendid and imposing functions and cost the entertainers immense sums, in some cases the whole house being refurnished in honor of a visit from the Sovereign. On the other hand, when spending a brief holiday in Scotland, the Queen paid quite informal calls on those of her neighbors with whom she felt on a really friendly footing. In that portion of her early "Diary" which she has given to the world are to be found some charming descriptions of visits paid by her and by the Prince to various Highland homes, notably to Inverary, the famous home of the Duke of Argyll, where they saw for the first time their future son-in-law, the Marquis of Lorne, then aged two years, and, to use the words in which the Queen recorded her impression, "a pretty, fair, fat little fellow."

But neither the Queen nor Prince Albert—for, as is well known, the Prince Consort early made it a rule never to pay any visits without his wife—ever made even the shortest of sojourns beneath the roof of any person who was not of illustrious or distinguished position. In other words, the host of royalty had in those days either to be by birth a member of the great British nobility, or he must have achieved a position by his own merit, or by those exceptional qualities of head and heart which lead to the honorable building-up of a huge mercantile fortune. It may be safely asserted that during the first twenty years of the Queen's reign the hosts of royalty were invariably those whose selection for the honor seemed perfectly natural, and excited no surprise whatever.

To the premature death of the Prince Consort may be directly traced the state of things which some years ago made possible the Tranby Croft episode. Queen Victoria has taken no part since her widowhood in social life. With the exception of a very few informal visits to her old friends and faithful servants, including the famous morning call at Hughenden, when her Majesty honored Lord Beaconsfield by a visit, none, even of those who may be said to have a presumptive right to entertain the Sovereign, have been distinguished by this mark of royal favor. Meanwhile, an immense circle of royal personages, all eager to be amused and entertained, and, it may be hinted, in many cases not overmuch blessed with this world's goods, have taken the lead of English society. While forming as it were a caste apart, they have from a curiously large variety of motives—of which the two most conspicuous, perhaps, are love of amusement and good nature—allowed themselves to forget, in this matter of accepting lavish

hospitality, not only their dignity but the nice sense of honor embodied in the motto: "Noblesse oblige."

It is said that early in her married life the Princess of Wales made up her mind that in a very real sense her husband's people should be her people and his friends her friends. There must have been a time when the future Queen of England could have drawn a very sharp line between those whom she considered worthy of her friendship and the larger circle who seemed to take delight in occupying even the lowliest position in the train of a royal personage. These distinctions the Princess till lately deliberately ignored, and while herself regarded, and rightly so, as the very ideal of what a woman should be, she has done nothing to check the vulgarity, ostentation, and reckless extravagance now characteristic of a very large section of English society.

Twenty to thirty years ago, that is to say in the 'seventies and 'eighties, there was formed a group of men and women who became familiarly known as "the Marlborough House set." Of this set it is remarkable how few "survive," in the social sense. Some, indeed, have really died, notably Mr. Christopher Sykes, nicknamed the "Benefactor," and Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, while others, not less conspicuous in their day, have suffered social extinction and have "gone under," of whom perhaps the most obvious example is Sir William Gordon-Cumming. At the present moment the Prince of Wales has but few contemporaries with whom he was really intimate as a young man, but such a circle reconstitutes itself with magic celerity, and in however sudden and tragic a fashion the void has been created, there have been always plenty who are eager to step in and take their chance of meeting with the same fate.

It has been computed, though of course such statistics are impossible to obtain with any accuracy, that the entertainment of royalty costs English society each year two millions sterling,—that is to say, fully ten million dollars. Hardly a week passes, save at those comparatively rare times when the whole of the British royal family is plunged into the deepest family mourning, without some fortunate persons finding themselves in the position of host and hostess to a royal personage. A very clear distinction is still drawn between those houses where the Prince and Princess of Wales go together in semi-state, and those to which the Prince invites his own friends. In the latter case it is understood that he is quite at liberty to make a convenience of his hosts in every sense, and of course it was on such an occasion that the incidents which led to the great baccarat case occurred. The British plutocrat who desires to entertain royalty, buys or hires an estate close to one of the great race-courses. Tranby Croft, destined to mark an epoch in the social history of England, was a case in point. The Prince and a party entirely composed of his own immediate

friends were staying with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson during the St. Leger week, and, as became clear at the trial, the baccarat which was got up each evening on the royal party's return from Doncaster races was played in absolute disregard and defiance to the host's feeling, though the Prince of Wales—who is personally a courteous and well-bred man of the world—would certainly not have sanctioned even the mild gambling which then took place had he been aware of Mr. Wilson's feeling on the subject.

It would be very difficult to lay down any hard and fast rules as to what are the special gifts and, it may be added, peculiarities required of those who form the charmed circle of entertainers of royalty, an exception of course being made in favor of the great nobility, who apparently regard the privilege as a not altogether desirable appanage of their position. Although great, or at any rate apparent, wealth is of course an essential, the golden key does not necessarily open the door to a royal visitor. But still human nature, even royal human nature, loves to be entertained, and several of the most successful hosts of royalty owe the favor with which they are regarded to their power of providing new and original forms of amusement. The late Mr. Christopher Sykes, who was for so many years one of the closest of the Prince's intimates, was a Yorkshire gentleman of no great position in the world until he became known as his future King's *fidus Achates*. Not only the Prince of Wales but the Princess and the young Princesses were very fond of Mr. Sykes; he was a frequent guest at Sandringham, and his fatal illness began while he was on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife.

Even at the present time, when it may be so emphatically said that the old order changeth, certain definite rules obtain as to the visiting arrangements of feminine royalty. Thus it is considered a breach of etiquette for either the Queen or the Princess of Wales to be the guest of a bachelor or a widower. The Princess of Wales has only once or twice broken this rule, notably, now many years ago, in favor of her future son-in-law, then the Earl of Fife, who was a son of one of her early friends. Again, it has become known that the Princess does not care to be asked to meet component parts of "semi-detached" couples. Accordingly, when the Prince and Princess visit some great English country house, the list of proposed guests, before being submitted to their Royal Highnesses, is made up in absolute deference to the Princess's wishes in this respect. A complete list of those whom royalty will be compelled to meet as fellow-guests is invariably submitted, whether the visit be long or short, formal or informal, and from a social point of view nothing can be more unfortunate than a royal taboo. The number of people whom the Prince of Wales is always pleased to meet is curiously limited. He remains very faithful to old friends, but

his taste is eclectic. As all the world knows, he is very fond of Americans, and among those who have the gift of amusing and interesting both the Prince and Princess of Wales is Lady Randolph Churchill, who is nearly always included in a royal house-party.

Among the minor rules and regulations which must be learned by those who have the felicity of meeting royalty for the first time on the kind of equality brought about by being members of the same country-house party, that concerning mourning is the most explicit. Thus, if a royal princess in deep mourning accept an invitation to a house, all those invited to meet her must equally appear clad in the deepest black, and those who are often thrown with royalty are practically compelled never to travel without the hundred and one accessories of dress which go to make a half-mourning wardrobe. This curious rule also applies to those personages who are simply asked to a dinner party honored by the presence of royalty, and it has not unfrequently happened that, owing to the thoughtlessness of the hostess in sending out the invitations, unpleasant contretemps have occurred, for the rule is one of those which even the most jovial and kindly of royal personages does not care to see broken.

With but few exceptions all the great historic houses in England, Scotland, and Ireland have a royal suite of apartments which are, in many cases, notably at Goodwood House, at Chatsworth, at Eaton Hall, at Inverary, at Dunrobin, at Welbeck Abbey, never used save on the occasion of a royal visit. This suite of room, which has often been furnished especially in deference to the personal idiosyncrasies of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children, generally forms a kind of large flat, practically self-contained, and entirely cut off from a too near proximity to the rest of the establishment.

During a sojourn at a great country house royal personages do not spend very much of their time with their fellow-guests; they breakfast and spend the morning in their own rooms, and rarely even join the house party at lunch,—in fact, very often a royal visitor is scarcely seen by his host or hostess till tea-time. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule, but in practice as well as in theory royal guests are, in the United Kingdom, made to feel themselves in a very literal sense at home in the houses of those whom they honor with a visit.

Owing to its close proximity to a famous race-course, Goodwood House, the splendid Sussex seat of the Duke of Richmond, has received during the present century more royal visits than any other country-house in England. There the best suite of rooms in the house is really used only one week in the year, and this in spite of the fact that priceless art treasures form part of the permanent furnishing of the rooms. Thus the pretty apartment known as the Princess's drawing-room is hung with a set of the most valuable Gobelin tapestries

in the world, a present from Louis XV. of France to the third Duke of Richmond. In the state bedroom is hung Titian's "Sleeping Venus," and in the study specially dedicated to the use of the Prince of Wales is the original of Hogarth's famous "The Lady's Last Stake." Owing to the Duke of Richmond's increasing age and infirmities, and also to the absence of the Princess of Wales from England, the usual country-house party will not be gathered together this year. Instead the Prince of Wales will stay *en garçon* at Westdean Park, his host and hostess being Mr. and Mrs. Willie James, the latter, who is a daughter of Helen, Lady Forbes of Newe, having always been a great favorite with the royal family.

Comparatively lately the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Westdean for a week during the shooting season; at the time this was considered somewhat of a social departure, for it has very rarely occurred that the Heir Apparent and the future Queen have honored a commoner in this fashion. On this occasion a royal suite of rooms was of course improvised, for Westdean, beautiful and imposing as is the house, is comparatively limited as regards accommodation. The house party brought together to meet the Prince and Princess, though exceptionally brilliant, spent a very quiet time, the ladies, while the men were out shooting, taking part in a truffle hunt, West Sussex being noted for truffles.

Royal visits may be divided into the semi-state and the entirely private; the former occupy in the royal engagement-book the position of what old-fashioned people used to style "duty calls." When any member of the royal family is asked to lay a foundation-stone, to open a local municipal building, and so on, the great local magnates place themselves and their houses at the disposal of the royal visitor. The proceedings are almost invariably the same, the royal couple, whether they be the Prince and Princess of Wales or the Duke and Duchess of York, know that though their convenience will be consulted, their private feelings will not be considered more than need be. A presentation takes place at whatever may be the nearest town, that is to say, where the railway stops, and once the municipal authorities have had their say, the drive to the country-house where the royal party will be "put up" for the night takes place in a carriage and four, accompanied by an escort of the local yeomanry and a guard of honor, between lines of staring, cheering country people. The guests composing the house party asked to meet their Royal Highnesses are largely local in character, and after the royal dinner-party many informal presentations take place. The day following the arrival of royalty to the neighborhood is generally a very busy one, for the royal personages naturally desire to thoroughly complete, as it were, their round of duty in that particular neighborhood. There is no town of any importance in

the United Kingdom that has not at some time or other been officially visited by a leading royal personage, but those whose duty it is to organize the daily round and common tasks of royalty take care that its favors should be equally distributed all over the country.

More interesting from every point of view are the royal hospitalities frequently organized by the great nobility. Among the favored hosts of the Prince and Princess of Wales are Lord and Lady Londonderry. During the last ten years the Prince has visited Wynyard three times, and in 1890 the Princess and the late Duke of Clarence accompanied him. At Wynyard royalty is entertained in the good old style. Lord Londonderry is in no way ashamed of the fact that he is a retail coal dealer, and when the royal visitors arrive in the evening they literally drive through an avenue of fires on either side of the splendid approach to the house, the horses having, of course, been trained to take no notice of the, to them, terrifying phenomenon. The estate is famous for its excellent shooting; during one royal visit seven thousand head fell to seven guns in four days, the largest bag made being over two thousand seven hundred.

It is said that the Princess of Wales is fond of staying with young married people, and certainly one of the most successful royal visits paid of late years was that which took place in the late autumn of 1896 to the newly married Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. By special wish of the Princess the house party was largely composed of the Duchess's countrymen and countrywomen. During the royal visit at Blenheim eight thousand four hundred and twelve head of game were killed in four days, the bag including over two thousand pheasants and six thousand rabbits. Although the royal visit was more or less private in character, the Prince and Princess were present at a great concert given in their honor by the Duke and Duchess, and the latter also organized some very successful and brilliant private theatricals, these being, curiously enough, a very favorite form of diversion with the royal family; it was on this occasion that Lady Randolph Churchill made her *début* as an amateur actress in "An Idle Hour," a musical burlesque composed by Mr. Ian Malcolm, in which she took the part of an American lady journalist. The Prince and Princess and the other guests appeared so genuinely to enjoy the performance that amateur theatricals are now nearly always included among the various amusements provided for royal visitors, both at Chatsworth, where the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire frequently entertain royalty, and at Welbeck Abbey, where the Duke and Duchess of Portland have many original ways of amusing their guests, for Welbeck is not only one of the most marvellous treasure-houses of the world, but possesses, in addition to the extraordinary subterranean rooms which are absolutely unique, a riding-school and a stud farm, to which

frequent expeditions are always made on the occasion of every royal visit.

The royal suite of rooms at Welbeck rival those which the Duke of Richmond is able to place at the disposal of royal guests. There, in a room never occupied save by a royal visitor, is perhaps the most beautiful early portrait of the Princess of Wales in existence.

It is a curious fact that the farther off a great country-house is from town, the more informally conducted are the royal house parties which take place there. This is especially the case with more important Scottish country-seats; there, particularly during the autumn, sport reigns supreme. One of the great amusements of royalty when stopping in Scotland is fishing, and the Princess of Wales, her daughters, and her nieces spend much of their time when there on the banks of the Dee and other noted salmon rivers; indeed, fishing may be said to be the only out-door sport thoroughly enjoyed by the future Queen-Empress. During one of her brief visits to Ireland, within an hour of her arrival at Convamore, Lord Listowel's splendid place, the Princess insisted upon going out for an hour's salmon fishing. In this connection it is curious to recall that only on one occasion is there practically no difference made in honor of a visit from royalty; that is at the Viceregal Lodge in Dublin, for the Viceroy is technically the Sovereign, he precedes any royal visitor on all public occasions, and life at Dublin Castle, even during the royal visit, is stately and monotonous in the extreme. The day commences with prayers, invariably attended by the Viceroy and Vicereine; breakfast is served at four round tables, but royal guests never attend the first meal of the day; lunch is more or less informal, and when the Prince and Princess of Wales are in Dublin they partake of this meal in their own rooms. Dinner is a splendid and very formal meal, everyone being placed according to his or her rank, and when the time comes for the ladies to leave the dining-room, those nearest on each side to the Viceroy turn and courtesy to him.

The Prince of Wales has constantly been the guest of the wealthy Jews, who now form so important a section of English society. He is on really intimate terms with the Rothschilds; indeed, he was present at the marriage of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild to Miss Perugia, and this at a time when no English prince had attended a synagogue since the year 1809. He was constantly the guest of the late Baron de Rothschild at Waddesdon, and he has paid many informal visits to Sir Edward Lawson, the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, at Hall Barn, while his intimacy with Baron Hirsch gave rise, as all the world knows, to a good deal of talk, it being hinted that he was indebted to the latter for large sums of money, though those in his confidence have authoritatively denied it.

With the rather singular exception of the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, who very rarely pay visits, all the Queen's children and grandchildren are constantly entertained in the houses of the great nobility and of those whose wealth makes them agreeable and convenient hosts to royal personages. In this matter of royal entertaining it is essentially more blessed to give than to receive, for with the solitary exception of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who are hospitality personified and who give each year a considerable number of both large and small house parties at Sandringham, no member of the royal family entertains his or her friends, if certain trifling exceptions be made. This somewhat singular state of things is said to be owing in a measure to the formally expressed wish of the Queen.

On the other hand, the Prince and Princess of Wales are, unless in the very deepest mourning, rarely alone at Sandringham; even at Christmas time they generally have with them a few old friends who would otherwise be alone. A good deal that is true and probably more that is apocryphal has been written about the Prince of Wales' country home. The royal host and hostess are extremely courteous to their guests, and the stately aloofness which is said to be the rule at Windsor Castle and at Balmoral is at Sandringham conspicuous by its absence. Still even there the Prince and Princess, as is perhaps not unnatural, live their own lives to a great extent apart from those of their guests. All the usual country-house amusements, lawn tennis, croquet, golf, a bowling-alley, a fine billiard-room, a suite of splendid libraries, and whatever sport may happen to be in season, are provided, but even the Prince rarely makes his appearance before lunch. The housekeeping, it may be mentioned, is also on the most lavish scale: to take the question of meals, the day begins with a huge breakfast, followed at a very short interval by lunch, where good old British dishes—Irish stew, beefsteak and onions, beans and bacon—struggle with French entrées; then follows afternoon tea, a long and elaborate dinner, and finally supper. At tea brandies and sodas, sherries and bitters, and during the shooting season cockle soup, are served in the afternoon.

The Sandringham shooting-parties, though they cannot stand in the very first rank, seem to be very much enjoyed by those who have the privilege of taking part in them. It has been said that the Sandringham woods are stocked with an abundance of game more various than can be found in any other portion of Norfolk, although that county is famed for its pheasants, partridges, and wild ducks. What may be called the *mise en scène* is charmingly picturesque. Over one hundred men working on the estate in various capacities turn out as beaters; their uniform is composed of royal blue blouses, low-crowned hats, knickerbockers, and long brown gaiters. The head keeper, a very

important personage, whose income would be very much appreciated by many an under-secretary of state, has a perfect army of under-keepers. In old days, before the Prince entertained large bachelor parties, the Princess and her feminine guests generally joined the shooting-party at lunch, and there again the moderation and good taste of which the Prince of Wales seems to have the instinct always showed itself, for the meal, though ample and suitable, was not in any sense a gorgeous spread. No game bagged on the Sandringham estate is sold; a large proportion is packed the same day for despatch to local and London hospitals. Pheasant-rearing is carried on very seriously on the Sandringham estate, and it is quite usual for one day's shoot to realize over one thousand birds. On one occasion during four days three thousand nine hundred and forty-six pheasants fell to the Prince and eight other guns. The best day ever known at Sandringham was the last day of the year 1885, when ten guns killed three thousand head, including one thousand two hundred and seventy-five pheasants. The rabbit-shooting at Sandringham is noted, something like ten thousand being killed in one year. The Prince is said to be the best shot in the royal family. The Sandringham shooting-parties never number more than ten guns.

In connection with the question of royal country-house visits a great deal of nonsense has been talked as to the gambling which is carried on both at Sandringham and at other great country-house parties intimately connected with royalty. Undoubtedly the Prince of Wales has had a good deal to do with the introduction of the present craze for card games, his own favorite among them being Bridge, but of late years, at any rate, the Prince has discouraged high play and has used his influence, which is very considerable, in checking it.

#### DONALD MURRAY'S ROMANCE

BY E. F. BENSON

*Author of "Dodo," "The Money Market," etc.*

VEN the more intimate friends of Donald Murray, and that in their most imaginative moments, could never have suspected that his dry, spare frame (and soul, it is to be presumed, to correspond) had ever been soil for the seed of high romance. A man of austere silences but courteous speech, a frequenter of staid and sober clubs, a speculator of great sagacity in Transvaal mines, was the greater part of what any could have predicated of him. He played, moreover, a first-rate hand of whist in the old days, and of late, taking

to Bridge, it seemed that he must have been initiated by divine, or at any rate superhuman, revelation into the less calculable chances of that game, and to be Murray's partner was reckoned the next best thing to being Murray. Certainly, to see him deal with a partner's weak declaration of *sans à tout* and mark the gradual development of a long, low suit was an apocalypse of skill.

Donald Murray had lived that private life among a crowd so supremely possible in London for twenty years,—a life more regular than all but the best clocks, yet seeming to chime no hours. He had got insensibly older, sensibly grayer, and more spare, but no chime had marked his progress. He lived in bachelor quarters in St. James' Street, attended by a discreet man and an admirable cook. Five nights a week he dined alone at home, one night a week—presumably to give a free evening to the discreet man and the admirable cook—he dined at his club, and on the remaining night, Sunday, he gave a small dinner at home. After dinner every night in every week he played cards (six times at his club and on Sundays at home). After breakfast six times a week he went to the city and on Sunday to church, and every afternoon, wet or fair, he walked round the Serpentine and back to his house for tea. That was all the world knew of him, and with its general liability to rush into hasty deductions, concluded that there was no more to know. For Donald flew no secret signals which even one in a hundred could understand, no gesture of his ever expressed impatience or joy of life, no signed photograph stood on his table courting surmise, no chance word or fragment of street scene had ever been known to give him a moment's heightened color or a retrospective eye. He seemed even to the observant to be no more than a machine which happened to go.

But he had had his romance, for he was no exception to an absolutely universal rule, and now, after twenty years, a rarer occurrence, it was to be reopened. The reopening took place in a recognized, stereotyped, almost *banal* manner, through the agency of the electric wire. For one afternoon, on returning from his walk round the Serpentine, he found a telegram lying on the table of his landing. It was very short:

“Reginald died this morning. Come.”

There was no signature, but it had been handed in at the office of Oiseul, a village near Havre, on the coast of Normandy, and his romance, buried deep, so he thought, in the kindly oblivion-giving earth, began to stir as if there had dawned the Resurrection morning. The earth opened, the matted grasses and flowers that grew above it parted: it stood before him in human shape, alive.

To-day was Sunday, and by custom, so continued as to have become permanent, there should have dined with him three of those intimate

strangers who had done so Sunday after Sunday for years. Already through the open door he heard from the dining-room the chink of the setting-out of silver and glass, and the footsteps of the discreet man padded deftly to and fro. A recent book on evolution lay open on Donald's reading-chair, and on the low table by its side was the fragrance of tea and toast. For the next two hours he should, according to custom, read in his book, to find at half-past seven a studded shirt, dress clothes, and hot water laid out in his bedroom. But instead of the work on evolution he took up a "Bradshaw."

The sailings at the end were a little puzzling to the untravelled mind, but it appeared that the regular service from Southampton to Havre was suspended on Sundays, and that a smaller line ran on that day, starting two hours after midnight, calling at Guernsey, and reaching Havre on the early afternoon of Monday. There was no other choice except to wait for twenty-four hours, an alternative not to be contemplated. The boat might be very full, for to-morrow was the Monday of the Whitsuntide holiday, but no doubt he could get, if not a berth, at any rate a place.

At that he rang for the discreet and astonished man. There would only be dinner for one to-night, and instead a bag to pack and three notes to deliver to the expected guests. He would be back—he did not know exactly when, but he would telegraph.

Methodical as Donald Murray had been for so many years, there is an end to all things, and to-night his method dropped dead. Time had run back for him, and he was the middle-aged, wealthy, respectable man no more, but a hot-blooded youth not yet thirty. The twenty years of silent, secretive living had been wiped out: they had been a dream, and that not even vivid. Instead, the pulse of youth once more leaped in his veins, the supreme moment of his life was to be lived again, when he offered himself, body, soul, and spirit, to one he loved, and who, so his heart's fibre told him, loved in return. The life between had vanished; what he thought was real had been swallowed up in the great reality. No one yet had intervened: his obscurity and poverty had not yet been weighed against wealth and rank and been found wanting. He was young, she was young, and the train to Southampton started at 9.30.

Once and more than once he smiled at himself, but no self-ridicule could overcome that unconquerable joy of heart which was his. His natural candor told him how he had changed in twenty years: it could not be possible to recapture youth. The immortality and eternal youth of love was a dream for poets and moralists: he was neither the one nor the other. "Crabbed age and youth"—and at that he remembered that she too was twenty years older. Yet did that make slow his pulse? Twenty thousand years would not have calmed it to a less enchanted

beat. And if something of his fervor was not also hers, why had she telegraphed to him? This seemed sense.

But to look facts soberly in the face. What kind of a lover was he like to be with the shadow of his fifty years dark upon him? He had aged, his beard was gray, his eye dim, the hand of time had clawed and scratched at his face. An elderly man in love was a legitimate subject for jest: he might pine and be enraptured and burn, but his joys and his pangs were contemptible antics. Love was like measles or mumps, incident to youth only, and a man of fifty with the measles is, though the attack may be serious, a mirth-provoking invalid. But Donald cared for none of these things. The opinion of others had never seemed to him much of a factor in life, and now she had telegraphed to him. She wanted him.

How had those twenty years gone with her? He knew no more than every one else knew. Fifteen years ago the name of her husband had been for a short time in pillory. A case had been dragged through the courts with a more than ordinarily sordid tale of suspicion and confirmation. The British public, that cleanly folk, is so careful to see that its dirty linen is washed occasionally that it insists on the publicity of the operation, and watches gloating by the wash-tub. The linen in question was dirtier than usual, and the upshot was that Reginald Harrington had left England. His wife's steady refusal to apply for a divorce was the subject of universal censure, but she had gone with her husband, and to his death this morning had not left him. A son had been born to them in the first year of their marriage and he must now be nearly twenty. If he took after either of his parents, Donald reflected, he should be a magnet for maids. But since they had left England Donald had neither seen nor heard anything of them, this at her own request, and there were fifteen years of silence waiting to find utterance.

The night was cool, and even in London clear enough to let appear the many-windowed house of stars overhead. The streets, as usual on Sunday, were empty of wheel-traffic but very full of foot-passengers, and the broad pavements over Westminster Bridge were crowded. The river lay full and unrippled at the flood of the tide, and the lines of lights from the Embankment were reflected in quivering snakes on the water below. An unaccustomed interest in life made Donald scrutinize with an eager eye the thronging people, who for so long had been to him less vivid than the pips on the cards, and as alike. But to-night he was suddenly aware of the world, he saw and cared to see that one face was happy, alert, alight, that another was full of laughter, and his mind wondered, with a guess from his own case, what the cause of animation was. For he was being taught that what has once been a human heart never wholly dies: its winter may lie long on it, and the drifted

snows freeze there, but its awakening comes in spring, with the time of the singing-bird.

The station was not much crowded, but a fair number of people—trippers, it would seem, for the most part—hung about the train. Donald secured an empty first-class carriage, but not long before the time of starting a young fellow dressed in black entered his compartment and established himself in the diagonal corner. Donald glanced at him once or twice, and there was no need to look again. And as if to confirm his certainty the other turned to him:

“We catch the Havre boat by this train, do we not?” he asked.

Donald answered him, and then was silent a moment. He did not wish to be impertinent, but he could not check the words that rose to his lips, for the lad was the son of the mother.

“You are going to Oiseul, are you not?” he said. “My name is Donald Murray, and yours should be Reginald Harrington.”

The boy looked up in surprise.

“How did you know me?” he asked.

“You are like your mother. I knew her well once.”

Reginald looked at him attentively a moment.

“Ah, I remember,” he said. “There is an old photograph of you on her writing-table. It has been there as long as I can remember anything. How little you must have changed.”

At his words a thrill of pleasure, uncontrollable, involuntary, shot through the elder man.

“I am glad you say that,” he said; “for to meet a great friend after many years is hazardous. I am less afraid now.”

“My mother telegraphed for you?” asked the lad.

“Yes, this morning. As an old friend of hers, please let me offer you my sympathy on your father's death.”

Reginald bowed his head, but did not answer, and the train slid slowly out of the lighted station.

They ran on to the quay at Southampton opposite to where their boat was at mooring. There appeared to be some hundred passengers. But the accommodation was small and the cabins stuffy, and Donald, furthermore, was not inclined for sleep. So as the night was but of a pleasant freshness, he got a deck-chair, and, putting it behind the smoke-stack, out of the way of wind, he composed himself to the passing of the hours. Young Harrington, however, went down-stairs, secured a bed, and was soon asleep.

The boat was late in starting, and for more than half an hour after they should have been off the donkey-engine puffed and thumped, and the chains of the crane circled and swung between the quay and hold. But eventually the last load came on board, and presently after the anchor, dripping slime of the harbor bottom, was drawn home.

Donald was too serene to chafe at delay, for to a man who has consciously waited for a quarter of a century there comes an instinctive patience which half hours cannot shake, and he watched the slow fading of the shore with an even mind. Two hours took them out of the land-locked water into the open sea, where a long cross-swell moved the channel. The clearness of the heavens had been obscured, and a light sea-fog hung over the water. The night had grown chillier, and he wrapped himself more closely in his rug, and, lulled by the slow swing of the boat as it shouldered through the cross-seas, fell into a doze which soon deepened into sleep.

A crash, a sickening grind, and the overturning of himself and his chair awoke him, and he found himself flung to the deck. It was already light, but he could scarcely see ten yards through the thick white mist which enveloped them. A roar of surf sounded near at hand, and the throb of the screw had ceased. For a moment, so short as to be almost imperceptible, he was all abroad, the next a perfect lucidity of mind was his. They had struck something, so much was certain, where or what he did not know, and at once his thoughts went to young Harrington sleeping below. Almost before he had picked himself up the ship had become alive again: orders were shouted, foot-steps hurried along the blinded decks, his own among them, and he went quickly down to the cabin, up the stairs of which had begun to pour the frightened, half-clad folk. Nearly at the bottom of the stairs he met young Harrington.

"Ah, you are here," he said. "You have a life-belt, I see. We will go on deck."

Then came a voice from the saloon.

"No more life-belts. On deck, please, ladies and gentlemen. There is nothing to fear;" but the voice faltered on the last words.

A strange, dream-like silence was over everything. Now and then a woman cried or a child whimpered, but for the most part not a word was spoken, except for crisp orders from one of the officers. The electric light had gone out, but the dawn, already breaking, made it easy to perceive all that the mist did not hide. That was sensibly lifting, and on the right and now a little astern lay a tall mass of rock, but the steamer, which had struck on a covered reef opposite it, had slid off again into deep water, and was no longer under shelter of it. As they came on deck a gray-headed wave peered for a moment above the starboard bulwarks, just out-topping them, and the steamer sank with a lifeless gulp into the trough of it. She lifted, but more heavily, to the next wave, and the next, but the third came over. She was sinking with awful rapidity.

But in perfect order and with the same dream-like quiet over all the boats were launched. The first and the second were filled with

women and children, and when the third took the water there were only men left on deck. They had been marshalled as they stood, in a row, and there were, to judge roughly, some twenty in front of Donald and young Harrington, about a boat-load. As the line of men stepped into the boat Donald from where he stood could see the sailors preparing the next and last, and as his turn came to step on board he saw a great hissing wave catch the other, and bear it away capsized. Embarking was not easy, but at the moment the boat into which he was to step was borne up level with the side of the ship, and simultaneously the officer in charge called out, "One more for this boat!" Then, with a more rapid movement than he had made for years, he slipped quickly out of his place and pushed the lad into the hands of the sailor who stood ready to receive their last passenger.

"I go in the next boat," he called after him. "My love to your mother, in case——" and the fully-laden boat sheered swiftly down again into the trough of the wave.

There were some thirty passengers still on deck, without counting the crew. The wind of dawn had awoken; already the mist was but shreds of flying vapor, and from the east the sun threw a level ray of great splendor across the gray sea. Again a wall of cruel water came over the starboard side of the half-sunken ship and swept the deck, carrying two of those who stood there overboard. It was known there were no more boats, and the order was cried from the bridge that those who remained should jump and swim away from the ship, lest the eddy and influx of water made when it sank should drag them with it. Some did so, some seemed distraught with silent terror and clung to the side, seeming to prefer a certain death to the hopeless and no less certain end of struggling in the water.

But Donald only followed the last boat with intent eyes: once it seemed that it would not get clear before they sank, for some cross-current in the sea bore it clear across the half-buried bows of the ship. Then it disappeared for a moment in the trough of a huge swell, but the next it came into sight again, clear of that danger. And—

"God spare the son," he said to himself.

The end came quickly. Each moment the ship labored lower in the water, and an infernal hissing and cracking of straining timbers mingled with the swish of the waves. Then with a sudden report, loud and sharp as a cannon, some half-dozen deck-beams shot up into the air, and boiling steam, as from the nether pit, rushed up from the flooded furnaces. Then came a sudden lurch, and like the incoming of a tide the water ran swiftly up from the submerged bows towards the stern of the ship. And Donald Murray, still looking after the last boat, knew that the Great Designer, who yet is not unmindful of the long-delayed hope of one lonely human heart, had planned for him no earthly fruition of his romance.

POEMS BY I. ZANGWILL

IN THE MORGUE

THE sunshine streamed without,  
The wind-tossed leaves made riot.  
A man, on boards laid out,  
Reposed in waxen quiet.

A poet wept to view  
The sleeper—poor young poet!—  
“I am more dead than you  
Because, alas! I know it.”

IN THE CITY

SUDDEN amid the slush and rain,  
I know not how, I know not why,  
A rose unfolds within my brain,  
And all the world is at July.

A trumpet sounds, green surges splash,  
And daffodillies dance i' the sun;  
Through tears fair pictures flit and flash  
Upon the City's background dun.

Women are true and men are good,  
Concord sleeps at the heart of strife.  
How sweet is human brotherhood,  
And all the common daily life!

## EFFECT OF EQUAL SUFFRAGE IN COLORADO

BY VIRGINIA G. ELLARD

**A**LTHOUGH comparatively a new State and remote from many of the large social and business enterprises of the country, Colorado is a representative region in progress, development, and intelligence. No event in its history so distinctly emphasizes this fact as the full enfranchisement of its women within the past five years, and no better evidence of the efficacy of this measure is afforded than the following joint resolution, adopted by the Legislature of Colorado a short time ago:

"**WHEAREAS**, Equal suffrage has been in operation in Colorado for five years, during which time women have exercised the privilege as generally as men, with the result that better candidates have been selected for office, methods of election have been purified, the character of legislation improved, civic intelligence increased, and womanhood developed to greater usefulness by political responsibility; therefore, be it

"**Resolved**, by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring, That, in view of these results, the enfranchisement of women in State and Territory of the American Union is recommended as a measure tending to the advancement of a higher and better social order.

"That an authenticated copy of these resolutions be forwarded by the Governor of the State to the Legislature of every State and Territory, and that the press be requested to call public attention to these resolutions."

The advantages of suffrage, as thus set forth, have never received the careful and considerate attention of Eastern women that the question deserved. Women at the present time are capable of judging of the advantages to be derived from the franchise, if only placing themselves in a position where they could be open to conviction, to endeavor, with sincere effort to decide impartially. With many conservative women the subject has been a tabooed one for years, and while reasonable upon other subjects they condemn this one without a hearing, without understanding the injustice they thus exercise towards a measure elevating to the standard of womanhood.

Education and enlarged opportunities have developed women to such a degree, both in character and intellect, that they need have no fear in entering the political arena, where their intelligence can be as effective as in the world of letters or at home.

As far as I have been able to judge, the influence of the women of Colorado has been on the side of law, order, justice, and morality. Nor is their sweet, gentle, loving nature or tender sympathy of heart going to seed by the additional opportunity afforded them of using their brains. These women are not crushing all the virility out of men, as

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it has been feared they would do, nor are they bustling, aggressive Amazons, ousting husbands and brothers out of positions whether they are obliged to earn a living or not. Neither do they constantly proclaim their independence with wild gesticulations and in vociferous tones, but, on the contrary, their political privileges have added a new glory to feminine character.

In exercising their political rights, the women of Colorado seem to be conscientious and sincere in striving to infuse into political life a higher standard of ethics and morals. The polls present no striking illustration of added corruption from the presence of women. They sit as judges side by side with men, awaiting political results with a calm, dignified, and womanly demeanor, while all things connected with an election are conducted with the greatest propriety and order.

Women in Colorado simply use their privileges as citizens according to the political light they have received. They never say that they will accomplish more than men. They understand fully that they are engaged in a new and untried field, but at the same time they are working with energy and enthusiasm to aid men by their best efforts. They neither expect nor pretend to eliminate all the evils of corrupt political life in a day or a year, but with steady determination they hope to effect a beneficial change.

That conservative feeling, once so prevalent among the opposite sex, which prevented men from aiding or encouraging women in any public participation in civic affairs has been completely obliterated, and men now recognize the fact that women can have a judicial conception and an intelligent appreciation of interests that affect their town, State, or country.

The Colorado press is, without exception, most generous and just in all its utterances in regard to women. We never read any ill-natured innuendoes. We see no unfavorable comparisons drawn. Not only is chivalric deference shown to women in all that is said, but proper and due respect is given to their opinions and judgment. This change of base in reference to a woman's position has all been a matter of education, and is now such a natural attitude for the sterner sex to assume that it never occasions remark or comment.

Colorado has been quick to recognize the ability of women and the actual necessity for her help and sympathy. At the same time, women have risen above the petty aims which once characterized their sex to a just appreciation of those problems of life which affect humanity. Courage, loyalty, and patriotism are the motive powers that rule them, joined to a desire to purify, uplift, and strengthen the social and political forces into a stronghold where men and women can work together in the advancement of the human race.

The young women are early indoctrinated with the principles and

duties of proper suffrage. An able jurist, in addressing the graduating class of a large seminary in Denver, impressed upon the young women the value and honor of the privilege that awaited them. Among his eloquent remarks he said:

"In this State when you have reached your majority you become citizens, clothed with substantially all the rights and franchises that rest upon the male citizen. It will be your duty to exercise these privileges conscientiously and to the utmost of your ability, to the end that the best possible government may be maintained. In performing this duty it will not be necessary for you to participate in the town meeting or indulge in 'political wire-pulling,' but before you can do anything in this behalf intelligently it will be necessary for you to understand the principles of our government and the political questions of the day. When you understand these you will be able to point out the weak places in the former, if any exist, and the fallacies in the latter. You will then acquaint yourselves with the duties and capabilities of those seeking political preferment. All this done, you will be ready, not only to act for yourself, but to counsel and advise those of your fellows who have not had the opportunity afforded you. This political duty, whatever your avocation may be, will be a continuing one, as new social problems will continually arise and press themselves upon the Commonwealth for solution. As citizens, you must wrestle with these problems and to the best of your ability help solve them, and, as true women, can join in this work without sacrificing in the least one iota of your womanhood."

Do not such remarks as these place a young woman upon a pedestal of self-respect in the very beginning of her career, and help to inspire her with a true sense of her duty and responsibility in life?

It has been noticed among the women of Colorado that when assuming the responsibility of official positions the influence of their true, womanly instincts serves as a powerful force in the establishment of good government and reform. It has been proved in more than one instance that the feminine factor, both in intelligence and ethics, is as essential in public life as in the family circle to complete a perfect and harmonious result. It has been discovered that the best interests of the community depend as much upon women as upon men, for as a rule the moral force in women comes boldly to the front. This was particularly exemplified by the conduct of a woman elected as alderman in one of the small towns of Colorado. The men had for a long time been troubled and harassed over their municipal affairs. They found it impossible to come to an amicable adjustment in their disputes over civic conditions. Like oil upon the waters came the voice of a woman, "Make me an alderman and I will keep the peace." Acting upon the suggestion, the men placed her as a candidate at the next

election. She has faithfully kept her word, and harmony is restored where once there were disputation and disagreement without end. When asked the secret of her success, she replied: "Much depends upon the personality of a woman, whether she intends to be 'zero' or a 'unit' in assuming a place upon an official board. On frequent occasions I have found my vote and my active assistance necessary in advancing important measures, and I have endeavored to do my duty as a citizen. As a rule I have found the men courteous and considerate in soliciting my aid."

It is thus that women have worked with conscientious rectitude and with an intelligent perception of the principles and measures they advocated. In every official capacity they have met all opposition with womanly dignity and the self-respecting assertion which comes from accurate political knowledge and the innate moral sense, which will always prevent them from being governed by partisan feeling alone.

As women now take seats as members of the Colorado Legislature, they are active agents for reform. A distinguished lawyer of Denver when interviewed on the subject of woman suffrage said that he had been indifferent to woman suffrage before it was granted, but had since been thoroughly converted by what he had seen of the results, and that many other men had had the same experience. He said that public gambling was now entirely suppressed in Denver for the first time, that the Sunday closing law for saloons was better enforced, that elections were quieter, election frauds were fewer, and the city government of Denver greatly improved through the influence of women's votes. "Of course," he added, "no sensible suffragist ever believed that equal suffrage would bring about the Millennium. We did believe that it would make things better in some respects, and the experience of Colorado thus far seems to have borne out the expectation. In five years equal suffrage raised the age of protection for girls to eighteen years, equalized the laws of inheritance between husband and wife, made fathers and mothers equal guardians of their children, and more than quadrupled the number of no-license towns in the State."

Do not these facts speak for themselves? Besides all these results, many humane measures, such as the regulation of child labor and sweatshops, have been accomplished by the same influence.

Civic conditions have become a deep study with the Colorado woman. Her intelligence has been quickened by the privileges afforded her, and made her a practical, working, and efficient helpmeet against corruption in all phases of political life. That corruption does exist no one can deny, but the personal responsibility lies in exercising that moral force which will seek for justice and help elevate the political standards of the future. Our whole system of government will be in-

complete until a woman's ballot assists in legislation in each State. In the evolution of woman's progress suffrage will come. We cannot avert what must eventually be an integral part of our governmental law. Women cannot afford to throw away the advantages to be derived from exercising this right, for they are now better fitted both by education and development in character to judge of the beneficial results. After the careful study that women have made of social, civic, economic, and political problems, it seems inconsistent to shrink from the other advanced step, which it is their duty to accept. We have progressed too far in the history of the world to be satisfied with the position once relegated to women before education brought to them its stores of knowledge and wisdom.

The prominent social and intellectual leaders in Denver were enthusiastic workers in the campaign for equal suffrage. The men point with pride to these representative women and give them due credit for their earnest assistance as co-workers. They nobly acknowledge that they too have discovered the remarkable unfolding in the nature of women and have hastened, with chivalrous magnanimity, to ask for their aid and indorsement. The results will be apparent in future political life, when law and order, justice and morality, will efface every phase of dishonesty and corruption.

The women of Colorado, as suffragists, never force their opinions on conservative visitors. An innate sense of delicacy prevents them from being obtrusive in this respect, but nevertheless they wish it to be self-evident that suffrage women are practical citizens, whose feminine nature has not deteriorated, and more than one good platform speaker of Colorado can sing a lullaby to a fretful child as effectively as the most home-loving woman of the East.

It is the recognition of real and correct social standards that will render all women free and equal. It is the proper acknowledgment of individual worth that will make the social fabric firm and strong, for each woman, no matter what her environment, can uplift, purify, and sustain every other woman, and by so doing be a benefit to her sex. Heart and brain must act in unison, emotion must be guided by reason, until all are united in a common bond of sympathy, tolerance, and respect.

The ballot has to a great extent engendered this democratic spirit in Colorado on social, educational, and civic lines. Women share their thoughts, their principles, and opinions, and, hand in hand in all their work, they aim towards practical issues. This can be seen by the subjects that these women discuss in their clubs, many of which refer to those questions of public welfare which can and must eventually be influenced by the votes of women. The Woman's Club of Denver is in close touch with every movement that will advance progress. The

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association of club women with men in public affairs has become so natural and necessary that it occasions no comment.

Suffrage as advanced by club movements has effected a change in the social conditions of Colorado which is very perceptible. Women have become more democratic in principle and practice. They meet each other on a common plane. Social barriers are less marked than in the East, for the public interest outweighs the individual one. I have seen the independent woman of means conversing with the washer-woman, giving her such an insight into the political situation as would enable her to vote intelligently. I have seen the wives of small tradesmen received on an equal social footing with women of wealth, and I have noticed the most general intelligence in the lowly ranks of life. Women of Colorado are self-respecting as well as self-reliant. There is mutual confidence as well as mutual assistance. This social levelling, one cannot help believing, is in a measure due to a sense of equal citizenship and to a sincere desire on the part of women to elevate themselves, assured that a woman's voice and a woman's judgment are necessary as elements in progression.

In looking over the history of women for the past fifty years we note a fact which in a measure accounts for the slow recognition of woman's right to the ballot. By some strange inadvertence in sociological conditions the suffrage agitation antedated the club movement. Had these conditions been reversed, universal suffrage to-day would have been an accepted fact. Had clubs achieved what they have now accomplished when Susan Anthony, Lucy Stone, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton first took the platform in behalf of suffrage, our political life would have been purer, better, and more consistent with right principle from the active influence of women. By club discipline the women are ready from their increased intelligence about the various social and civic forces of the country to use the ballot with discretion.

It is the club that has inspired women to rise from ignorance and mental dependence to the dignity of a self-poised and educated personality. In Colorado this personality has been crowned by citizenship. Cannot all women achieve the same success by persistent determination and heroic efforts for freedom and for right? In the subjects discussed by clubs civic knowledge has been displayed. In executive sessions parliamentary law has been observed, while in every department ambition has been stimulated. But this ambition is stultified by the pursuit of self-culture alone. A woman's nature is essentially altruistic. She finds her greatest happiness in working for others. Why should she be trammelled in this noble and beneficent work? Why should her individual liberty be circumscribed? It is an unpardonable injustice towards her womanhood and her power for usefulness.

Since the club movement has been inaugurated how many possibilities, hitherto latent and unknown in women, have been developed? We have learned, as we never expected to learn, her capacity for deep thought, for practical work, for clear, decisive expression, for well-defined opinion. But, above all, we have discovered the loving heart that goes out in tender sympathy, in relief to the suffering and stricken. The time has arrived when a woman should use this added strength of mind in a broader field of action. She must divest herself of narrow opinion. She must overcome inherited prejudice. Liberty will but add to her dignity, freedom will cause her to weigh her responsibility, and the pride of citizenship render her conscientious and sincere. A woman's character can never become complete under any phase of repression. In suffrage she can find a laudable outcome for all this development which has taken place in her mind and character.

All women must be educated towards these broad and progressive views, which affect so much the future usefulness of their sex. But the initiative work lies with the individual club. The conservative principles of many women have still to be overcome. It rests with the clubs to create public opinion, so that in the end public opinion will influence legislation. It will be this active work in individual clubs and universal legislation for the principle which will be the forerunners of success. The suffrage idea will spread, and as leaven will permeate the clubs of every State, and it rests with women not to shrink from their manifest destiny.

The lukewarm sentiment in the East must be awakened to a proper sense of the unjust conditions which now surround a woman. In exercising the privilege of an equal ballot men and women will not be separated, but will be bound still closer by a common tie. A social organization will arise, wherein the great principles of truth, justice, and harmony will unite the sexes, not in a struggle on the part of each for political preferment, but in a union to promote the best social, civic, and industrial interests. With these established upon a basis of pure principle, the political life will soon feel a reflex, regenerating influence.

As men and women thus work together, each will grow in strength and each will grow in tolerance by exercising mutual confidence. Each will stand upon a pedestal of manhood and womanhood by adhering to the truth, which lies innate in every noble heart, for truth alone will make us free.

## THIRST: AN INCIDENT OF SOUTHWEST TEXAS

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAIN

ONE morning in the spring of '83 I boarded a freight train at Del Rio, Texas, having for my destination a switch called Osman's, about sixty miles farther west. At this point I was to leave the railroad and proceed north across country on foot to a large sheep-ranch on the Pecos River, where I was to secure a number of photographic views.

I was told that the distance from Osman's to the Pecos was about twenty miles, and that there was a fairly good trail over the barren cactus-covered hills between. It was an easy day's journey, and a hearty welcome awaited me at the ranch. I bought a pair of thick boots for walking and a light blanket for camping, rejoicing in these purchases as being necessary preparations for a good time.

Being young,—little more than a boy, in fact,—I wore a belt which held a very large forty-four-calibre revolver and many heavy cartridges. These things, with my photographic outfit,—a five-by-eight tripod affair, though a light one for that time,—gave me enough to carry, but, being well distributed, the weight did not seem burdensome. I should also mention that I carried a canteen for water and a generous lunch divided about in my several pockets.

The country between Del Rio and Osman's was new to me and very interesting. I rode on top of the train most of the way to enjoy the view, and made friends with the brakemen, who grew interested in photography and pointed out fine "scenes" as we passed. They also admired my revolver, which I had not left with my other traps in the caboose below. The country seemed to be wholly unsettled and covered with cactus and other prickly vegetation in many forms. When I told them where and how I was going after I reached Osman's they warned me not to get lost, as I would be able to find neither food nor water until I reached the ranch on the Pecos. They told me that the water and food used by the Osman's section gang was brought there by rail. They also said it would be very hard walking across the hills on account of the cactus and the mesquite-grass, which they described as being like a lot of knives stuck in the ground point up.

Then they fell into a dispute among themselves concerning trails and how easy it was to lose one. They told of the number of people they had heard of who had started out to walk a few miles across country, just as I was going to start, and whose bones were now bleaching somewhere out there under the Texas sky.

I don't think I was at all uneasy, for I had full confidence in my

ability to maintain, by the aid of the sun, a given course, even should the trail be overgrown and indistinct. The train was very slow and loitering, and it was after dusk when we finally reached Osman's, where I was to camp for the night preparatory to an early start next morning. I had looked forward to a warm supper here, but when I alighted on the heap of cinders by the track I was surprised to find that the section gang which surrounded me, cackling like a flock of excited geese, were all Chinese—even to the "bossy man," as he called himself, using up two of the only three English words he could master. As there were no other residents at Osman's, I was contented to eat a part of my cold lunch and sleep in the hand-car shed, which the "bossy man" eagerly unlocked when I made a sign for him to do so.

It was not yet sunrise when I started the next morning. The Chinamen had already left on their hand-car, and I had no means of obtaining any further information than that supplied to me at Del Rio. There was a bluffy hill back of the section house. Over this I was to travel, and reaching the top I found what appeared to be a rather distinct path. It led in the right direction and I accepted it as the trail, as no doubt it was.

I set out at a very good gait. The air was fine and bracing, and there was a suggestion of romance and discovery in the great untravelled wastes about me. Everywhere the blue sky came down to the low cactus-covered hills, and there was not a living creature of any sort in any direction. The mesquite-grass, which I now realized had not been inaptly described by the brakemen, spread everywhere, like a fierce carpet of sorrow, to pierce and lacerate the feet of penitence. Where it grew in the path, as it did in many places, I was obliged to avoid it, as I found that even the thick leather of my new boots was not proof against the stiff and keenly-pointed blades.

As the forenoon advanced and the sun rose higher it grew quite warm, and the weight of my clothing and traps became noticeable. I also grew thirsty, and drank sparingly from my canteen, which I had filled before leaving Osman's. Walking was now difficult on account of the path becoming more and more overgrown by the mesquite-grass as I proceeded. In places the trail was lost altogether, and I was obliged to pick my way and look ahead to where a streak of bare brown sand told of its reappearance. I was annoyed, but not alarmed, by this, as the sun was still shining brightly, and I had the points of the compass well in hand. At length, however, the trail became so uncertain that I gave up the effort of continual search for it and struck out boldly in the right direction, choosing such footing as partially avoided the terrible mesquite-grass. By and by I sat down to rest and to eat a portion of my lunch.

When I rose to resume my journey I was surprised to note that the

sun had disappeared. There were no definite clouds in the sky, but a thick, brownish haze, like smoke, seemed to have risen from the earth and obscured all direct rays.

I realized at once that without the sun as a guide I must be more careful of my course. I regretted now not having brought a small compass instead of the heavy revolver. I looked about for landmarks, and imagined that one of the hills in the southwest, the point directly behind me, was somewhat different from the others. By keeping our present relative positions I could hold to my northeasterly direction. My immediate course lay through a little valley, and as I descended my landmark in the southwest disappeared. When I reached the top of the other slope, less than a mile beyond, and turned to look, it appeared so like the hills around it that I could not be certain which I had selected. I realized now that I must be very careful indeed.

I pushed steadily on, however, and was presently gladdened by a brown bare streak ahead of me, which I welcomed as the reappearance of the trail. I resolved that I would stick to it this time at all hazards, and hurried forward rather eagerly. But on reaching it I paused. It was not a path, upon close examination, but a strip of rock and sand so barren that even cactus and mesquite-grass refused to grow on it. Somehow the disappointment of this mistake filled me with foreboding and a sense of loneliness which I had not felt before. Looking about, I now discovered other such barren strips, some of which were so strikingly like the lost trail that I could not resist going closer. One and all proved to be only narrow ledges of rock, and I grew constantly more uneasy, though trying to act deliberately and to keep up my spirits by whistling or humming a tune.

Perhaps I had already lost the points of the compass, but if so I did not realize it, and, casting aside all landmarks and temptations of apparent trails, I now pushed forward as rapidly as possible in what I believed to be the right course. I did not now pick my way so carefully, and more than once I felt the sharp mesquite-blade enter my flesh. The black of my thick boots showed the red of the leather in many places. I also began to get very thirsty, and the minute swallows I took from my canteen only aggravated this discomfort. Suddenly I stopped with a little exclamation of surprise. I was upon the brink of a deep ravine or canyon. The sides were steep and of solid rock. From crevices grew a few bushes. The rift must have been one hundred feet across at the top, and at least twice that in depth. It appeared to be a huge crack in the earth caused by some long-ago upheaval, as no doubt it was.

Anxious as I was now becoming, I could not help being interested in this phenomenon. I judged that there might be a small stream of water at the bottom of the canyon, but I could not be sure because of

the overhanging vegetation below. In places the walls were not so steep, and at any other time I should have endeavored to descend for purposes of investigation and discovery.

I sat down on the edge of it and, hanging my feet over, tried to think. I had varied from the true course—that much was certain. But the course I still believed to be northeast had become so firmly fixed in my mind that I could not abandon it. I concluded that the trail lay not far to my left, and must pass around the end of this ravine. I would have sworn the direction of the ranch lay exactly across it.

I rose and followed the steep walls eagerly. I suppose I must have continued for two or three miles along the brink of the canyon, though the distance may have been much less, when I noticed that it was becoming narrower, as if drawing to a point. This encouraged me greatly, for it seemed to bear out my reasoning. A half mile farther on the great crack ended, and down amid the overhanging bushes at its extreme apex I thought I caught the glint of water.

My thirst by this time had become such that I would have made any effort for the chance of quenching it, and without delay I scrambled down the steep walls and drew myself along to a sort of rocky stairway, down which I thought must plunge water from above when it rained. It was bone dry now, but on one of the steps that ran farther back into a sort of a grotto there dripped at exact intervals of about one second each, from some hidden reservoir, drops of pure crystal water, as cold as ice.

It had dripped thus for centuries perhaps, for it had hollowed in the solid rock a bowl perfect in shape and of about the same size as those used in mixing bread. It was level full of the cold, clear liquid, and I drank my fill. Then I replenished my canteen and bathed my face, and scaling the walls again, started on my journey full of new hope and strength. To be sure, there was no sign of the trail, but I concluded that it was either overgrown or somewhat farther to the west.

I had travelled less than a mile when another wide canyon yawned before me. This was perplexing, and filled me with grave doubts. Perhaps, after all, I had been mistaken, and should have followed the other canyon to the east. I found now that by looking at different quarters of the heavens I could cause the points of the compass to shift and take new positions at will. This was terrifying. Weak and overcome, I sat down to think. Upon reflection I decided to cross the canyon instead of going around it, though I cannot remember now by what means I reached this decision; in fact, I was becoming too confused and distressed to reason calmly, or to consider any plan but that of pushing madly and blindly forward, regardless of what lay in my path.

The walls of this ravine were steep and jagged, but by holding to bushes and picking my way from side to side I found that I could descend very well. In a like manner I could crawl, though with much more difficulty. The dry stream at the bottom was very narrow, and filled with sharp rocks and deep crevices. Into one of the latter plunged my largest package of sandwiches just as I dragged myself back to the prairie level. My coat had caught in a manner that turned the pocket upside down, and loaded as I was with other traps I could not wheel quickly enough to seize the precious package. I watched it go bounding down the slope and disappear in the jagged hole far below. It seemed impossible to secure it, or even to reach the crevice.

I rose and pushed forward. A little later another great chasm opened before me, and, crossing it, another, and yet another.

It was well along in the afternoon now. The exertion of constant climbing had made me very warm, and my canteen of water was once more exhausted. I was beginning to suffer with thirst, and believing that I would find water, as I had previously done, at the end of the canyon, I set out eagerly to follow it. It was no great distance to the apex, but to my disappointment and despair I found there no bowl of the fresh, life-giving liquid. There was a small hollow, to be sure, but the drip had long since ceased, and the little basin was dry.

My thirst had become torture, and suddenly remembering that I had once heard of Indians finding moisture in the heart of the nigger-head cactus, I strove to uproot one by kicking it fiercely with the heel of my heavy boot. This cactus grew everywhere in profusion, adhering to the soil with great tenacity, while its long, horny spikes made it difficult to handle even when uprooted. Still I managed at last to get one loosened and cut open. There was a pulp within that contained some semblance of moisture, but I could not see that it allayed my thirst. Perhaps I was not accustomed to its use. My hands were torn by the thorns and my feet wounded in many places. I was suffering and weary, and my thirst was becoming unbearable.

It was getting late by this time, and if I was to reach the Pecos before dark I must push on in spite of pain and weariness. I had reached a point where I no longer had confidence in the course I was pursuing, but not the point where I could altogether abandon it for another which seemed to me still more uncertain. The country was somewhat broken, and as I neared the top of each rise I ran eagerly to where I could look over, hoping against hope that I should find the bright waters of the Pecos beyond. But always the same shallow valley, with its cactus and its mesquite-grass, or its abysmal canyon, which I sometimes crossed and sometimes followed to its apex for water—the water that was never to be found there. I grew reckless and half crazed in time, I suppose, for I found myself leaping fearlessly over the

brinks of these chasms, grabbing at the bushes that tore my hands, half falling, half sliding to the bottom, and scaling the other wall with what must have been superhuman energy.

My clothes were becoming tattered and my hands were bleeding, but all other misfortune was forgotten now in the fierce blight of thirst that had fixed itself upon me like a withering demon. When at last it began to grow dark I uprooted more of the nigger-head cactuses, and tearing the hearts from them, chewed and sucked as one might chew and suck a sponge from which the last trace of moisture has been all but pressed. I ate a part of my last sandwich, and then, thoroughly exhausted and mad with thirst, I sank down upon the hot, sandy earth and stared up at the darkened sky.

I fell asleep at last and dreamed of drinking. Sometimes in the night I would waken for a moment and realize where I was; then, exhausted, I slept again, and the dreams came over and over. I grew chilly before morning, and when I woke at daybreak I was shivering with cold. My hands and feet were swollen from the tortures of the day before, and my lips were cracked with thirst. A dream of the canyon with its bowl of nectar was strong upon me, and I rose like an animal and turned my face backward to where I believed it lay. My only desire now was for water. The ranch on the Pecos had become as a myth. The one real thing in life was a thirst that was parching my throat and withering my tongue. To reach that clear pool and drink and drink was my one thought. I rose, still dragging my accoutrements, and stumbled, half running, on the backward trail. I did not pick my way. The sharp mesquite thorns that pierced the leather and entered the flesh I hardly noticed. Now and then a stab more severe than the others distracted my thought for a moment from the greater misery.

Once as I rested for a moment three antelopes passed leisurely along a little valley just below me. They were in easy range, and I could perhaps have killed one of them and so obtained food and drink, but I only stared at them, without remembering my revolver, until they disappeared among the hills.

By and by I realized that it had been some time since I had crossed the last canyon. I knew that they were not far apart, and that there must still be several more before I could reach the one containing the pool. I was now seized with the impression that this canyon was trying to escape me, and, increasing my speed, I ran until I dropped and lay panting and moaning. Then I arose and ran again. A moment's reflection would have told me that I had once more veered from my course, for I had covered a distance several times as great as that which lay between any two of the successions of canyons. But I had reached a condition where reflection was impossible, and only the thought that

the precious pool of water was receding dominated and drove me forward in the mad chase.

I cannot remember clearly what happened during the rest of the day. There were blanks in it which made it mercifully short. When I remember at all I seem to see myself as another being, crazed, tattered, and bleeding, running, stumbling, and falling through the mesquite-grass and cactus, or down on my knees gouging the pulp from the niggerheads.

What I do recollect is that I became conscious at last of the sun. I may have noticed my shadow, or it may have been because of the intense heat. I remember realizing that the sun would give me my course, but when I looked at it the universe was changed, for the orb was setting and its direction was due north. It was exactly at my right, and when all at once it dawned upon me that this was west and that I had been for hours, perhaps, travelling south, out of my confused senses there arose a great hope that the railroad might not be so far distant. Directly in front of me was a hill rather higher than those around it. When I reached the top I looked beyond into a long ravine that lay, as it were, between two ranges of the low hills. Far down this ravine—two miles away, or three, perhaps, for the air was very clear—something crossed. My eyes were so blinded and swollen that I could not make it out at first, but when I closed them for some moments and then opened them I saw that it was a railroad trestle.

With the rush of joy that followed my faculties became clear. I remembered that the east-bound express train would pass about sunset, for coming out we had met it at Langtry, the first station east of Osman's. I also remembered that in this desert a handkerchief would stop even an express train at any point. I started to plunge down the hill. Then I hesitated. Perhaps, after all, the trestle was only the work of my eager and disturbed imagination. But when I closed my eyes and opened them repeatedly it was always there in the same spot.

That I had run earlier in the day until I was exhausted counted for nothing now. I tore down the ravine like the wind. There were some briars and bushes in my way, but I did not try to avoid them. Keeping directly in the ravine, I could see the trestle, and I would not risk letting it out of my sight for a second. I was convinced that if I did so I would not be able to find it again. The last trace of confidence in myself was shattered. The one fear now was that darkness would come on, or that the train would pass before I reached the track.

When at last I crawled up the steep grade to the rails I could hear the rumble of the approaching train. Why I had not thrown away my traps I do not know, but I still carried them all. I frenziedly unslung the little tripod and, tying my handkerchief to it, began to wave it even before I could see the train.

It was still quite light, but I was madly afraid that they would not see me. It seemed an endless time before they finally came into view and an eternity before they whistled down the brakes. To say that that whistle was the sweetest music I had ever known would not be true. It was not music: it was as a trumpet peal from the gates of salvation.

They helped me on the train, but I could not thank them. Then they gave me water—cold, sweet, God-given water. They told me to drink slowly. I swallowed the cupful at a gulp. Then they gave me only a half-cupful at a time. By and by they took me back to the dining-car. I did not know until then that I was hungry. I had been only thirsty—thirsty; I could not drink enough. Sometimes even now it seems to me that I shall never be able to get enough pure, cold water.

But I was young and vigorous. When I had eaten it seemed to me that I was almost myself again. My clothes were rags. My boots were without one vestige of their original color and cut through in many places. My hands and feet, and even my face, were swollen and lacerated; but these things were as nothing: I had water and food and was going back to men.

Next morning I was in San Antonio. Witch-hazel and clean clothes restored me completely in a brief time. I cannot see now that I have ever been the worse for the experience.

#### A SUNDAY ECLOGUE

BY MAURICE THOMPSON

*Author of "A Tallahassee Girl," etc.*

"And let me tell you, that Angling is held of high esteem."

*Izaak Walton.*

On a divinely fair morning in early April, many a year ago, but still remembered with unfading pleasure, I trudged up a serpentine trail leading across Horn Mountain, in the wildest and loneliest part of a country given over mostly to black-jack forests and monstrous fragments of rock. Since cock-crowing I had climbed diligently yet slowly, zigzagging along the rough slope. Now I was near the top, with the sun, an hour above the eastern blue ranges, shining upon me softly through a tenuous violet film.

My vigorous walking had not tired me, albeit my lungs and heart were pumping at a rate considerably above the normal, when I at last

bestrode a vertically outcropping fang of limestone, the weather-worn apex of the Horn; and what a vision!

With a liberality known only to inanimate nature, the mountain opened its pocket to me, offering the treasure within, bidding me descend and take my fill.

Do you know what a "pocket" is, as the Southern mountaineers use the word? That below me was a cove in the form of an old-fashioned reticule, three miles wide at one end, thence narrowing to where at the other it became a constricted gorge, making scant way for the exit of a brilliant mill-brook, which foamed among amorphous splinters of rock.

A shock of delight struck through me, so that I fingered my bamboo tackle, slung at my right side, as the sense of a carousing trout came into my casting-hand. At the same time I saw a little, lop-sided mill, with mossy roof and enormous wheel, cramped between a bluff of stone and clay on one side, the limestone cliff forming a bank on the other,—apparently not approachable from any direction. Clumps of yellow willows, overtopped by ghostly plane-trees, outlined the brook's course through dell and ravine, or amid little, angular red-clay fields now freshly ploughed for corn or gayly shining with luxuriant young wheat. Four or five double log cabins were in sight, the sheen of blooming peach orchards dimming their gray walls and mud chimneys with a film of tender pink. Cattle, those brisk little long-horned things of the mountains, browsed widely on the wooded slopes far and near, their bells tinkling up to me an invitation as sweet as any verse in a Greek idyl.

It was not my first peep into a pocket of the North Georgian mountains; but let it always be remembered that every such peep is a joy absolutely new and unconditionally fresh. Where else has the sky so many bird-egg tints, so many shifting reflections from mountain forms and masses of varicolored foliage? Where, go the world over, can you find another scene in which all of Nature's rich tenderness is so condensed? Hark, how the birds sing, how the brook gurgles, how the winds whisper! This pocket is not Paradise; but it is during April and May a place to dream in.

I recollect that the little mill in the pocket was owned by a very old man, deeply religious, almost ludicrously strict in observing all of the restrictions laid by the Church upon animal freedom, and withal brimful of ancient human delight in those experiences that we are in the habit of lumping together and labelling "elemental pleasures," to keep them separated from artificial and conventional enjoyments. His name was Enoch Podger. Beside him, overtopping him by a hand's breadth of stature, went his good wife Betsy, taking great care of him both physically and morally.

It was to the Podger home behind the hill that I was wending my happy way after half an hour's rest on the mountain's backbone. See-saw, back and forth, down, down I went into cool shadow, for the sun fell under the ridge behind me as I descended westward, and up into my eyes flashed the pink of peach blooms, and the soft air was touched with a fruity smell. I set back my shoulders and lifted my face, for there was something heady in what I breathed, a thrill going with it through every joyous vein. At the mountain's base my way led across a ravine on a long, smooth log, certainly very ticklish to the feet when the eye let go a ray down a dizzy fall through tree-tops far below. A spring-stream trickling along briskly to join the brook darkled and sang in the abyss.

Permit me to make your heart heavy with envy of me what time you think of the pocket, the old mill with its growling gudgeons and wabbling stones a-whir under the worn hopper, the kindly old host and his motherly—nay, grandmotherly—wife, the chill, sweet brook, and the voracious, fighting fish. Moreover, if you will, you may be sorry to know that it was on a Sunday that I arrived, which was, as usual, a perfect conjunction of all propitious angling signs, and not a fly could I wet!

Mr. Enoch Podger and Mrs. Betsy Podger took me with them to a primitive church, a squat log house not a long walk from the mill. We heard, and even helped to swell, a nasal song or two, listened with melancholy expression of countenance throughout a sermon which Daddy Kirkendall, the preacher, bellowed upon us for nearly two hours, wished a hundred times for the prayer to exhaust itself, and then shook hands with the entire congregation before going home, to what should have been the mid-day meal, at four o'clock P.M.

But it leaked out casually from Mrs. Podger's corrugated lips on our way home from meeting that of a Sunday, once a month, when good old Daddy Kirkendall preached his long sermon, dinner and supper coincided, melting into a single meal. "We kinder jams two meals inter one," said she, "an' eats 'nough to do us till breakfas' nex' mornin'."

"I feel quite able just now," I replied, "to eat a whole week's meals at one sitting. Never was nearer starvation in my life."

"Thet serming o' Daddy Kirkendall's war a leetle mite tediouser 'an common," she admitted.

We were going at a snail's pace along a narrow, root-crossed path under trees that looked as old as the hills themselves. On either hand thick underbrush pressed close upon us with fragrant foliage in which small birds were revelling, and there was a smoky, dreamlike presence in the air which made every rift on high look purplish.

"Were it not Sunday," I ventured to remark presently, "what a day for fishing!"

Enoch Podger thereupon looked sheepishly at Betsy Podger and she looked mysteriously at him, while a southwesterly breeze, the very breath of an angler's dearest aspiration, palpitated lazily in the boughs overhead.

"I went a-feeshin' on Sunday onc't," Podger reflectively stated, winking at Betsy with a droll grimace.

"Well, you'd better not do it no more," snapped Betsy. "One 'sperience air 'nough for a whole lifetime."

"Likely 'nuff I air not er goin' to try it any more," said he, with a dry grin and a sidewise leer at me. "'Tain't no use a denyin' it, though, hit war dad ding funny, an' I 'joyed it like er blame little runt pig in er turnip patch."

"Enoch!" chided his wife, "a-comin' f'om meetin' an' a-cussin' like er robber don't seem very 'greeable. 'Tain't proper, nuther. Ye orter be ershamed o' yerself."

Just then we came to a place where another dim, wandering path met ours at an acute angle. I stopped to pluck some wonderful great blue violets growing in an open space at one side, and when I was upright again there stood in our midst a man, so old-looking, so wizened, so little, and above all so beaming with delight, that I laughed outright before I could prevent it.

"Well, Lem Bell, who's a-lookin' for you?" said Betsy Podger.

"W'y, I war a-lookin' for 'im," quickly responded Enoch. "I air allus er lookin' for 'im. Bet he's hongry. He'd a'most es soon eat es ter go er feeshin'."

They shook hands enthusiastically all around, including me in the circle by a hasty introduction as a "feller who's come to feesh in the crick every day in the week 'ceptin' o' Sunday," and then they laughed in that strangely raucous, almost uncanny, tone which is the certain indication of extreme old age.

The three clung together rapturously, and I stepped to the rear of them as we again moved on.

"Yer a-goin' right ter dinner with us," Podger asserted. "Ye looks es ef ye hain't hed er mouthful sense breakfus'?"

"But I can't—I jes'—I—" stammered Mr. Lem Bell.

"Ye jest will, though," Betsy shot forth, "so come 'long. I jes' cayn't see a feller-creeter starve on the Sabbath Day."

And along he went, as a man does when it pleases the very marrow of his bones, gingerly shuffling between Enoch and Betsy, his slim legs much bowed at the knees, his feet turned outward at a good angle.

Before we reached the house I learned that Lem and Betsy were twins, the only living members of a household flock of Bells once num-

bering fourteen. Then I saw that they showed their intimate kinship in their movements, in certain facial lines which time had failed to obliterate wholly, and most clearly in little vocal tricks during their jocularities.

At dinner I was somewhat outside the circle, albeit my plate received more than a just share of everything, especially broiled bass, which they, with due regard for Southern custom, called trout. And what angling jargon they indulged in! Much of it was far beyond my understanding; likewise their main joke, until it took the form of a story, and then I erected my literary ears to considerable profit, as I may now show.

It seems that two years prior to my visit the pocket received a shock by reason of a long rainy spell just at the flowering of the trout- (bass-) fishing season. When everybody wanted to go a-fishing down came the rain, and down it continued to come, until the brook in the pocket was a great, roaring, muddy flood. After it ceased to rain there was impatient waiting for the water to get clear; and then, just as every man, woman, and child got a line ready and secured some bait, up rose a cloud and on came the showers again,—the most aggravating thing in the world to a temper tuned for angling. The effect upon the people of the pocket soon became visible. Even Daddy Kirkendall, the preacher, saw it in his congregation, and he took them to task without reserve.

“Ye cayn’t fool me,” he thundered, giving the rude pulpit an ox-felling blow with his fist,—“ye cayn’t fool me; ye’re a-thinkin’ more ‘bout the crick a-bein’ too riley for feeshin’ ‘an ye air ‘bout salvation an’ ‘rig’nal sin an’ the final pers’ver’nce o’ the saints. O ye of little faith! Ef ye war not afeard to, ye’d feesh the whole blessed Sunday.”

But at last the rain withdrew in the east and came no more from the west, leaving a heaven blue as a hyacinth bending over the pocket, where the mocking-birds and thrashers, the cat-birds and the sialias, twinkled and sang amid foliage made almost over-lush by the long-continued moisture. On the circling mountains lay a scarf of sea-blue mist wavering and shimmering. It was weather to fill an angler’s ears with the melodious plunging sounds of fish leaping out of the water, summersaulting high and tumbling back again.

Enoch Podger was leaning upon the fence of his pig-pen and dreamily contemplating five thrifty swine. He wore his clean, scant Sunday trousers and white shirt, but neither coat nor vest, and upon his back his red yarn suspenders made a brilliant cross. Now and again he lifted his aged yet shrewdly intelligent eyes to the mountain rim and to the tender sky. He smiled, shook his head, and yawned with an expression of atrocious regret. Ah, what a day for fishing!

Meantime, directly behind him, creeping as an assassin would have

crept, Lem Bell approached under cover of some stramonium weeds, a dry mass of last year's growth, holding in his right hand, well drawn back, a piece of clapboard a foot long and four inches wide. He was grinning fiendishly and glaring with rheumy eyes at the spot he meant to strike.

At the cabin window opening towards the pig-pen Betsy Podger stood agaze, seeing her twin brother crawl so stiffly but withal so deftly. Her hands were upon her bony hips, and her face wore an expression of intense anticipatory delight.

"The ole eejit," she inwardly remarked (meaning Enoch); "he hain't a-thinkin', er a-seein', er a-heerin', er a-smellin' nothin'." The smile on her face thickened the trellis of its wrinkles. "He air that p'int-blank crazy o' wantin' ter go a-feeshin' 'at he don't know 'is own name this minute."

Lem crept close up behind Podger, then, suddenly leaping forward, he spanked that unsuspecting individual with orthodox accuracy on the tightest area of trouser-space. It was a resounding whack with the flat side of the board, accompanied by a shrill laugh from Lem and a grunt of surprise and pain from Podger, who jumped almost over into the pig-pen. Lem flung aside the spanking implement, while he heard Betsy laughing hysterically, and down by the mill a belted kingfisher cackled as if mocking her. All around from distance to distance the lonesome, tender voices of dying spring strayed upon the warm air. The bass leaped in the brook, sending forth sharp glints like splinters of polished silver.

"The Loddy mussy!" cried Enoch Podger, wriggling, grimacing, and rubbing his thigh; "you ole, narrer-headed, hook-nosed, skillet-legged scamp, war 'd ye come f'om, anyhow?"

The two octogenarians stood chuckling at each other, and from the cabin's window Betsy saluted them with a falsetto shout of appreciation.

"Jes' couldn't stay at home sich a day as this an' chaw my finger," said Lem; "an' they's no meetin' ter-day."

"No meetin'?"

"Daddy Kirkendall hev a sore chist an' cayn't preach."

"D'y'e hyer thet, Betsy?" called Podger to his wife. "Say, d'y'e hyer?"

"No, what?"

"Hain't no meetin' ter-day."

"An' why?"

"Ca'se Daddy Kirkendall's got er sore chist an' cayn't preach."

"Wall, I d'clare!"

"'Rusalem my happy home, what weather this yere is!" remarked Lem, addressing Podger confidentially as they turned their backs upon

Betsy and propped themselves against the fence. "Hit meks me feel like er boy."

"Ef ye'll notice, hit's eternal thet way of a Sunday," grumbled Podger. "Hit'll rain ter-morrer, shore."

"An' no meetin' ter-day, nuther," suggested Lem. "An' jes' lis'n ter thet ther' kingfisher, will ye?"

A splash and a snicker, a cerulean gleam and a widening dimple in a shallow pool, where the bird had struck at a minnow, made a fine momentary effect in the morning's picture. Two pairs of eager old eyes followed the kingfisher's bobbing flight until the silvery white and heavenly blue of its plumage disappeared behind the mill.

"Seem like er bird do hev a better time 'n a man," sighed Lem. "Spacial on Sunday."

"Hit certingly do," said Enoch; "but then, Lem, a man air sech a 'posteroos ejit. A man hain't got sense 'nuf ter 'joy hisself."

"An' no meetin'," said Lem.

"An' lis'n ter thet feesh flop outen the worter," added Podger.

The pocket took on, as the sun mounted the east, a composite splendor ravishing to the eye; it rustled as if every tree were robed in silk.

After a silence pregnant with elusive glances from shifty and tentative eyes Podger remarked:

"Seem like a feller jes' nat'rally 'd enjoy doin' what he hadn't orter."

"An' a-doin' it all day till plum pitch dark," added Lem.

"An' never a-stoppin' for dinner nur supper," said Enoch.

The two faces now puckered themselves atrociously, with idyllic gladness beginning to twinkle forth, and the sunken old eyes betrayed a sense of delicious anticipatory guilt. They held their breath a moment, then:

"Jes' kind er stroll 'round terhind the mill," Podger half whispered. "I'll sneak in an' git some poles an' lines an' hooks; they's inter the mill. Not got ter let Betsy see us. Betsy, she'd hev er duck-fit."

Out of a small back window of the mill Podger presently scrambled, carefully assisted by Lem, and then away they went up the brook, stooping low, their atrophied legs working after the fashion of knotty and crooked stilts.

The brook had its source in a number of gushing springs at the mountain's toe two miles above the mill. There seemed to come an irresistible call from that direction; but while they hustled along every pool pressed upon them a dimpling splendor of generous invitation; for the bass were jumping and the purple bream gave up glimpses of amethyst and ruby. They thought it best, however, to cast no line until they reached the upper waters, whence they meant to fish home-ward at their leisure, and so they hurried on.

Each bore in his age-knotted right hand a long, slender, yellow reed wound about with a gray cotton line duly fitted with cork and hook, and their old hearts were pounding rapidly.

"We hev the whole everlastin' crick all ter feesh in by ourselves," said Podger, when they reached their objective point, a bubbling and wimpling pool at the foot of a noisy rapid edged with shining, water-worn stones.

With shaking hands they unwound their lines, and Lem drew from his pocket a cup of bait.

"I dug these yer worms afore I lef' home," he remarked, smiling, and the beam of his mirth had a ray of furtive contrition.

"Same like me," said Podger, bringing out a little bottle of earth-worms. He also appeared to wince inwardly.

They stood a moment chuckling at each other in a tone of mutual admiration, evidently finding subtle comfort amid their confusion of half-guilty thoughts.

"Hit air a pity erbout pore ole Daddy Kirkendall's sore chist," said Lem. "Hit air ter'ble not ter hev no meetin' sich er day as this."

"Hit certingly air," Podger assented, and they renewed their chuckling.

They gave their carefully-baited hooks to the pool and sat down to watch the corks bob from wavelet to wavelet, what time a tender lowing of kine came over the tiny foot-hills all around. To the left of them a clump of golden willows bent low; to the right a great plane-bough stooped to brush the water's edge; a whiff of sassafras pungency smote their nostrils; bird-song filled their ears.

In a short moment Podger hooked a noble bream, and a heavy rock bass sunk Lem's cork with a fine liquid "chug" that flung silver bubbles high in air; and the two golden reeds bent and quivered in their bony hands.

"'Rusalem!" muttered Podger.

"My happy home!" added Lem.

And each yanked out his fish with a single backward fling, landing it, or rather hanging it, high in the branches of the trees, where, like animate silver and active amethyst, bass and bream struggled ineffectually.

With stiff and rickety show of vigor the men got to their feet, and then stood as if petrified; for there was an apparition, and it was humming:

"Jee—roo—oo—za—a le·e·m,  
My happi—i ho—o—me,  
Oh, how I lo—ong for thee!"

In one hand it bore a long, golden reed, in the other a string of five comely fish. It was Daddy Kirkendall clambering down from a pool

above the rapid; and he, too, stopped suddenly, as if confronted by Medusa, a look of frosty pallor on his face, his eyes set in stupid amazement, his knees rigidly akimbo.

"Hum—a—well!" mumbled Podger, fairly out of his wits.

But Lem made a spurt of off-hand humor in a reckless spirit of desperation.

"Exercise air tol'ble good for a sore chist," he remarked, pitching his voice above the noise of the merry water, at the same time winking horribly at Daddy Kirkendall. "Ye'r' a-feelin' some better, ain't ye?" he added after a moment.

The preacher let fall his reed pole on one side, his string of fish on the other, and, staggering sidewise, sat down upon a damp stone, evidently unable to speak. Podger and Lem felt the situation keenly; but fortunately the Arcadian spirit had mastered them, and some jocund god of the greenery round about gave them the cue.

"Glad ye've come," said Podger to the crumpled preacher. "We'll have a stavin' good time. Never see feesh a-biten' like they do ter-day. Hit beats ole Roper to see 'em gobble a hook!"

"An' ye've got five a'ready," said Lem. "Must 'a' begun airly."

They disentangled their tackle and strung their fish.

"Now, kem erlong, Daddy, an' we'll feesh this yer crick dry," Lem gayly added.

"No," said Kirkendall dolefully, "we'll have ter quit."

"Quit!" exclaimed Lem. "What for?"

"Hit air Sunday. Brethren, hit air weeked ter feesh of a Sunday."

"Sunday! what ye talkin' erbout?" said Lem. "Ye must be a-lettin' wool grow in yer hed! I calls this Sat'd'y 'cordin' ter my almericnic."

Podger deftly caught the word and went on supplementing Lem's assumption.

"Ye shorely ain't out'n yer head, air ye, Daddy?" he jocularly remarked; "er air ye a-tryin' to run us off home so's ter ketch all the feesh yerself?"

The cup of sin makes men reckless; sipping the iridescent froth of transgression fires the blood with daring. It is impossible to resist the urge of a fascination that floods the brain; the sparkle and tingle and thrill of it shapes every thought, every desire. Lem and Enoch saw that Daddy Kirkendall was caught by their sophistry; he took it as a hungry bream snaps up a worm.

"Daddy," said Lem incredulously, "you r'allly didn't think hit war Sunday; now, did ye?"

"Seem like it ter me—I thought it war—yes, I—" the preacher stammered. "Peggy she says, says she—"

"Oh, er worman; jes' like es not she's a-jokin' of ye," Podger broke

in. "Now Betsy she say ter me at bre'kfus', ses she: 'Enoch, hit do seem like Sunday; never feel a Sat'd'y so much like Sunday in all my born days,' but she's jes' er jokin' of me." He tried to look debonair.

"Come on, men, we're wastin' time, an' the feesh knows it," said Lem.

Out into the water went his long, gray cotton line.

"Feel like I must 'a' been er dreamin' er somethin', I——" stammered Daddy Kirkendall, sheepishly picking up his rod and fish.

"Thar!" cried Podger, as Lem slung out another bream. "Feesh bites like I never see 'm bite afore."

"Well, a-bein' es hit ain't Sunday," apologized Daddy Kirkendall, and he looked like a transfigured thief.

"Certingly, certingly," said Podger, casting his line far over into a darkling swirl beside a huge boulder, where he had seen the violet flash of a bream.

There was no further hesitation; the leaven of idyllic delight worked with promptness and thoroughness, bringing a glow into Daddy Kirkendall's leathery face. Every fish that he caught added something to the unnatural glow in his old eyes, until at last there was no room for increment; he was absolutely happy, as any observer could have seen, and his exertions beaded his brow with perspiration, while ever and anon he sang of his "happi-i-i ho—ome" that he so diligently "longed for to see."

And so, with varying but ever exhilarating luck, they slowly fished their way down towards the mill. Daddy Kirkendall easily led in the sport, his string of bass and bream lengthening until it was a hindering load for him to carry.

About noon the three sat down upon a mossy log by the brookside to rest. They were all short of breath.

"Ef a feller hed ter tussle this hard at somepen what ye mought call reg'lar work," said Podger, mopping his face, "he'd feel in er sperit ter grumble at Prov'dence for a-not bein' good to 'im."

"Spacycially w'en he happen ter hev er sore chist," added Lem, ogling Daddy Kirkendall, who sighed and looked uneasy.

They were beginning to feel the grip of hunger, and it must be confessed that the fishing was almost too good; they would soon have more than they could carry; besides, the sport was over-taxing their aged limbs, not to mention conscience.

Suddenly Lem assumed an intensely hearkening pose, and the other two looked at him with startled eyes. Then they heard feet tramping through the bushes.

"Hide, fer the Lud sake, hide!" wheezed Podger. "Hit's Ben Spivey a-comin'. My Lud! he jes' mustn't see us. He'd raise the whole pocket."

They scrambled down behind the log, concealing themselves as best they could. Ben Spivey trudged past, evidently in a troubled mood, gazing wistfully at the brook, his hands crossed on the small of his back.

"Lud, how he everlastin'ly do want er feesh a leetle mitel!" whispered Lem. "He 'magine 'at hit air Sunday."

When he had passed on out of sight and hearing, they arose rheumatically and went on down towards the mill, which they reached in the cool of the afternoon, and came upon Betsy unawares; for she sat upon the forebay with her back turned to them. Beside her was a cup of bait, and in her hand she held a yellow reed. She was fishing for bass, and she had on her Sunday dress!

Not far away a belted haleyon cackled and gleamed on a dog-wood bough swinging over a pool, and all around the thrushes and mocking-birds blew their honey-sweet flutes. Another medley, not so mellifluous, assaulted the air.

"Lis'n at them hogs a-squealin' for somepin ter ear," said Podger in a self-accusing undertone. "I's in sech a hurry to come er feeshin' this mornin' 'at I cl'ar forgot ter give 'em a single bite. They've had nuther worter nur corn the whole blessed day."

The confession of lapse from routine domestic duty, keyed as it was in a minor feeling of general and comprehensive dereliction, fell upon Daddy Kirkendall and Lem Bell with the melancholy, lonesome ring of an echo out of remote conscience. The three old men looked at their fish, at one another, and then at the blissfully unconscious Betsy on her high perch over the pool at the forebay. Podger smiled indulgently, glancing at Lem.

"She air 'joyin' herself like kingdom come," he murmured with tender inflection. "Bless the dear ole soul of 'er!"

"Air thet sister Betsy Podger a-settin' up ther' a-feeshin'?" Daddy Kirkendall queried doubtfully.

"Hit air," said Lem.

"Well, well!" the good man exclaimed.

And promptly as comes the stroke of the bass drum at the melodramatic crisis in a circus performance, Betsy heaved up a three-pound catfish from the opalescent pool and dangled it crazily, her rod bending to a semicircle, her clean blue calico sunbonnet tipping far back and palpitating in response to the struggles of the wearer as she tried hard to save her slimy and prickly catch.

"Hol' it stiddy, Betsy!" Podger cried in a sudden access of excitement.

"Fling hit in through the mill winder!" shouted Lem.

"Don't tech it, Sister Betsy," Daddy Kirkendall warned, "hit'll stick a fin clean through yer hand!"

Now Betsy was a woman, and the chorus of masculine voices belowing upon her back gave her nerve-centres a great shock.

She swung herself around to see what it meant, while all the blood in her veins gushed into her heart. At the same time the catfish lunged frantically, so that she let go her tackle. All three of the men flung up their hands with a shout of warning, and down tumbled Betsy from the forebay, a sheer fall of twelve feet, into the water with a loud plunge.

"Luddy mussy!" roared Podger.

"My sakes alive!" exclaimed Lem.

It never rains, but it pours; the hungry swine, hearing the voice of their negligent master, laid too much weight against the rotten rails of the pen, and the fence broke, letting them out.

All together the three old men dropped everything and scrambled down into the chill water to rescue Betsy.

And the swine, pouring noisily from the pen, eat the fish, leaving not a fin or a scale.

Hungry, soaked, their clothes dripping and clinging to their attenuated limbs, Betsy and the three men staggered up to the house.

When they had donned dry garments from the scant Podger wardrobe, they held a council of four, which decreed that absolute secrecy and everlasting repentance should be sacredly maintained among them.

"An' now, mister," said Podger to me, "we air a'pendin' on ye for ter not tell on us endurin' our lives."

I promised, and I have patiently kept their secret. They are all dead, resting in unmarked graves on the foot-hill where the little meeting-house rotted down; but neither death nor the mould deposited upon my memory, the silt of evaporating years, can dim the bucolic impression made by the week I spent angling in Podger's mill-stream. How those dear old souls gripped me with their unsullied humanity! No poem that I have read, not even the winiest and sunniest of the perennially fresh pastorals, the Syracusan's Doric flute at its best, holds my imagination so firmly as the scenes beside the pools when I, wading amid-stream, cast my flies, Podger and Lem and Betsy and Daddy Kirkendall keeping pace on the bank, their eyes delightedly alert and eager, and those wonderfully wrinkled faces illuminated from within, very ancient lanthorns of joy, casting warmth as well as light deep into me, what time I fought a four-pound bass or played a splendid purple bream in a swirl *splendidior vitro*.

"An' them hongry hogs eat up ever last one o' them feesh," said Lem, grinning reflectively.

"An' Betsy lost her'n," added Podger with a sigh.

"An' nary a single one o' us hev baited er hook er wet a feesh-line

of a Sunday sence thet day," said good old Daddy Kirkendall. "Fact air 'at folks don't feesh es much es what they used ter."

I could not doubt the parson's statement, for the brook, alive with shoals of bream and bellicose trout, corroborated it. Even now, a thousand miles away, I hear the babble of that chill, clear water, as it flows over the mossy forebay. In my ear a voice, half chuckle, half regret, says:

"An' them hongry hogs eat up ever last one o' them feesh!"

## BRONZE BUTTON HEROES: A STUDY OF THE G. A. R.

BY GEORGE MORGAN

*Author of "John Littlejohn of J." etc.*

OF the numberless public men who did the talking and political manoeuvring that led up to the Civil War of 1861-65 only a scattered few survive; and may it be said that these few are for the most part in mournful decrepitude—reminiscent, half-forgotten by a hurrying world, hardly hopeful of seeing the century's end? But of the men who did the fighting and the military manoeuvring in the vast field of strategy and combat from the Potomac to the Rio Grande hundreds of thousands are still active participants in the affairs of the day. The ante-bellum politician is as good as gone; but that the war veteran is very much alive, that he has youth in his blood, that he is bearing his part in present activities with spirit, vigor, and recognizable power will be apparent to anyone who shall visit Philadelphia during the Thirty-Third Annual Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic. Why this should be so is at once piquant and suggestive. Orator and soldier were, in a sense, almost immediate contemporaries: one kindled the fire; the other put it out. Why should he be dead who ran no risk of gunpowder, and why at the same time should he who was out in the beat of the storm walk the streets with hardly a limp, justly proud of the little bronze button in the left lapel of his coat, very bluff and hearty as in old campaigning days, and looking as though he might outlast some of the lads of the Spanish-American war? The answer, of course, is patent. There are two reasons: one is that those who took part in the several political acts of the long-drawn-out drama which had its climax in battle were men past their prime; those who did the fighting were in the main the youth of the land. It was an old man's quarrel and a young man's war. The other reason is to be found in the enormous multitudes of men thrown into

the field; and this brings us to the grand armies of 1861-65, and to the succeeding Grand Army of this present summer of 1899.

Civil War figures break their way into the million column when they have to do with the soldiers, and into the billion column when they refer to the money spent. It is a pity that all things statistical, in this glib age, roll off a man's mind in the way they do, otherwise it would be easier to tell this tale. In round numbers, there were two million three hundred thousand Union soldiers on the rolls; there were two thousand regiments; there were three hundred and sixty thousand deaths among Union troops. And mark this! there were three hundred "Fighting Regiments"—regiments that pinned themselves down to battle, that bore the brunt, that came out with heroic records. And mark further! the remnants of these "Fighting Regiments," welded together in veteran brotherhood, constitute the heart of the Grand Army of the Republic to-day. The Grand Army now has forty-five departments, seven thousand two hundred and thirteen Posts, and a membership of three hundred thousand—just twice as many men as took part in the memorable Grand Review at Washington on May 23 and 24, 1865. The first Post of the Grand Army was organized at Decatur, Illinois, on April 6, 1866. Its founder was General Benjamin Franklin Stephenson. Its first National Encampment was held at Indianapolis on November 20, 1866. Its Philadelphia Encampment will be the most notable in its history.

Once, in its callow days, politics got into the Grand Army. The organization languished until it had thrown off the incubus, when it began to thrive, and it has thriven ever since. Old soldiers, appreciating its objects, have flocked to its halls. These objects are: To foster the spirit of comradeship; to perpetuate the memory of the dead; to aid veterans who need assistance; to lend a hand to the widow and the orphan; to do the best thing always for the good of the flag. The Grand Army is constantly collecting historical data, and has a permanent repository for all archives at Independence Hall, Philadelphia. Relief is systematized. Property worth about one million dollars is owned by the various Posts.

"Fraternity, charity, and loyalty" is the Grand Army's motto. This word "fraternity" means a great deal to the G. A. R. man. Whenever he journeys across the country, whether on business or for pleasure, he makes it a point to call upon as many Posts as he can. He is received as a comrade. Members of the Post whose guest he has become go out of their way to entertain him and to help him accomplish the object of his visit. In New England the Grand Army is an "institution." Every considerable town has its Post, and every Post its hall. Many of these halls are things of beauty, and some of them are imposing structures. Entering the vestibule of one of these build-

ings, you see numbers of tablets on which are graven the names of all the soldiers who enlisted from the county. The dead may be known from the living by the appended mortuary dates, or by the spaces left for future filling in. When a comrade dies, the date of his departure is cut after his name. This entrance usually leads into the public library of the town. On each stone of the first flight of stairs appears the name of some battle in which the soldiers of the county fought. On the second floor is the assembly room of the Post. On the third floor is the banquet hall. During the winter banquets are held fortnightly—those given by the wives of the members alternating with those given by the Post itself. There is a Post kitchen in the hall, and upon occasion the service is elaborate. This custom of serving up good things at nine in the evening holds the country over. Every Post has its coffee-pot, and he is a rare old soldier indeed who doesn't enjoy his Mocha as he cracks his jokes about the hardtack rations of lang syne.

As in New England, where some of the Posts are very large—that at Lynn having a membership of a round thousand, all shoemakers—so in the Middle West, the Northwest, and the trans-Mississippi States the wearers of the bronze button have built for themselves memorial halls that are a credit to their surroundings. Zanesville, Ohio, is a case in point. These halls contain many relics of the great war—swords, rifles, cannon, flags, precious portraits, scraps of battle scenes by soldier artists, and the innumerable *et cætera* of the veteran armies of the East and West. Back of each of these curios is a story—glorious and soul-stirring at times; not infrequently sad; often humorous. In most cases a portrait of the Post's namesake hangs in the place of honor. Who he was, what sacrifices he made, how he died, are lovingly dwelt upon in Memorial Day orations and at camp-fires. It is a rule that no Post shall be named in honor of a living man: "A mere mortal gets too proud if you name anything after him in this world," said a facetious comrade. All the great war personages who have passed away figure in the G. A. R. rosters. There are many Lincoln Posts, of course—one down under the Equator, at Lima, Peru. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, Hancock, McClellan, Rosecrans, Thomas, McPherson, Sedgwick, Burnside, Hooker, Buell, Warren, Farragut, Porter, Dahlgren—all the army commanders, corps commanders, generals of division, cavalry leaders, and great naval captains are honored. In the West an extraordinary number of Posts are named in memory of "Old Pop" Thomas. There are Lyon Posts, Kearney Posts, Reno Posts, Reynolds Posts, Birney Posts, Meagher Posts, Cushing Posts, Custer Posts, and "Old John Brown" Posts. There is a Four Brothers Post, so called in memory of four brothers who went into the war and never came out. Governor Andrew G. Curtin used to tell, with tears in his eyes, the story of these brave unfortunates.

At the Second Bull Run a cannon-ball cut off the head of Colonel Koltes. There is a Koltes Post in Philadelphia, and it is composed of Germans. A Post meeting is like a sociable gathering in the Fatherland; there is smoke from many a pipe; there is true amber in the mug. In the name of the Anna M. Ross Post, of Philadelphia, is a most beautiful story. In Stevens Post, of Tacoma, Washington, is a story of heroism; in Mulligan Post, of Chicago, is another; in Zook Post, of Norristown, Pa., still another. And so it goes, up and down the list of seven thousand names.

The Posts themselves, indeed, are monuments to heroes. Their names are so many lessons in history. Just as a namesake child is often more useful than a tombstone in keeping the people of some rural neighborhood in mind of a deceased local celebrity, so the name of a Grand Army Post preserves a fame that might otherwise be lost, even as the hero's grave is lost under a tangle of briars where only the catbird and the thrush and the warbler pipe the praises of the dead. But the Grand Army has not contented itself with name-giving. It has cleared away the briars, and put up shafts and markers, and railed the desolate spots about with iron. Many of the monuments are exceedingly beautiful—a draped cannon; a bronze boy with his banner; a block of granite on which one sees a carelessly-tossed soldier's cap, and no more. The Grand Army has done still larger work: it has steadily thrown its weight in favor of the establishment of Soldiers' Homes, Federal and State; the beautification of National Cemeteries; and the construction of Battlefield Parks. At this time it is doing all it can to bring about the consummation of the Spottsylvania scheme. No given region of equal area in the whole world was ever so fought over as Spottsylvania County, Virginia. Here occurred the tremendous battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania Court-House. Here we find old bullet-scarred Salem Church, and within this same territory of red roads and tangled forests the scenes of countless skirmishes and cavalry fights. Here are the historic fords of Rappahannock; and here also is the Rapidan, with all its memories. Here the combats of 1864 were fought among the mouldering bones of the combats of 1863. A circle of thirty-six miles, central in the Wilderness, where deer and other wild creatures still abound, takes in this great battle region, which is to be set apart and dedicated to the fallen brave and held by the people in perpetuity. It is possible also that the proposed Confederate Battle Abbey for Richmond may grow into a mammoth Battle Abbey at Washington, in which will be stored thousands of mementoes of the conflict, Northern and Southern alike, and which will eventually become a shrine for all Americans.

General Robert E. Lee once said that, rather than perpetuate the

memories of the war in stone and brass, he would wish that only monuments of wood might be set up, after the custom of certain of the ancients; for in this way the detailed record of the conflict might be permitted to pass from the face of the earth, even as the recollection of its brutalities should fade from the minds of the rising generation. General Lee was a very noble man. It would be difficult to find his peer in character, just as it was hard to find his match in generalship in wartime. No one may lightly impugn the truthfulness of his instincts or the accuracy of his impulses. Yet it is now clear to the great majority of people that in this matter General Lee's view was not the right view. Immediately after the war he was in peculiar stress of spirit. The price paid by the South in the blood of its best and dearest must have afflicted him sorely. He felt the effects of reaction after extraordinary strain. The wish with him for a perfect consummation of peace in the hearts of a united people was father to his thought that the more transitory the records of the struggle the better for those who should come after. Were he alive to-day he would in all likelihood lend countenance to the memorial policy of the United Confederate Veterans, now forty-five thousand strong, and to the constant work of the eight thousand Daughters of the Confederacy in monument-building and the loving care of cemeteries. He would approve the Nashville plan for the erection of a statue of Sam Davis, the Confederate spy, who, when offered a conditional pardon on the scaffold, the rope being then around his neck, replied: "No; if I had a thousand lives I would sacrifice them all rather than falsify my word and betray my informer." It is safe to say, in fine, that General Lee, feeling that all real bitterness between the sections had passed, would join with the whole Southern people in applauding the zeal of such men as Charles Broadway Rouss, who are rescuing from oblivion the names and deeds of the men in gray. The old idea was: Let the past sink; let time assuage; let the seed of the poppy be scattered over the graves of the fallen; let us forget that we ever had a fratricidal war. Numbers of us still cling to this plan of pacification—which had its uses, surely, when wounds were fresh. But your opiate is not the true balm. Your best masseur cannot rub out a scar. No one may pre-termit a fact that stands upon the plane of things like a mountain. So the new idea is: The war was a tremendous event. The country long since accepted its issue and stands reconciled. The implacables on either side are too few to be taken into account. Except among these, one fails to find a grain of malice. As a people we are proud of our heroes. Therefore we in the North are lifting up bronze and marble; we in the South salute the flag and scatter our blossoms; and, but that there lurk a stray bee among them, there is now no sting in any act of ours.

It cannot be said, in full truth, that the noble spirit which animates the memorial work of the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Confederate Veterans breathes through our Civil War literature. No history of the war that takes rank as a masterpiece has yet been written. If, however, among the students of the future some genius should find himself drawn to the work he would suffer from the lack of but one essential element of testimony. Almost every record of the war is as complete as it can be made. Such an historian would find, as the basis of his material, the stupendous Rebellion Record issued by the Government. He could wall himself in with the one hundred and eleven volumes of the First Series; and to this den he could lug many meritorious general histories of the war, army histories, corps histories, division histories, brigade histories, regimental histories, and personal narratives without number. Yes; and he could find disputatious biographies, biographies written in the claim-it-all vein, hectic Pollardian books—what, indeed, in the way of such print could he not find! He could gain access to the War Department files, to public museums, and to the sanctum sanctorum of collectors. He would find written out for him in granite and bronze and iron, on fair green pages many miles long, the story of the battle lines at Gettysburg, Antietam, and Chickamauga. All this, and much more, that serene genius might find. But could he seize upon the spirit of the time of the great upheaval? Could he conjure up and embody those subtle essences which should constitute the soul of his work? Hardly. We of this generation have not done our whole duty in the matter of celebrating the war. Glad at heart that the Black Caliban of Slavery is dead forever, and that our tempest has passed, we may be said to have been derelict in various things. We have gone in voluminously for the cut-and-dried; we have fought little controversial fights as to which general did this and which general did that; we have bunched the deeds of our heroes into crude subscription books—not for truth's sake, or glory's sake, but for the sake of the dollar. In spite of the recurring Memorial Day the poets, those true monument-builders, have fallen short. Something they have done and very nobly done. Yet their illuminating strokes are but few, and much of their fire is as fox-fire that burneth not. In excuse for the poets it might be said that this is a scoffing age. Poesy is tethered under the hollyhocks on her sequestered lawn; and the Muse is hobbled, per custom, as one hobbles old Bossy in the thistle pasture. There is excuse for the poet; but what excuse, pray, can one find for the novelist, who is in full romantic swing and who may give rein and spur to his imagination, riding roads as rough as the old Valley turnpike down which Sheridan galloped?

What war memories are associated with this same Valley of the Shenandoah! Well, Nature did not make it for the blind; Fairfax and

## Bronze Button Heroes: a Study of the G. A. R. 443

Washington did not leave their footprints in it without lending to its dust some precious atoms; and, surely, it was peopled to the top of the romancer's liking. The Germans who drifted thither, the Scotch who crossed the Blue Mountains, and the Virginians from the Tidewater, who mixed a rare neighborliness with their rural elegance—these gave a life to the Valley well worth describing, yet still undescribed in connection with the Ashbys and Stuart and Von Borcke and the thousand others who rode up and down it from end to end. The scenes and the actors are all ready—and so are the incidents. As for the passions, where and when were they ever given freer play than in the Valleys of the Shenandoah and the Cumberland? There was love, there was hate, there was devotion incomparable; and, in the play of these, women suffered and men died, and all was as romance has sought to have it since the world began. But there is such a thing as overplus; and perhaps we have no great novels about the Shenandoah region because what really happened was more interesting in itself than any novelist could make it seem, just as the real sunset eternally cuts the painted sunset out. Stuart, with his plume; Ashby and the Black Horse Cavalry; Von Boreke, swinging a sword like a crusader; bold Harry Gilmour; "Old Jubal" Early; Averill, Torbert, Custer—these! what could any one on earth, who should not first borrow from a master all his secrets and all his skill, do towards unrolling the panorama of the war in the Valley of Virginia? The canvas here would not be too small even for a Sienkiewicz; but the quarter in which we especially need a Sienkiewicz is that wide range of the Central West between the Rio Grande and the headwaters of the Tennessee. It might be hard to pick out another trooper among all the chiefs of horse who figure in history that would lend himself to war fiction of the sweeping Sienkiewicz sort as readily as Forrest. He rode as few have ridden. He out-Tartared the Tartars. Ridiculously illiterate, he was truly, as has been said of him, a man of force, fire, inborn soldiership. To burn, to quench; to kill, to save; to lose if one must lose, to win if one could win—these were the duties of this amazing man. It is probable that the masterful war novelists of Eastern Europe never struck off at white heat a more effective chapter than that which Forrest furnishes ready at hand in his pursuit of Streight—riding day after day, night after night, horses giving under, men dropping out, fighting at fords, swimming rivers—but always having the scent of the quarry in his nostrils and winning at last by a strategetic bluff worthy of an Homeric Greek. So, too, Shelby's terrific rides and raids—a dash upon one occasion of ten miles in fifty-five minutes; upon another a tour in force of fifteen hundred miles in forty days—call for some great master in the art of fiction, who would find the richest of possible material in the actualities of the war within the borders of Missouri. Not that all our war-tales

must be written down as inadequate. "The Burial of the Guns," for instance, is a classic. And there are excellent essays in the study of war-time character, from "The Copperhead" down. Yet, on the whole, the playwright with his narrow scene, the novelist with his faint reach and slight grasp, and the poet with his lack of fervor, have each and all failed to do justice to the tremendous general theme. This, too, in spite of the most powerful and pathetic of incentives. For who could walk among the graves of the thousands of unknown dead at Arlington, or on the heights that overlook the glories of the Valley of the Rappahannock—who could thus walk among the graves and the evergreens and the flowers, with song-birds in the trees and a great presence in the air, yet not feel at once a pang and a thrill—sorrow profound at the blotting out of the lives of these men, elation supreme at their immolation and at the imperishable glory in the trail of their deeds!

Imperishable! That is a rhetorician's adjective, and a bold word surely when applied to anything mortal. This is a world of crumbling monuments. How could the best of historians, with his one hundred and eleven official volumes and his thousand unofficial volumes, build a breakwater that should be a perpetual finality against the inrolling seas of oblivion! Yet for some hundreds, and let us hope thousands of years to come, our Republic promises to endure; and while it shall endure its people may well bear in mind this violent happening of its first century. The war tore open the body of the Constitution and cut from it the seeds of ruin. So the war will stand in the general memory of the nation, as a lesson to those who seek for wisdom and as a bloody warning to the headstrong and the stirrers-up of strife. Its bitterness now well outgrown, let the memory of its heroism be cherished, South as well as North, so that the sons, shunning the follies, may fondly remember the unsurpassed and unsurpassable valor of their fathers.



### MARTA'S INHERITANCE

BY MRS. SCHUYLER CROWNINSHIELD

*Author of "Latitude 19°," etc.*

"I 'M a-goin' to orguinize a scheme."

When Don Billy Blake made a statement his positiveness was an earnest of its sometime accomplishment.

"There's that money of old Kidd's rottin' away down in that cave, and no one don't seem to have the pluck to dig for it. Ain't much push round yere."

"I think we all pushed pretty hard after that miserable thief

Wakefield, Don Billy. Sorry we couldn't get your money back; but we tried,—you can't say we didn't." Misser Williams was somewhat indignant when he remembered his share in the chase after Wakefield.

"Well, the dam little rascal's gone No'th and I shall never see a cent of it."

"Though lost to sight to memory dear." Misser Williams's remark was capped by Don Billy with the words "Dam dear."

"Took a thousand dollars, gold and notes."

When Don Billy was wrought up his ideas seemed to flow more quickly than was their wont.

"Well, as I was a-sayin', I'm goin' to orguinize a scheme. I want money to pay off the men. Quin-cena comes next week. The peons want their Christmas money, and I've just got three dollars."

Don Billy, as proof, drew three battered silver dollars from the depths of his baggy pocket. "Now, if you'll join me, you and Don Hilario here——"

The Spanish-American bowed.

"And w'at is ze es-scheme of ze Señor Don Billyblake?"

"I'll tell you, Don Hilario, and Williams yere, but we don't want much ajutation about it. These darned natives can't be trusted. Lie down with dogs, you get up with fleas."

"And you expect to keep your plan quiet in this blessed island?"

"Can't see why not. Only take a single night. Pretend we're goin' to Saltona."

"You forget you have to reckon with the wives."

Misser Williams heaved a depressed sigh. Don Hilario bowed low to the manager. He then extended his hand in the American fashion. The manager clasped it as if in the grip of a secret brotherhood.

"Are zere perhaps ze bonnets at Saltona, señor?" asked Don Hilario.

The American laughed. "Oh, we start for Saltona, do we? Happy, happy thought! There may be bonnets anywhere, Don Hilario. All things are possible: it is an island of possibilities."

Don Billy listened pityingly. He flicked a ball of dry mud from his leatheren legging, turned round, and leaned his back against his little roan as he spoke.

"I've envied you both," he said,—Don Hilario drew himself up stiffly, Misser Williams smiled,—"but I've never had to account for my time to no one."

There was an awkward pause, which Misser Williams was the first to break.

"We'll have to go at night, I suppose. Do you really think there's anything in it, Blake?"

"Think? I know! Where there's so much smoke there must be some fire."

"Mere gossip, perhaps. If the money's there, why haven't expeditions been organized before this?"

"I ask that also," chimed in Don Hilario.

"Did you ever know a peon who would enter that cave at night? Answer me that, Williams. Can't get 'em in far in the daytime. I've discouraged them all I could. Talked about ghosts every time I seen 'em. Got 'em so scared now they won't even drive the horses from the potrero to the water after nightfall. Works bad, too, for me."

"There might be something in it," said Misser Williams musingly.

"Might? There is! I'll bet you we all come home a good deal richer than we went; only secrecy's the word."

"Was it a thousand dollars you lost, Blake?"

Don Billy nodded impressively. He spoke slowly:

"A thousand dollars, gold and notes. A thousand dollars in gold looks pretty big down here in this dam country, where everything's reckoned in Mexicans. Now, can I count on you two?"

"I suppose so," said the American haltingly. "A whole night, you say?"

"Well, why not? We cross to Saltona always at night, as you know. That's why I say orguinize. Talk with the señoritas, get your leaves, fix a night, and be off."

There was a shade of poorly concealed contempt in Don Billy's tone.

"Of course, we divide what we find," said Misser Williams.

"Cer-tain-lee," was the reply. "Those who shares the risks, shares the booty. Truth is, there isn't no one at my place I can trust. They're all afraid as sheep. Got to have somebody."

"Thank you for the compliment."

"Oh, that's all right. Can you handle a pick? How is it about Don Hilario here?"

The planter turned his soft palms outward with a smile.

"W'at I mus', that I can," he said. "You will not find me a es-shirk."

Don Billy stood and regarded the pink cushions in Don Hilario's palms disapprovingly.

"Don't look to be much use," he said; "but we got to have three. You got picks a plenty?" and then, with no pause for answer, "Think of that rascal breakin' open my desk! Last evenin' I was to the cock fight. Got to make it up somehow."

"He's been gone five days now," said the manager. "You'll never see that money again, Blake. I suppose Kidd's money's as much ours as any one's. Strange, if it is there, they haven't found it before."

"Dug holes all over the place, but they're afraid of that third cave

way in, and that's where it is, I'll bet a demijohn. Think freebooters' spirits haunt the place. Don't know but they do." Don Billy stooped and tightened his spur. "I do need money, if ever I did. Darn that American captain for taking that fellow No'th." He stood upright again and faced the manager. "You've got brains, Williams; make the plan."

"All the plan I can make is that we had better go Saturday. That's Christmas Eve. Well, what of it?—the sooner, the better. We won't go down the track; they'd see us from the company's quarters."

"Right as rain," said Don Billy. He put a toe into the stirrup and threw the other leg over the Mexican saddle. "You husbands fix it up," he said,—"fix it between you. I'm free."

Don Billy's broad face broadened still further into a satisfied grin.

"Wait a minute, Blake. You'd better meet us to-night at my cocoa-drying shed. Come down there by eight, quite by chance, you know, and we—"

"Will be able to say what they'll let you do."

Don Billy struck spurs to the sides of his roan, and together they bolted through the undergrowth.

"He is a much more zan plain es-spoken gentleman," remarked Don Hilario. He watched Don Billy quite out of sight, and then turned inquiring eyes towards Misser Williams.

"We shall promise ze bonnets, Señor Managero?"

"There may be bracelets also at Saltona,"—Misser Williams smiled, though his brow clouded,—"but they may eat up all the dividends."

That evening at seven o'clock three persons were sitting on the veranda at Las Lilas. They were Misser Williams, the señora, and that valuable fixture in the house of her son-in-law, the Señora Cordeza. The dinner was over, and the three were taking their coffee. The coffee was very black and rich; it trickled down from the spoon like a cordial; it slipped down the throat like the nectar of the gods.

"You have already had the sugar, Señor Williams."

This remark of the Señora Cordeza was made in her purest Spanish, partly because she knew that the manager did not understand it perfectly.

He did not desist from his intention, but took the sugar-tongs in his brown fingers. His gray eyes smiled teasingly.

"I sometimes take four," he said. He dropped two large lumps into his coffee, already as sweet as syrup. "I should ruin any sugar plantation."

"So it seems," the Señora Cordeza sniffed—her manner like the traditional "my-house-is-yours" manner of the native Spaniard. "The Señor Sagasta used to say that if we ate all the surplus of the sugar estate we should be bankrupt."

Misser Williams deliberately helped himself to another lump, and then to another. He looked ruefully at the nauseous cup. But he would go to even greater lengths to annoy in a perfectly well-bred if obvious way the Señora Cordeza. The old señora revelled in such speeches as the one she had just made. She existed to remind Misser Williams that he was living in the Señor Sagasta's house, with the lovely woman who had been the Señor Sagasta's wife. The latter needed not to remind him of this fact, but she laid her plump, dark, bejewelled fingers on his.

"You need not eat yours, mamma. We prefer to eat ours, do we not, Misser Williams?"

Misser Williams patted the señora's hand.

"Always to the rescue," he whispered.

The señora looked machetes recently sharpened at the pair, but she only sniffed and answered "Bieng! bieng!"

"Suzon, do you want anything at Saltona?"

"Oh, are we going to Saltona?"

"Well, we—I—need money to pay the peons. Quin-cena comes next week. You know I pay once a fortnight. I think that I must go. I don't want to wait until after Christmas."

"You mean we, Misser Williams."

"'E must go! Oh, these 'usbans, these 'usbans." The old señora sighed, and wagged her head from side to side.

"And what of these husbands, mamma? I have had one very good one, no thanks to you, mamma, and that is Misser Williams here. When shall we go, Misser Williams?"

The manager did not speak at once. Was there ever an entirely candid married man? There was a silence broken only by the last twitter of a retiring mocking-bird.

"When, Misser Williams?"

"I will not have you suffer again as you did the last time we crossed, dear heart. It may be rough by Saturday."

"Oh! then it is Saturday."

"Can I bring you anything, my Rose?"

The señora's lips drooped.

"I want nothing," she said.

"Think again, sweet. Not a bonnet with a blue jasmine and a peacock's wing, the tendrils of the palm, and—"

The Señora Cordeza interpolated with a shrill laugh and an English—her English—sentence:

"Ze Señor Williams haf not es-study ze natural 'istory of ze hislan' not to no purpose hat all."

"I have studied the woman, señora, and I have found that it makes no difference what she piles on her head, so long as it is enough."

The Señora Cordeza relapsed into Spanish.

"And a bonnet! I ask you, Suzon, is not then the mantilla of the Spanish señora enough for you, that you must be thinking of the bonnet?"

Misser Williams glanced with some approval at his mother-in-law.

"The lace is certainly less expensive," he remarked.

As he spoke he arose and walked to the end of the veranda, stretching his tall form lazily. He carried in his hand the over-sweet cup. This he placed upon the rail as a bait for the colony of lizards in the thatch. He wandered aimlessly the length of the veranda and stood for a moment at the corner of the casa. He gazed up the camino, his broad back turned to the two señoras. Suzon slipped from her hammock. She walked lightly to near the place where the manager stood. Within a few feet of the corner she stopped short. A mirror was empanelled there. She put her finger to her lips and moistened it, then twisted and curled the black lock on her forehead. She pressed it firmly down, patted it flat, and, holding it so, turned and looked up at her husband.

"I have been reflecting," she said in serious tones. "I think that a pale pink one will become me best."

"The black lace was good enough in my day," screamed the Señora Cordeza in Spanish.

"Your day is, unhappily, past, mamma."

Misser Williams shook his head sadly and sympathetically.

"Past! past!" he said. He nodded his head slowly and with conviction, his gloomy gaze fixed upon the floor.

The Señora Cordeza's ire was aroused. She had on this particular evening dressed with great care. A guest had been expected for dinner. It was the padre, but even a holy man is better game than none. The señora's thoughts were high; her dress was low. She had once paid a visit to France, and her after life showed the influence on the emancipated of that easy-going country. She was enraged with her son-in-law. She often had her little tiffs with him; now she intended to speak her mind to this northern interloper,—to speak her mind once for all. The señora's English left much to be desired.

"You haf bite me in ze back!" The señora hissed out the words from between her teeth.

The manager glanced at the bare and wrinkled shoulders.

"Oh, no," he said, shaking his head in decided sign of contradiction, "that would be quite impossible."

"Mamma means backbiting, Misser Williams. My husband is not a backbiter, mamma."

There promised to be a very pretty family row, but Misser Williams, strange to say, being a man, had tact, and though he enjoyed leading

up to the very verge of battle, he desisted before the first shot to kill was fired.

"Ah!" he said. The two women looked up at his tone of surprise. He was shading his eyes with his hand as he looked up along the trocha.

"Where can Billy Blake be going?" he said.

The señora came close to her husband and pushed her hand through his arm, leaning close to his shoulder.

"He rides down the trocha," she said. "Where can he be going? He will find nothing at the end of his ride but the river and the drying-shed."

"Perhaps he wishes to cross," said the manager.

He waved his hand carelessly to the fat little horseman, who returned the salute without stopping.

Misser Williams laid his arm along the señora's shoulder. He turned her about, and in a gently compelling manner brought her again to her hammock.

"Pink, you say, my Rose? That will suit you to perfection. And a bracelet. What shall that be?—a chain or a bangle? We can well afford one now. They shall be my Christmas offerings."

She took the rose from her bosom and tucked it securely behind her ear.

"Could I have both, Misser Williams?" she asked shyly.

"And there goes the Don Hilario."

At the sound of the old señora's shrill voice the husband and wife each looked towards the trocha. It was true: Don Hilario's black was following in the footsteps of Don Billy's roan.

The old señora arose and walked to the veranda rail. Her curiosity had got the better of her rancor. She returned to her native tongue. In that she was fluent, the peer of any one. The manager could not smile at her when they conversed in the Spanish language; rather she at him.

"The Don Hilario! Is it then a duel? Has the Señor Blake perhaps been too admiring of the little Carlota?"

"Do not be so evil-minded, mamma. You will say next that he is admiring of me."

"Perhaps I had better stroll down that way and see what the trouble is. I am a friend of both. I could prevent—"

"And I will accompany you. No? Why not, then? Is it a secret, that which you will talk, Misser Williams?"

"Don't be childish, Suzon. The shower is not long over. You cannot go in those slippers."

He caught her in his arms and laid her in the hammock, drew the open sides across, and kissed her through the meshes. Then he turned

and ran down the steps. Before the señora had recovered from her surprise he was lost amid the banana foliage.

"And that is the way in which he strolls," commented the señora to herself.

She lay there in the hammock, one arm hanging down, the hand reaching nearly to the floor. Suddenly something warm took the fingers in a gentle grasp and something moist was pressed against them. The señora laughed softly.

"And is that you, Tete?"

The boy kissed the perfumed finger tips again. Then he gently released them and withdrew to the steps. There he sat with his chin in his hand and gazed over the tops of the palm tufts at the stars, which now began to show themselves.

The nightingale sat up later. This was his hour—the hour of song and love, of moonlight and ecstasy. He sang to the moon, and the señora and Tete were his listeners. The song jarred not upon the ear; it belonged to the hour. The tender baby-breeze, warm as a breath from the Morning-land, blew through spicy vines and over odorous flowers. It wafted its sweetness softly across the escaping tendrils of the señora's hair. It was as if dear fingers caressed her as she lay.

A footfall upon the few feet of gravel walk, jarring reminder of that civilization which it would seem the manager had endeavored to recall. The path from the trocha to the casa was short, but no one came that way unheralded. The heart of the señora gave a great leap. "He is coming," it sang, "he is coming." The señora showed her joy by drawing round her shoulders the scarlet shawl, closing her eyes, and pretending to sleep.

Tete withdrew his gaze from the stars. A woman stood at the foot of the steps.

"An' e' ta' Misser Williams?" Tete hardly heard the question, the voice was so soft and subdued.

"Fuera! Fuera!"

"Tete! Is that what I have taught you then? What rudeness!"

"Vaya!" Tete's tone was more gentle. "Vaya!"

The woman persisted.

"An' e' ta'?"

"Vaya de a que."

"An e'—"

"Bete de a que."

The woman said no more, but turned and walked slowly back along the gravelled walk.

"Tete,"—the señora's indolent nature was aroused,—"who then are you talking with?"

"Moddom, it is that stupid Marta from the lowlands. I have send

her on her ways. She, the Marta, pretend she not can speak the English, she who can speak the English better of me."

"Than I, child. Has the Señor Managero not returned then?"

"He not come yet, modom."

"And who is this Marta, Tete?"

"That woman of the Señor Wakefield, señora."

"What does she want with us, Tete?"

"She ask for the señor, modom."

"Ha! ha!" It was the Señora Cordeza's cackle, a high, sharp cackle, full of suggestion and innuendo.

"You know very well, mamma, that my husband has nothing to do with these women."

"Ha! ha!" again cackled the Señora Cordeza.

The señora bit her lip.

"You are a very unpleasant old woman, mamma."

"But I told her leave, señora."

"It is de Tete who give hisself does airs dese days," said the old señora angrily. Visits were rare at Las Lilas. The Señora Cordeza might have procured a half-hour's amusement.

"Where is the Señor Wakefield, child?"

"In hell, perhaps, modom. That would be best."

"That is not pious talk, Tete. Have I not told you these many times—"

"The Señor Wakefield is bad, señora—bad, bad—all bad."

"I know what you would say, child. The Señor Wakefield has gone away with the Señor Blake's money. But many gentlemen do that. There was the Alcalde of Grandez, and— Why do you hate him so much, Tete?"

"He lif with my mudda," said Tete simply.

There came a joyous chuckle out of the darkness.

"Ha! ha! hi see, hi see! 'e leaf 'enneryhette to go wis Marta."

"Mamma, this is not time for such talk. Henrietta was perhaps most glad to get rid of that Señor Wakefield."

Tete flung a passionate, angry glance at the old señora. Wakefield had been his bane; he hated him. He had taken his mother from him; but the idea that the younger Marta possessed more attraction for the Northerner than his handsome mother filled Tete's small soul with unspeakable fury. He was loyal to his mother, even in her disloyalty to him. Of the morality of the matter he comprehended nothing.

"Oh, I see," said the señora. She half raised herself in the hammock and looked towards the trocha. "Has Marta gone?"

"I send her, modom."

When Marta, obeying the order of Tete, had turned away from the veranda of Las Lilas, she walked slowly down the unevenly beaten path

which ran through the middle of the trocha. When she came to the edge of the banana grove she halted and drew a paper from the bosom of her gown. Then she stood out from the shadows of the trees so that the clear rays of the moon could fall upon it. She bent her head down close, and spelled for the third time the hastily pencilled scrawl.

"Dear Marta," it ran. "I cannot take you with me. My wife would be furious."

She pressed her face down upon the paper.

"He never told me! He never told me!" she sobbed. "How could I know?"

She leant her head against the branchless trunk; her tears poured down. They trickled in shining drops and drenched the rough-seamed bark. She beat the tree with her open palm. Her body shook with the violence of her grief. To the storm succeeded calm. The girl sank, weak and exhausted, at the foot of the dead giant. She reopened her letter and read it through to the end.

"I had to have the money. You will hear about it." Hear about it! Had she heard of anything else all these long days when they were searching for him, and came to her cabin time and time again to insist that she should tell them what she knew? That was easily told, but they would not believe her. She knew no more than they knew themselves.

"I could not leave you any; they would take it from you. I shall write a paper saying that you are to have the canuco. It is mine. I paid for it. Williams at Las Lilas has always wanted it. He will buy it of you."

"I will never sell it," whispered Marta. "I shall keep our home for the boy and me. He may come back some day."

The letter continued: "You know the cave, Marta, down by the western lagoon. I shall put the paper there, in the gallery of the third cave. The peons are afraid to go there. It will be safe until you can go and get it. The money will keep you and the child for a while. Kiss Tony for me."

This filled the body of the sheet. Across it was written, in a hurried, blotted scrawl,—

"For God's sake, Marta, don't take up with anybody else." There was no signature. Marta needed none.

She laid the open sheet of paper in her palm and smoothed the crumpled folds tenderly, as if caressing the hand of one dear to her. Then she folded it gently and held it to her cheek. It was as if she asked forgiveness for the unkind thought which her lip had not uttered. When she had thrust the letter again into the bosom of her dress, she wandered aimlessly down the path that led towards the river. The fringed leaves arched above her head, and she stepped alternately

upon a spot of earth, white with moonlight, or upon a jet-black leaf in shadow. She would wait for the manager, she thought. He was always kind; he would not take advantage of her. He would neither laugh at her nor turn her away; he would advise her for the best, and tell her how she could reach the cave, and whether she had a right to sell the canuco. She must live—there was the boy. Hark! were there voices down in this lonely spot?

Marta stopped and listened. Then she crept silently towards the drying-house. Two words had made her an eavesdropper. They were, "the cave." It was Don Billy Blake's voice, which had spoken out with unusual vehemence. The horses neighed and turned their heads as if scenting a stranger, but the murmur of voices went on. Marta drew close, herself unseen, and, unknown to the conspirators, she made herself fully acquainted with their plans.

"Where can the Señor Managero be, Tete?" The señora raised herself upon her plump elbow and asked the question for the twentieth time. As she gazed down towards the banana grove she heard a distant whistle. It sweetly trilled "Bon jour, Suzon," and again "Bon jour, Suzon." A pair of rubber soles crunched along the gravel walk. "Bon jour, Suzon," he sang as he ran up the steps, stumbling over Tete as he came.

The señora had dropped her head and feigned sleep.

"Oh, then! How you startle one, Misser Williams. One just gets drowsy, and up you rush, making noise enough for a—"

The manager's heart sank like a stone.

The señora sat up, much pleased with herself. She was fully convinced that it is withdrawal which holds a man loyal, not advancement. She admitted nothing and denied nothing. She laid her hand on her husband's shoulder.

The devoted Tete was dying to look at the man on the veranda; the loyal Tete kept his eyes glued to the man in the moon.

"Listen, Suzon. I must be away, I fear, as I told you, on Saturday night."

"But there are no bonnets to be had on Saturday night, Misser Williams."

The manager laughed and sighed.

"The ruling passion claims precedence even over the husband," he said. "Should I go to Saltona, Suzon, I can get Allandez to open his store for me at any time. I think that he will keep it open on Christmas Eve. We may be able to return before vespers on Christmas Day."

The señora raised herself again in her hammock. Her eyes danced.

"A pink bonnet, do you say, my Rose?"

Saturday came in like a conqueror. The sun shone, the breeze blew freshly, the trade-wind clouds floated like cotton-wool against the blue. One sees in the varying masses of cloudland the reflection of the mind, the heart, the soul, the desires.

Misser Williams's eye caught sight of large open bags, from whose mouth pieces of eight poured in a steady stream upon the ground. The señora saw bonnets of all sizes, shapes, fashions, and decorations. Tete's fancy brought before him a mound of earth, at one end of which stood a headstone, such as he had seen at Andaluze in the little cemetery on the hill. Upon the headstone was inscribed the name "Wakefield," and the boy added mentally, "Dade of Tete."

The young wives bade their husbands farewell almost with pleasure. Visions of bonnets and bracelets sustained them in this trying hour. They raised pious and beseeching eyes to the Holy Virgin. They sent to her ever-sympathizing ear a petition that she would protect with her kind care their bonnets, their bracelets, and their husbands in crossing the dark and dangerous bay.

When Misser Williams and Don Hilario reached the lonely rancho they found Don Billy Blake awaiting them as he had promised. The certainty that he was on the spot was conveyed to their minds by the prolonged gurgle which greeted their ears. Don Billy was sitting behind the partial concealment of an ironwood-tree, a large demijohn raised at such an angle as to aid him best in his desires. When he had become tired of holding the demijohn poised in air, he set it upon the ground and replaced the cork with a pound of his fat fist.

Don Billy arose and waddled over to the tree where his little horse was tied. When he had slung the demijohn to the pommel of his saddle the cavalcade started.

"Where's your picks and shovels, Williams? You and the don can divide 'em. How do we know what's a-goin' to happen?"

"I don't see what can happen between this and daylight."

"Lots can happen between this and daylight. I say, did you see any one over there in the mompoja patch?"

The manager had been conscious for some time that a strange personality was making itself felt near him. Once he thought that he saw the flutter of a robe. He wheeled his horse and tried to spur him in among the dead roots and masses of decayed leaves, but the animal backed, and no amount of blows or thrusts of the spur could force him into the wood.

"Ghosts a'ready!" groaned Don Billy. "An' this ain't a patch on what it's a-goin' to be." The demijohn came into requisition again.

"Come, man, come, if you are coming." The American struck into the path, Don Hilario next, and Don Billy last.

"We look as if we were going to rob a graveyard."

"That's about the size of it, Williams. Reckon old Kidd's captains, some of 'em, 's buried there." Don Billy looked nervously over his shoulder. A tremor seized him. "Better let me ride ahead. I know the sendic\* better than you new importations."

The wood now assumed a dark and mysterious aspect. There were strange creaking sounds and faint rustlings among the depths on either side of the narrow path. Ahead, the gloom seemed weird and uncanny. Little flecks of light penetrated through the masses of foliage, but the imagination played strange tricks, and voices seemed to answer other voices in the shadowy vistas beyond. Don Billy dropped behind. They rode on for a few moments, the silence broken only by the eerie noises of the wood.

"Somebody's follerin' us," suddenly called Don Billy to the manager.

"Nonsense, Blake!" But the manager, though he laughed, halted his gray. "I will ride back a little way and see," he said. But the sight of no living creature rewarded his search. Apparently the three were alone in the depths of the tropic forest.

"Getting dark as a pocket. Seems to be a-cloudin' up," remarked Don Billy. He managed to crowd his horse between the other two, and thus protected in front and behind, he rode bravely down towards the lagoon.

Arrived at the lagoon, the adventurers were fortunate enough to find not only Tomasso's dug-out, but a large sort of raft. The three men dismounted and tied their horses to trees some distance apart. The picks and shovels were thrown upon the raft. The manager was the first to leap from the marshy shore and land safely upon the platform. Don Hilario followed with some help from Misser Williams, and Don Billy came last. The leap was too long for his short legs, and he sturdily waded out through the slime and ooze, catching his feet in the mangrove hoops as he came. He drew them up hastily, one after the other, to escape the anarthrous creatures of the swamp, the hairy worms and shiny leeches, which might fasten themselves upon his leathern leggings.

"The lanterns!" ejaculated Misser Williams. He sprang ashore and stooped to raise the lanterns from the ground. Was any one there with him in the solitude? He felt as if he had only to reach out his hand and he must touch some one—some thing. He stood for a moment, looking back along the path as Don Billy had done. He seemed to be gazing into a black tunnel. Did he fancy it, or did he perceive a movement a little way along upon the right? He was

\*Sendica—small path.

minded to go back and see, but a cry from Don Billy caused him to pause.

"Don't wait there all night, Williams."

The manager turned, with a mixture of relief and reluctance, and rejoined the others. Don Hilario stood helplessly in the middle of the boat. Don Billy went forward and seated himself at the high prow, his short legs hanging downward.

"Now punt, dam ye!"

The others looked about in the dark for the poles with which to punt the boat. Don Billy, what time he could spare from the demijohn, turned his head.

"Lord, man, that ain't no way to punt. You'll be overboard. Let me show you." He started to rise. "Why can't that moon show out? Can't be relied on nohow. Makes awful high tides, makes dogs bark, makes people crazy, brings on harrycane. Hullo! Where you a-goin'?" for the boat had slewed round, Don Hilario had dropped his pole, and was pointing aft.

The shore was black. The reaching limbs stretched themselves far out over the lagoon, and cast inky and grotesque figures upon the stern of the raft. The mangrove hoops, half circled above the water, cast deeper shadows in this lake of shades. Misser Williams punted on awkwardly, unmindful that Don Hilario had dropped his pole and was staring sternward. An exclamation caused the manager to drop his pole and turn also.

Don Billy was standing as near the bow as the limit of the boat would allow, and was facing aft, transfixed with horror. The manager felt a very decided chill creeping down his back, but he laughed, if a little exaggeratedly.

"That's only the sternpost," he said. "Didn't you see it when you came on board?"

Man becomes sympathetic more or less with his environment, and Don Billy's nervousness, added to the mystery of these strange surroundings, the superstitions and the wild tales of the natives, had all made their mark on the American without his being conscious of it. The lagoon was weird and dismal. Great black masses of cliff loomed up over there on the other side. The mangroves made an eerie shade where a beach should have been. Dark and slimy leaves floated on the surface of the pool, their placidity now and again disturbed by the sluggish movement of some denizen of the viscous depths beneath. A horrid wail broke the phenomenal stillness. It was but the hoot of an owl, but it added to the general feeling of uneasiness.

Don Billy stood straight, and pointed a fat and trembling finger towards the stern of the boat.

"That's old Kidd's ghost settin' by the rudder-post now."

"What utter nonsense," laughed the manager, quite conscious of the chill which was climbing up his spinal column.

A last vigorous push of his pole, and the boat grounded. The moon, whose total depravity had been obvious for the last hour, now that her light was not particularly needed came sailing brilliantly forth from behind the clouds. The form at the stern took shape. It arose.

"It's walkin', as I'm a livin'——"

Don Billy leaped ashore and burned his bridge. His thrusting foot left a watery chasm between himself and his friends. He faced the awful cliff. The black, mysterious entrance of the cave greeted him.

"Come back! Come back!" he wailed.

Misser Williams could not forbear a hearty laugh, though the situation seemed full of dread. And as he looked shoreward he felt the flutter of feminine garments against his body.

"What!—you, Marta?"

"Si, señor."

"It's only Marta from the lowlands," he shouted. His tone was charged with relief. He could not have believed that the combination of the general dreariness, added to Don Billy's fright, could have so overcome him. Marta laid her slim hand on the pole and together they forced the flatboat to ground before the cave.

Marta stepped lightly to the shore, the recipient of Don Billy's recognitory stare.

"Glad to se ye, Marty." Don Billy's tone had regained its usual color. "What the devil did you want to frighten us all so for?"

The woman did not reply. She stood regarding the three men in silence. She wished to discover what they intended doing next. Misser Williams carried what might by courtesy be called the painter ashore. He tied it securely to a tree. Marta followed closely in his footsteps, as if she feared that he might elude her.

"Why did you come, Marta," he questioned kindly.

"I have the wish to speak to the Señor Managero," she answered in her low voice. "I have something to show to the Señor Managero." She raised her hand towards the bosom of her dress.

"Not now, Marta—later. We have very little time for what we came to do."

The woman sighed and acquiesced with the patience of the down-trodden. The manager lighted a lantern; Don Hilario lighted another.

"Have to swear ye to secrecy, Marty." Don Billy spoke sternly.

The woman did not look at him, but watched the manager and Don Hilario as they lifted the picks and shovels from the boat and carried them to the mouth of the cave.

"Better explore a little first," said Misser Williams. "One pick will do until we find——"

"Marty here hasn't swore herself to secrecy."

The woman returned Don Billy's gaze stolidly, with large, hollow eyes, whose tragic expression seemed to border on insanity.

"She doesn't understand you, Blake. We can give her something if we find—"

"She ain't a partner in this business," answered Don Billy.

Marta regarded the men alternately with a questioning stare.

"Didn't Wakefield leave you nothin', Marty? I declare to God I'm ashamed of one of my own countrymen for the first time sence I was born."

"You are more fortunate than the rest of us," remarked Misser Williams dryly.

They were now at the mouth of the cave. Misser Williams held his lantern high and peered about him. Marta hovered close to his side.

"It's cold," shivered Don Billy. Each man threw over his shoulders the extra coat with which he had provided himself.

"Haven't you anything, Marta? Here, take my—"

The woman pushed back the hand that would have denuded the manager's shoulders. She then threw across her own a coarse piece of sacking. It was a bag such as is used for carrying suckers to the field. She shivered and drew it down, and held it with both hands, and the incongruous procession of four, with careful and cautious footsteps, penetrated the cave. As they got farther from the outside air there was noticeable a close, unwholesome quality to the atmosphere. They had not proceeded far before they were brought to a halt. The manager, who was leading, had run directly against a large boulder which lay in the path. He raised his lantern and looked upward. A great gaping chasm told plainly from where the amorphous mass had fallen. Earth, damp and wet, was scattered about.

"Sermons in stones," mused Misser Williams. "Better walk in the middle of the cave as near as you can, Blake."

"Why do you suppose it fell?" asked Don Billy, looking anxiously upward.

"Rain, probably, soaking through from above, aided by some of those awful thunder-claps you have down here."

"Yes, I know 'em. Sound's if hell'd broke loose."

Don Hilario also raised his eyes to the vaulted roof, where masses of stone projected and threatened. As there was no thunder at present, Don Billy pushed on and rounded the end of the rock.

"Come on!" he bravely shouted. "I'm a fatalist."

The little column wound through narrow chasms, under archways, and beneath ledges which overhung openings more or less contracted. Once Misser Williams missed Marta. He looked back and saw that she had stopped and was climbing some natural steps in the wall of the

cave. As he watched he saw that she grasped a projecting shelf of stone with one hand and felt along the upper surface with the other.

"Marta, don't do that! See how shaky that piece is." His tone was full of apprehension. "It might fall with you. What do you want, Marta?"

For answer the woman desisted and descended to the level of the floor.

"What did you expect to find, Marta?"

She looked at him with apparently unintelligent eye, and, making no further sign, she took up her march again with the small procession.

"I always heard it was behind the big rock in the third cave. What's that? Did you hear a voice, Williams?"

"Yes, yours."

Don Billy's smile was a sickly one. He shivered and sighed for the absent demijohn. The manager turned to the left.

"You're goin' wrong!" shouted Don Billy. "To the right! To the right!"

"Right!" "Right!" "Right!" called back a thousand echoes from the vaulted cavern.

The four had passed through the first cave, had left the second behind, and had entered the third. They had penetrated into this great chamber for the distance of about fifty yards when the manager, who was walking ahead, stopped suddenly.

"Hulloa!" he said, and bent over something on the ground.

"Bring your lantern, Don Hilario. Mine has gone out just as I need it most."

Don Billy trotted close. "What did I tell you?" he shouted. "It's money! Money! Money!" And the echoing walls confirmed his words with the response, "Money! Money! Money!"

The manager took the piece of gold from the damp earth and held it close to the dull rays of the lantern.

"Yes," he said, slowly turning the coin over in his hand, "but not just what we expected. This is no piece of eight, nor a Spanish ounce, Blake. This is a ten-dollar gold-piece." The others crowded closely round and passed the coin from hand to hand.

"Can it be—" Don Billy looked up at the manager, and then at Marta uncertainly. "My gold was all in ten-dollar pieces. Do you think Wake—"

The manager did not answer him. He had pushed ahead, his eyes bent searchingly on the ground as he walked. The light was dim. He seized Don Hilario's lantern from his hand, with no apology to that astonished master of politeness. "Light another," he said shortly. He rounded the end of a great rock which lay in the path. Fresh earth and newly broken pieces of stone were scattered about. As the light of

the lantern flashed around the edge of the obstruction it brought to view a small pile of gold gathered on the earth at their feet. Don Billy threw himself upon it, face downward, arms outstretched.

"It's mine!" he screamed hoarsely; "it's mine, all mine!"

"Mine, all mine!" contradicted the cavern's answering echo.

Don Hilario stepped past the others and addressed the grovelling figure:

"We were to divide, Señor Don Billy Blake," he said.

"But, man, see here! This is none of Kidd's money. I tell you it's mine—the money that dam rascal stole from me. He hid it here. He's coming back."

Misser Williams had picked up a small canvas bag, and was drawing from its receptacle some papers which crissed and crackled as he handled them.

"It is true, Blake," he said, "quite true. I have seen you with this bag fifty times." He handed the papers to their owner, who examined them with shaking fingers.

"My notes! my gold! All found! Look, Marta." His eyes followed Marta's in their upward gaze. "Aye, there's another bag. See, Williams—up there on the shelf. Wonder why he didn't throw it all up there? Wonder if I could reach——"

"He has thrown it all up there." Misser Williams bent over the boulder against which he was leaning and examined it closely. "See these fresh breaks. This rock has fallen lately."

Don Billy arose. He screamed, he danced, he shouted with delirious joy as he pointed overhead, but his shriek was drowned by another, which awoke echoes more weird than any that the lonely caye had ever known.

"My God! My God!" It was Marta's voice.

The manager hurriedly pushed beyond the angle which the immense rock made in the path.

Marta had fallen prone upon the ground. Her arms encircled the body of a man. She pressed him convulsively to her heart. She pressed her lips to his brow. She called upon him to awake—awake, and speak to her. She tried to draw him closer to her, but his right arm was crushed to earth by the mass of stone which had fallen from overhead. In his left hand was a knife with which he had slashed and cut at the pinioned member. Coagulated blood which stood in a pool on the ground showed what his last despairing effort had been. His eyes were wide and staring upward at the open bag, as if to keep within his dying sight Marta's inheritance.

"I wonder if she knew he was here?" said the manager.

"I wonder if he told her he'd hid the money yere? Suppose she was comin' to get it?"

"Marta?" said Misser Williams gently.

"He didn't sail in the steamer after all, did he, Marty?" said Don Billy.

Marta laid her lithe young length along the ground by Wakefield and drew the cold head to her bosom. She pressed her lips to the stiffened eyelids and held them close.

"How long's he been yere, Marty?"

A low, chuckling laugh, the senseless laugh of a soul bereft of reason, answered him.

"I guess we shall never know now," said the young American.



## THE VOLCANO GODDESS: AN HAWAIIAN LEGEND

BY CHARLES. M. SKINNER

*Author of "Myths and Legends of Our Own Land."*

**I**N Kanaka mythology the volcano goddess, Pele, is as fickle and as beautiful as fire and can be as terrible. There is a tradition that in the twelfth century she and her brothers were mortal, and had reached the Hawaiian group after a long voyage from some southern island. The edge of the crater of Kilauea was their first home, but after they had come to godhood they moved to the lava cones that explosions of gas and steam had thrust up from the floor of this vast basin while it was in a viscid state, and there the music of their dances comes up in thunder gusts; there they swim in the white-hot surges of the hell pit; there they leap and yell in a fearful joy of destruction when the lava overflows; and there the goddess tears from her head and tosses on the wind the glassy threads of pumice that are found scattered for miles around and are known as Pele's hair.

Her power did not come to Pele until her home had been assailed by Kamapua, the Hog-Man. This fellow was a misbegotten rascal, albeit the son of a lord of Oahu, and having been cast off by his father, took to a life of roistering and brigandage, his thefts and murders making him the terror of half the islands. Having been dubbed The Hog because of his ugliness, he took a rude pleasure in suiting his looks and his actions to the name. His hair and beard were kept short like bristles, his body was blackened to the waist, and his cloak was a swine skin. Once, when closely followed by a crowd bent on his destruction, he made a bridge of himself across a narrow chasm, that his comrades might cross on his back, and the legend of that spot is that he became a monster hog for the moment. At last he stabbed his own father before the altar in one of the temples, and public patience was at an end.

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With forty followers he fled from Oahu, never to return, and, setting sail for Kauai, renewed his depredations there. Two spirits of a stream who had laughed at his greed and uncouthness on the day of his landing he tossed to a hill-top, where they became stone and are plainly to be seen at this day. A Kauian prince built a wall of mountain about the fellow, but he escaped, though in his flight the prince's spear flew close past him and pierced the edge of the wall, making the remarkable arch or window near the top of Hoary Head.

Having secured a vast deal of unpopularity in Kauai, the ruffling Hog-Man sailed to Hawaii, resolved to abduct Pele, whose beauty and gentleness were at that time celebrated throughout the islands. He attacked her village and killed several of her retainers; yet as this raid was made on a dark night he missed the way, so that Pele and her brothers gained time not only to gather their weapons, fill a basket with taro and fruit, and reach a cave among the hills three miles distant, but to fortify the entrance to this hiding-place with heavy blocks. Early in the morning, however, a dog found the scent and led Kamapua to the cave, where a siege with spears and slings came to nothing; indeed, the Hog-Man lost several of his followers, for the darts hurled from within the stronghold were well aimed. Another device, that of suffocating the family, was equally ineffective, as a wind poured out of the cave and the smoke of his fires was blown into his own face. Then he ordered a hole to be cut in the cavern roof, for this appeared to be not more than fifteen or twenty feet thick, and being friable was easily worked by the stone drills and axes of his men. The workers plied their tools industriously, while Kamapua shouted threats and defiances through the chinks in the cavern door.

These taunts were vain. While the sinking of the shaft was in progress a strange power was coming upon Pele. The gods of the earth and air had seen this assault and had resolved to take her part. The sky became overcast with brown, unwholesome-looking clouds, the ground grew hot and parched, vegetation drooped and withered, the birds flew seaward with cries of distress, and a waiting stillness fell upon the world. Kamapua had cut away ten feet of rock when the voice of Pele was heard in long, shrill laughter, dying in distant recesses of the mountain, as if she were flying through passages of immense length. Then the hills began to shake; vast roarings were heard; a choking fume of sulphur filled the air; dust rolled upward, making a darkness like the night; then, with a crash like the bursting of a world, the top of Kilauea was blown towards the heavens in an upward shower of rock; a fierce glow colored the ash-clouds that volleyed from the crater, and down the valley came pouring a flood of lava and river of white fire, crested with the flame of burning forests, as with foam.

Kamapua and his bandits fled; but again he heard the laughter, this

time from the crater, which Pele had reached from within, and was now mounting free, vaulting through the clouds, revelling in the heat and blaze and din, and hurling rocks and thunderbolts at the intruder. At the ocean's edge the lava was still close at his heels. He had not time to reach his boats. With his spear he struck the ground a mighty blow and cracked the mountain to its base, so that the ocean flowed in, and a fearful fight of fire and sea began. Steam shot for miles into the air with vast geysers leaping through it, and the hiss and screech and bellow were appalling. The crater filled with water, so that Pele and her brothers had to drink it dry, lest the fires should be quenched. When they had done this they resumed the attack on Kamapua, emptying the mountain of its ash and molten rock, and hurling tons of stone after the wretch who was now straining every muscle to force his boat to sea. He did not retaliate, this time, but was glad to make his escape, for Pele had come to her godhood at last.

#### THE NATIONAL EXPORT EXPOSITION

BY DR. W. P. WILSON

*Director-General of the National Export Exposition*

ON September 14 there will be opened in Philadelphia an Exposition not only national in its character but international in its significance. Reference is made to the National Export Exposition to be held from September 14 to November 30 under the auspices of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, with municipal, State, and Government support.

Philadelphia, the mother of expositions, presented to the country in the Centennial of 1876 an exhibition which was not only the forerunner of all the expositions which have since reflected so much credit upon the country, but which justly served as their model. Now again the city maintains its well-won reputation for far-sightedness and timeliness in becoming the sponsor for the first Exposition exclusively of manufactured products suitable for export ever held in this country.

An event of the utmost significance in the commercial world occurred at the close of this fiscal year when the balance-sheet for export trade was made up by different countries, and it was found for the first time in history that the United States led the countries of the world as an exporting nation. Over twelve hundred million dollars' worth of American products were bought by foreign nations, and the steady stream of gold in payment has not as yet had its current diverted from our shores.

The special significance lies in the fact that this enormous sale

of American products has been made, with a few notable exceptions, without any special effort on the part of the American producer and manufacturer. It has been caused in the first place, so far as agricultural products are concerned, by the necessities of foreign nations. Producers, as the United States are, of cereals and agricultural products generally of a superior grade of excellence and at a minimum cost, they have been able to sell these products to foreign nations without effort.

The interesting feature, then, of the magnificent total of the year's exports is the item of manufactured products. It is exaggerating but little to say that the United States have only become exporters of manufactured goods within the last ten years. It is exaggerating but little more to say that the average American manufacturer has looked with supreme indifference upon the possibilities of an export trade. The home market has been his slogan, and with the home market he has been, up to within a few years, very well content. The astonishing development of the West, and later of the South and Southwest, had taxed the capabilities of the American manufacturer in every line to the utmost. The panic of 1893, however, in checking this development and growth, rudely awakened him to a lively realization of the fact that he had, to make use of a homely phrase, "placed all of his eggs in one basket."

With the demand suddenly cut off, and the necessity for closing his works and consequently throwing thousands of persons out of employment, a problem of vital consequence was presented to him. Looking about him for new outlets, he discovered that, despite the depression in the United States, the German and British manufacturers were keeping their factories busy in supplying the demands of foreign countries. It occurred to him that he might compete for these markets, and with this moment American export trade in manufactured products began in earnest.

He discovered his German and British competitors firmly intrenched in many markets. He found, further, that these competitors owed their supremacy to a persistent effort to acquaint the foreign consumer with the merits of their goods, and that he must adopt their methods to compete with them. This fact, however, has not yet received the universal recognition on the part of the American manufacturer which is essential, although it has been understood by a sufficient number to induce them, first, to study the conditions prevailing in foreign markets, and, secondly, to meet that competition upon the same ground.

To this fact, then, added to the superior excellence of the American product, is due the enormous increase in the export of American manufactured products,—an increase which rounded out at the close of this fiscal year the enormous total of \$307,000,000 in exports.

This comparatively sudden introduction of American products into the markets of the world has awakened the foreign purchaser to a realization of the excellence of the American product, and has created a demand which concerted effort must necessarily stimulate enormously.

Before the United States reach the position of undisputed supremacy, two things, however, are necessary. First, there must be a more general recognition abroad of the fact that in almost every line of manufacturing genius the United States can sell a better article at the same price, or as good an article at a cheaper price, than their foreign competitors.

Second, there must be a more general recognition on the part of American manufacturers of the foreign market's value to him in conjunction with the home market.

To aid in the accomplishment of this purpose The Philadelphia Commercial Museum was organized. Liberally supported by municipal appropriations and by the fees paid by members for services performed, it devotes every cent of its large income to securing information for the American manufacturer which may aid him in developing new markets. It shows him not only where the new markets are, but furnishes him with all the information necessary for securing a foothold in these markets. It provides him with the names of desirable business connections abroad. It translates for him his business correspondence in any language, and, in short, equips him without delay with that information which his foreign competitor has been a generation in learning.

To refer in passing to a question of detail which illustrates the exactitude of its methods, it may be interesting to cite the fact that in furnishing the inquiring American manufacturer information as to the foreign markets in which his product might profitably be sold,—information which is daily arriving at the offices of the Institution from scores of its thousands of correspondents throughout the world,—it furnishes photographs, whenever possible, of the foreign competitive articles which he must displace to find a market.

The value of the services already rendered to American manufacturers has been so great and has won such wide-spread recognition that it is not too much to say American exports of manufactured products have been recognizably and materially increased by its efforts.

The National Export Exposition which will be held in Philadelphia in September next is an outgrowth of the success which has attended those efforts. The Exposition will show at one place an epitome of all that is best in American manufacture.

With three-quarters of a million dollars at its disposal, \$350,000 of which were appropriated by the National Government, \$200,000 by the City of Philadelphia, \$75,000 by the State of Pennsylvania, and the

remainder brought together by general subscription among the citizens, an Exposition has been brought into life in which all idea of profit has been eliminated. The sole desire is that this money shall be so expended as to present to the nations of the world the possibilities of American manufacturing genius. From all parts of the country the enterprising manufacturer will send in his exhibit, and from all parts of the world the possible purchaser will come to view it.

Over two hundred thousand square feet of space will be available in the splendid buildings which the munificence of the National Government made possible, and it is expected that additional temporary structures will be necessary to comply with the demand for space. Of a pleasing style of architecture, which in itself illustrates the marked advance brought by the passing years since the Centennial Exposition was called into life, the buildings are so constructed that a portion of them can be retained as a permanent home for the Philadelphia Museums.

During the progress of the Exposition will be held a second International Commercial Congress, which, like the first of two years ago, will also be under the auspices of the Commercial Museum. It would be difficult to overvalue the services of this Congress in fostering international trade. Governmental conventions of commercial delegates are scarcely effective because of the more or less stringent restrictions imposed upon delegates by considerations of government policy. At a Commercial Congress under the auspices of a purely commercial institution, however, there can be the fullest expression of opinion. Of such a character will be the forthcoming Congress.

Every foreign government has been invited to send an official delegate. Over eight hundred foreign Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade have been similarly requested to appoint two or three delegates each, and in addition personal invitations have gone out to twenty thousand leading business firms throughout the world to send representatives. Responses indicate such a liberal acceptance of these various invitations as to assure a Congress of world-wide importance.

One of the most notable features of the Exposition will be the display of manufactures of iron and steel. That manufacturing interest is better represented in the applications for space than any other. This is probably due to the success which has attended the efforts to extend the export trade of the United States in that line. American locomotives, which are being sent to all parts of the world; American bridges and viaducts; American railway and electric cars; American machinery of all kinds,—are recognized in every part of the world as being the standards of excellence. The display of the manufactured products of the United States in this particular line will be the best, probably, that has ever been made.

In a special building will be shown the exhibits of agricultural implements and machinery, vehicles, and furniture. The display of agricultural implements and machinery will be a particularly interesting one, because the manufacturers of goods of this class were among the pioneers in the export trade of the United States. In every grain-growing country of the world American reapers may be seen at work, and American implements and tools for the cultivation of the soil are fast becoming the most popular all over the world.

Refrigerating machinery is another American-made product that has been successfully sold in foreign countries, being regarded largely as the best of its type. There will be at the Exposition a complete refrigerating plant in operation, and such an exhibit should be especially attractive to people from the tropics, as it will demonstrate to them the feasibility of securing a low temperature for the preservation of food products of any kind.

The dairy industry is a leading one in all parts of the world, and the manufacturers of the United States have been very successful in producing machinery for the separation of the cream from the milk, and for the manufacture of butter and cheese. A dairy plant in operation, with the most improved machinery, will be one of the features of the Exposition.

There will be a very complete display of manufactured food products, as distinct from wheat, corn, and oats in the grain. The Pacific coast especially has taken an interest in this line of exhibits, and from California there will be shown a splendid collection of canned and dried fruits, as well as of California wines.

The most original idea in the way of instructive amusements will be the Chinese village. There will be a collection of houses and shops of Chinese architecture, which will be the counterpart, almost, of a short section of a street in one of the large Chinese cities. More than four hundred Chinese, men, women, and children, under the permit of the Secretary of the Treasury, will be brought from China to populate this village. In the shops, working models and machines will be exhibited such as are used in the native manufacturing industries of China. These will include looms for weaving cloth, mat-weaving machines, a rice-mill, irrigating contrivances, and native agricultural implements. The home and business life of the Chinese and their native trades and industries will be completely represented.

It is expected that the opening ceremonies will be presided over by the President of the United States, and during the three weeks' progress of the convention, during which time all official delegates will be the guests of the City of Philadelphia, papers will be presented and topics discussed by men of not only national but international eminence.

Unselfish as the character of the Exposition, with the accompanying Congress, is, significant as it is in its bearing upon the development of American export trade, the American manufacturer should require no urging to avail himself of its benefits. He is not usually blind to his own interest, and there is every reason to believe he will appreciate its direct commercial value to him.

### THE QUESTION OF YACHTS

BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON

IT is now so nearly fifty years since the British Isles sent out their friendly invitation and challenge to all the world, that we may not unfairly ignore the odd months and call it a round half-century since the idea of international yacht racing took definite shape. Very properly it was English-born, for at that time, under guarantee from the Court of St. James, all the nations were bidden to take part in the first great World's Fair—that held at London in 1851. Then, as now, England was first among the maritime nations, though the young giant of the West was a close second in the matter of tonnage, and was not in the least backward in claiming a clear superiority in respect of quality. There were then, all told, about five hundred British yachts afloat, and in all the world besides there were probably not one-quarter of that number. Nearly all of these were sailing-craft, and not one in ten of their owners had ever heard of the New York Yacht Club. Even to this day it is only the most progressive who are habitually aware of any really noticeable yachting interest outside of British home waters.

If this is in any degree true at the present day, the dense insularity of English yachting circles at the middle of the century may readily be guessed at by any one at all familiar with national traits.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that when on a midsummer morning in 1851 the schooner *America*, of the New York Club, let go her anchor off the club-house of the Royal Yacht Squadron her advent was looked upon with a measure of lofty astonishment not unmixed with apprehension. Yachting was distinctively the peculiar province of English gentlemen, and the few yachts hailing from Continental seaports had never aspired to, certainly had never commanded, more than the most supercilious recognition from the acknowledged monarchs of the sea.

British shipmasters well knew that broad-winged Yankee clippers were flying over distant seas and making serious inroads upon John Bull's carrying trade, but John himself never gave enough thought to

the matter to see that such ships meant enterprise, seamanship, and wealth, and that the combination was sure to foster a taste for yachting in a race sprung largely from Anglo-Saxon stock.

Prior to 1850 Americans had not to any considerable extent trespassed upon the British preserves. True, the sloop-yacht *Jefferson*, of Salem, was converted into a privateer when the War of 1812 broke out, and proved her sailing qualities by capturing three British prizes during her first voyage. Subsequently (in 1816) *Cleopatra's Barge*, owned and commanded by Captain George Crowninshield, of Salem, cruised in the Mediterranean to the wonder of all beholders, for she was a "freak" brigantine, a fast and notable vessel withal, and most sumptuously fitted out, but her two sides were painted in different patterns and colors, which must needs have detracted considerably from her ship-shape appearance judged by orthodox standards. In 1840 the sloop *Alice*, of Boston, visited English waters, but neither of these vessels was in any sense a racing craft, and the *Alice* caused no more than a ripple of amused curiosity along the Solent.

In 1851, however, the multitudinous tide of ocean travel had begun with the rival lines of Collins and Cunard steamships, the first-named holding for years the record for the quickest passage.

The news of the *America*'s building preceded her transatlantic voyage. When she anchored six or eight miles off Cowes, on a foggy morning in August, the *Laverock*, a crack English cutter, courteously ran down to show her the way to the club anchorage, and hung about until it suited Commodore Stevens to get under way. At this moment was made the phenomenal mistake—speaking from the American stand-point—of the whole cruise. Commodore Stevens's soul hungered for a brush with the enemy, and he could not for his very life resist the temptation of "letting her go." As a diplomatist he ought, of course, to have followed meekly in *Laverock*'s wake, but in the pride of his honest heart he laid his fleet schooner into the wind's eye, and in a couple of tacks had the weather gauge of the cutter, and led the way up to the Club anchorage in fine style. It was a proud moment, no doubt, but it cost him dear, for challenge as he might thereafter, nobody would take up the gage of battle, and the prospect of arranging sailing matches with a possibility of winning sweepstakes galore grew beautifully less day by day.

All hospitalities and courtesies were lavished upon Commodore Stevens and his company by the nautical magnates of Portsmouth, but race they would not, though as soon as it was evident how the land lay Commodore Stevens posted in the club-house at Cowes an offer to sail a match with any British yacht whatsoever for ten thousand guineas or any part thereof. This offer remained standing till August 17 with no takers, but meanwhile John Bull had been nursing his wrath, and the

British public had perceived the intrinsic absurdity of the situation. Here was the greatest yacht club in the world inviting the champions of all the nations, and refusing to make a match with the only one that had shown up. John would rather take a beating than neglect to give the other fellow a chance to administer it. In Portsmouth a deputation of sturdy tars offered to man the best available cutter, "if the gentlemen would put up their money, and run the Yankee to Cape Clear and back, and the worse the weather, the better!" But alas! no gentleman offered to furnish the capital.

The London *Times* satirically compared the attitude of British yachtsmen to that of a flock of wood-pigeons when a sparrow-hawk appears in their vicinity, and from all over the kingdom arose a howl of derision that must have made many ears tingle in the Royal Club-House.

At last Robert Stephenson, Esq., matched his schooner *Titania* against the *Yankee* for a bout of twenty miles to windward and back, and although this was sailed in a fresh "breeze o' wind" and easily won by the *America*, it was unsatisfactory from an international point of view, since *Titania* was not the chosen representative of British yachts.

As for the grand regatta in which, by virtue of her invitation, the *America* had a right to sail, that was quite another affair and well enough in its way, but not at all what she came over for. Fair-minded British critics frankly admitted and pointed out that the prescribed course around the Isle of Wight was notoriously unfair for all save those who were familiar with its devious ways. Commodore Stevens, in fact, very nearly determined to take the *America* home without a race, such was his distrust of available pilots and his aversion to sailing his deep-sea schooner through a land-locked and tortuous channel in contest with a score of rival craft whose sailing-masters knew its every trick of tide and wind.

However, he was in the end persuaded to risk it, got under way among the last of the fleet, and finished so far ahead of the best of them that there was not a sail in sight.

"Why, sir," said the signal master at the club-house in answer to an interested inquirer, as the fleet drew away with the *America* well in the lead, "you might as well set a bull-dog to catch a hare!"

"D'y'e see that 'ere steamer?" said another, indicating the royal yacht with Her Majesty on board. "I'm blessed if the *Yankee* don't beat her around the island, give 'er a free wind."

There were no more matches to be "booked" by the *America*, so she amused herself and took such satisfaction as she could get by sailing over the course when other matches were "on," uniformly beating everything in sight and establishing such a reputation that she was readily sold to Lord de Blaquiere, but she was so radically Ameri-

can from keel to truck, that no British sailing-master could ever make her do her best, and she was often beaten by those whom she had formerly vanquished.

Her Yankee owners, however, carried home with them the massive silver cup, which, despite all the contemptible efforts that have been made to discredit it, remains the coveted championship trophy of sailing yachts. Although repeated efforts have been made by English and Canadians to win the prize back, none of them have succeeded, and this although concession after concession has been made to the challengers, and it has even been jocosely suggested that we send the cup back to England and let them make their own terms for winning it over the original Isle of Wight course.

As conducted at present, the conditions of international matches seem eminently fair, the course being laid in the open sea outside Sandy Hook, where there are absolutely no obstacles to free navigation. The only unmanageable element is met in the excursion steamers, which undoubtedly make themselves a menace to both contestants, and especially to him who is astern. In most cases this has been the visiting yachtsman. Good-natured gentlemen, like Sir Richard Sutton in 1885, and Lieutenant Henn in 1886, made the best of very provoking conditions, but Lord Dunraven in 1895 withdrew from the contest and so nursed whatever cause for wrath he may have had that he deliberately charged the representatives of the New York Yacht-Club with wilful cheating, which charges the club took prompt means of disproving to the satisfaction of all who gave the matter any serious consideration.

Thus ended the last international race, and many people on both sides of the ocean believed that there would never be another, owing to this unfortunate outcome.

Last year, however, Sir Thomas Lipton, a wealthy and enterprising English capitalist, made up his mind that there was only one America's cup in the world, and determined to have a try for it. His challenge was duly accepted, and the two contesting yachts, Shamrock for Great Britain, and Columbia for America, are undergoing their preliminary "tuning up" preparatory to their final races in October.

People who know not the charm of making the inconstant winds do their bidding can hardly comprehend all this excitement about two boats propelled by a motive power that is confessedly antiquated, and which for purposes of trade has long been falling into neglect. They see millions of dollars expended by spendthrifts without chance of reimbursement save through the questionable channels of gambling,—for I suppose that even the most liberal of readers will admit that betting is a species of gambling,—and being wholly inappreciative of the niceties of naval construction and of seamanship, it is not at all strange that

they look with indifference upon the whole business. It is not to be denied that it can be presented in a very unlovely light, as also can horse-racing and base-ball and the other follies in which miserable mortals are prone to indulge, but they go on all the same, in defiance of argument, and they will continue to go on while human nature remains as it is, and some people have money that they prefer to waste upon their favorite amusements.

The charm of yachting rests very largely upon its uncertainty. So elusive are the elements of air and water, that from the moment when she is set afloat until she is hauled out for repairs a vessel is never at rest. The sea is forever seeking to force an entrance into her from below, and the winds of heaven are ever ready to snap her spars and rend her canvas overhead. It is largely luck if when she is first set afloat she settles nearly enough to her estimated water-line to satisfy the ideas of her designer, and nothing but the keenest watchfulness can keep her up to a perfect standard of effectiveness when she is called upon to endure the complicated strains of a sailing match in a smart breeze.

If any one questions the difficulties of such navigation, let him take the family umbrella and try to make it pull or push him across the lawn against the wind. This is precisely the problem that confronts the yachtsman, save only that in place of the umbrella he has to manage a towering structure of bellying canvas held aloft a hundred and more feet by slender spars and a net-work of cordage every fathom of which must be under absolute control if the beautiful—almost sentient—creature of canvas, wire, and steel is to acquit herself with credit.

The lover of sailing craft may hang his head under the scathing gibes of those who would show him the error of his ways, for some of these arguments are unanswerable, but when once he has fallen under the charm of so fair a mistress as a ship under full sail, his case is nearly hopeless.

## ECHO

BY MADISON CAWEIN

**D**WELLER in hollow places, hills, and rocks,  
Daughter of silence and old solitude,  
Tip-toe she stands within her cave or wood,  
Her only life the noises that she mocks.

## ANECDOTES FROM THE ANTILES

BY HON. JOHN STEPHENS DURHAM

*Ex-United States Minister to Haiti and San Domingo.*

### AN IMMUNE IN QUARANTINE

A NEW YORK firm had sent us to the south side of Cuba to look over a plantation and report. We had gone in at Havana, crossed by rail to Cienfuegos, gone by water to Las Tunas and by rail through that glorious country to Sancti Espiritu, set up in the hills like a watch-tower over the Santa Clara district. One may freely refer to these places since Governor Roosevelt and General Wheeler and other progressive gentlemen have made their explorations into Cuban geography. At the club in Trinidad—even the smallest Cuban towns go in for clubs and cathedrals—we received the information that the patriots were making final preparations for an uprising to take place the following winter. This was in the month of August. Then there were money troubles to interfere with the venture, and we decided on a negative report. We were a Cuban gentleman and myself, accompanying the owner of the plantation which we had been sent to visit. Either reason was sufficient to justify the report against the business, and there was little left to be done except to see all we could in getting back to New York as soon as possible.

On returning to Havana, Mr. Spinner soon straightened out the bothersome passport matter, but the consul-general warned us that the quarantine was on and that we might find some difficulty in securing permission to return via Tampa by rail to New York. We had previously had some correspondence and he knew that I had lived in the tropics. He thought that fact ought to let me through.

We next went to Doctor Burgess. Now, to a man who wanted to take rail route to New York in the month of August, Doctor Burgess, sanitary inspector of the United States at Havana, charming man at any other point on this wide earth, was a very difficult proposition. He looked us over, his mild eyes and gentle voice drawing us on to our fate.

“ Been vaccinated? Um! Ahem! Let me see the mark. Um! Twice? Quite well defined. How long have you lived in these latitudes? Well, sir,” to my companion, “ you, as an American, must take your chances by sea. The quarantine people at New York will take care of you.” Then to me: “ You, sir, a Cuban, may be regarded as an immune. You may go by way of Tampa.”

We fairly howled our protests. We did not want to separate.

Finally, we explained that my fair-haired, florid friend was born in Santiago de Cuba, while I, with my black hair and saddle-colored skin, was a native of Philadelphia two or three generations deep. We did not even smile as we explained. We smiled at the Tampa Inn when we told people about it.

Doctor Burgess was very grave, too, as he looked us over again. "Um! Um! A native of Philadelphia must have lived in the tropics at least ten years to take that Tampa route in August—um! yes, at least ten years."

"But, doctor, I have lived two years in Port au Prince: ought that not count for at least twenty years in any other place?"

"Ever had fever?" I confessed that I had twice erred. This was before the newspapers had run away with the word *immune*, and somebody could tell what the word really meant.

"Mr. Durham, if on your way north you should note the symptoms of yellow-fever with which you are familiar after your two attacks, would you, to protect your fellow-passengers, leap from a train going at the rate of fifty miles an hour?" I most decidedly would not. I thought it just as well to satisfy the good doctor at once as to my veracity and my sanity.

"Mr. Ros, you, a Cuban, may go by way of Tampa." Another beseeching wail to this benign-looking fate in white beard and spectacles. He was evidently used to wails.

"Mr. Durham, your case is unusual. I'll make terms with you. I will hold your application under advisement and you under my personal observation and care. Will you go into quarantine for two days?" I would go even to the Morro for two days if he would let me gain the time saved by the Tampa route. So he gave me an address, bade me to go there immediately and to report to him early on the morning of sailing-day. The hotel at which we were stopping is a palace among Spanish hotels, and the prospect of an evil I knew not of—well, it was awful, but I was in for it. I packed up a two days' kit and told the driver where I wanted to go—did not want to go. It proved to be the best hotel I had seen in the West Indies. It was a suburban town, the cleanest spot at that time in the Spanish Antilles. It needed trees only to make it an ideal winter residence.

As I began to lay out my things to make myself comfortable, I heard the voices of men, women, and children speaking English. That was the best yet. I looked forward to a pleasant imprisonment.

During two days that party of Americans talked, sang, played whist—tortured me, in fact, by their freedom of vocabulary in doing everything in English. Yet not a word for a solitary traveller from their own country.

To say that I was indignant would be to put it very mildly. As I

was paying my bill, I learned that the doctor had sent to ask about my arrival, that I was regarded as a yellow-fever suspect, and that my fellow-countrymen whom I had abused so in my own mind had been struck with mortal terror whenever I had come within sight of them.

#### HOW GENERAL LEE WAS CONVERTED

When General Lee succeeded Consul-General Williams it was a case of a trained soldier and skilful politician succeeding a trained officer in the foreign service. Mr. Ramon A. Williams had served admirably through serious and delicate crises with all of the responsibilities of a diplomatic agent and with none of the prestige which goes with the rank. He spoke Spanish as well as he did English, and he had been uniformly discreet in both. General Lee spoke English only, but that very vigorously; and one of his first utterances on arriving was reported to be that the Cuban party was merely a collection of riff-raff who wanted to make trouble. That he spoke in this way has since been vigorously contradicted. The Cuban leaders heard it, however, and they were unanimous in their decision that it was necessary to convert the new consul-general.

Two very prominent men were selected to call on him. After they had warmed him up with Spanish compliments put into their best English, they told him of an informal breakfast which would soon take place at the Yacht Club. They would be so proud if the consul-general would honor them with his presence.

It was a delightful gathering—everything in English. The men present represented some of the largest interests in Havana. They were cultivated, travelled men. As the meal progressed, the conversation became more animated, and General Lee's immediate neighbors had but little to say to him. But he was not neglected. At intervals of every four or five minutes a man would quietly leave his chair, walk around the table until he stood immediately behind the general, and then, leaning over as though addressing nobody in particular, he would whisper:

“I am devoted to the attainment of Cuban independence.”

It seemed a casual thing that a man should leave his chair for a moment at a long breakfast like that, but that each should come to him and use precisely the same words could be no accident. So the general looked puzzled as the thing was repeated precisely time and again.

When the champagne was reached the health of the consul-general was proposed, and he replied in a vigorous speech. As he sat down the gentleman at the head of the table arose and, holding up his glass, said very quietly:

"Señores, brindo à la independencia!"

Every man was on his feet in a jiffy, and there came back the rousing chorus:

"Que viva!" Again the enthusiastic chorus.

And the next morning, when the consul-general arrived at his office, he found a deputation of men, each bearing an introduction as a man who amounted to something. Received by the consul-general, each man expressed his interest in the Cuban movement. Day after day the Consulate-General had its delegation of Cuban patriots, all of whom, trusting to the discretion of the consul-general, repeated their expressions of devotion to free Cuba. They took up so much time that General Lee found his work getting farther and farther in arrears. Finally he sent for the two men who had first called, and he said to them, laughing in his jovial way:

"Gentlemen, you may stop your delegations. Say to your friends that it seems to me that everybody in *Havana* is a revolutionist."

#### ADMIRAL SCHLEY'S GOOD HUMOR

When I arrived in San Juan, early in October, there were only two Americans in the town in a good-humor—in what the Southern people call a real good-humor, I mean. They could all laugh when they said "beastly hole!" but it seemed like the prize-ring reports, where one of the combatants suffers serious disfigurement but returns to the scratch—whatever that is—smiling. The youth who had run away from home to make his fortune smiled as he explained that he was nearly broke, and that he was wondering whether he should pay his board-bill and take his trunk or leave his trunk and pay his passage home. The sailors on shore leave smiled as they said that San Juan was hotter than the fight with Cervera and the mosquitoes worse than Spanish shells. The capitalist who was buying land smiled as he showed his deeds to lands purchased and wondered whether they were all right. And so on down the line. One man who was in really good-humor was the drummer from St. Louis selling cut-plug tobacco, who had just returned from professional visits to the camps and to the men-of-war. The other affable man was Admiral Schley.

Two of us landed together and they put us into the same room, a dark closet opening out into the grand sala, which received its light from a skylight in the roof. The proprietor points with pride to a place in the floor where an American shell fell without exploding. Admiral Sampson's marksmanship was instinctively fine, but many of us boarders at that hotel will never forgive him that he did not make that shell explode. I have lived in hot latitudes, and I detest winter

in my native city; but I have never lived in such heat as that proprietor served in his dark bedrooms. There was no room for air to get into the hole in the wall, what with two beds and the baggage of two men accustomed to take something of civilization with them when they go south—no room to move around, no room for anything except mosquitoes. The proprietor regretted infinitely that the American guests had monopolized the nets of the hotel. He was expecting some by the next steamer.

Admiral Schley had a window in his room and a sprained ankle and a pair of crutches. We envied the window from the beginning; but as we saw him hobble out on his crutches every day we envied him his good-humor. He had slipped on the marble staircase—it is a very luxurious Spanish hotel (as to staircases)—and had seriously crippled himself. It was a pleasure to talk with him and find him so serene.

The Evacuation Commission and their secretaries had been in a bad-humor for some time. The Spaniards had promised to leave San Juan in September. No, they could not leave then, as they were awaiting new instructions from Madrid. Then they promised for the first of October. Then they prayed to be excused, as they were awaiting funds. Let it be the tenth of October. They despaired, then, of ever thanking the American commissioners enough for their great consideration, but they could not leave on the tenth, as the transports would not be ready. The interpreters were mixing things up generally—such being the object in life of official interpreters—and there was to be a wedding in Savannah late in October, and there were other State reasons why the commissioners wanted to get home. They were together in the admiral's room, and they grumbled about the mafiana policy of the Spanish commissioners. So the admiral suggested that they let him try a fall with the Spaniards, giving him authority to speak for the other commissioners. They agreed; and that morning they heard a repetition of excuses and pleas for delay in shipping the Spanish troops. The Americans listened and waited for Schley, but never a word from the admiral. More Spanish speeches and more silence on the American side. Finally, when they had talked themselves out, the admiral took the word.

"Gentlemen, we have imposed upon you, and I speak for my colleagues when I ask you to excuse us for not relieving you before."

This was said in perfect Spanish, and the Castilians immediately began to make most courteous protestations.

"No, you are very kind," replied the admiral, "but we see our error. With all of the difficulties which you have had, we have added more in the fact that we, our commission, our troops, our sailors, have all been your guests. Now you must be our guests. We will take charge of the city, and if you shall not have gone, you remain as our

guests. We trust that we will prove as satisfactory hosts as you have done. Gentlemen, you will be our guests on the 18th."

There was a dead silence. The Americans did not understand what had passed. The Spaniards understood too well for comfort.

On the fifteenth I saw the last of the Spanish troops go aboard the transports—the last except those retained for police duty.

It is not a remarkable thing that an American officer should be brave. Experience has shown that it was not remarkable that the admiral should follow the chase of Cervera exposed on the bridge of the Brooklyn without receiving a scratch. It is remarkable, however, that he should go through all that, cripple himself on the stairway of a San Juan hotel, and keep his temper and his head to meet the Spaniards at their own style of playing diplomacy.

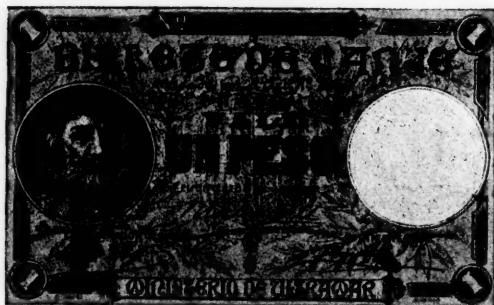
#### MARTI AND GOMEZ

My first meeting with José Martí was about seven years ago. We met in the same hotel. I was at that time in the foreign service of our government. We soon became acquainted, and finally, in a confidential way, he outlined to me his propaganda in order to learn what I thought would be the probable attitude of the United States. It was at Santo Domingo, a town full of historical associations to make congenial atmosphere for this unique character and for the organization of his life work. A dreamer, a very artist, as his eloquent discourses showed, he was regarded by many as a mere visionary; but while every effort was animated by a fine spirit, a beautiful sympathy, and a lofty insistence that knew no discouragement, his plans were essentially practical, as the war, started fully three years later, proved. I was doing very practical work at the time, very material work, as the degeneracy of modern routine diplomacy requires. It was so delightful in the evenings, after a day of hard work and Spanish cooking, to sit out under the marvellous skies and talk with this man, whose sole thought was the freedom of his fellow-countrymen. I met him only two or three times after that too short association in the Dominican hotel; but I knew some of his friends and I kept in touch with his work. There were hundreds in the clubs he was forming everywhere. Then there were thousands. Then there were tens of thousands. Then the work in Cuba itself was perfected. Then came the stroke. Silently, devotedly, consistently, the visionary, the dreamer, had turned thought into action. The war was on. Then one day when I happened to be in New York there came the telegram: "The Master is dead." The message came from the north side of the island of Haïti, from Puerta Plata, I think. The form of the sentence admitted of an interrogatory.

interpretation, though the message had no question-mark. So, for an eternity, his followers in New York waited while the telegrams were sent in every direction. No, there was to have been no question-mark. The Master was dead, dead at the very spot where his talents were least needed, but where the greatest danger was, where he insisted on being.

In the town of San Carlos, a suburb of Santo Domingo city, several years ago, Maximo Gomez assisted at a social reunion composed of several of his frends. The talk turned on local politics, and some one suggested that he announce himself a candidate for the presidency of the Dominican Republic. He was already well advanced in years, and his reply astonished even his friends. He said that but one thought kept him alive, and that thought was to see Cuba free; that he would permit no ambition, no thought of honors, to distract him, and that when the call should come to draw his sword, he must have his hand free. Raising his hand, as though to make a vow, he cried: "And by the eternal God, when we rise again, we will win!" It was years afterwards, and Gomez, an old, wrinkled man, with the life of ten men burning in his eyes, tended his modest place at Monte Cristy and jealously watched the loss of each day. Marti had prepared the way, and he sent the call so long awaited by this Cincinnatus in armor. The world knows to-day how he responded.

Men like these do not live and work to annex themselves to anybody or any system, however friendly. They fight to be free.



PORTO RICAN CURRENCY.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH

**On Account of Sarah.**  
**By Eyre Hussey.**

The title is no misnomer. Decidedly not. One can hardly conceive of the novel, had Sarah not cast a blighting shadow over all and sundry. Furthermore, beside being the little acorn from which grew the great oak of troubles manifold, Sarah had the additional distinction of being the only really disagreeable person in the book; unless, indeed, we except the Squire, whose crotchets were much the result of having his own way. But Sarah's disagreeableness arose from *not* having her own way, and was worse, much worse, than the Squire's. The others are such people as we meet continually: clever or stupid, upright or the reverse, while the connecting plot is essentially good, even to the minor details. The author has handled with much care and judgment a rather daring and exceedingly difficult method of construction, which will in itself afford considerable interest to the careful reader. From the Lippincott press.

**Anne Mauleverer. By**  
**Mrs. Caffyn ("Iota").**

It is rather unfair to judge Mrs. Caffyn by *The Yellow Aster*, the novel (problem-novel, at that) with which she made her first appearance before the reading public, some years ago; though that book had many strong points, despite the repulsiveness of its subject. Much more acceptable, better in every way, is her later work, of which *Poor Max* is yet fresh in the mind of the public. In fact, the *Daily Chronicle* (London), does not hesitate to rank Mrs. Caffyn as "one of the leading women novelists of the day,"—an opinion gratifying in its strength and authenticity. *Anne* is a thoroughly delightful girl and a noble heroine, one among the best in our literature; the book itself is of captivating interest and worthy such a character. We cannot but congratulate ourselves that Mrs. Caffyn should have shaken from her feet the dust of problem-novelism, and should have taken to writing strong, true stories, such as make the world better rather than worse. *Anne Mauleverer* is presented as the Lippincott *Select Novel* for the current month; in paper and cloth.

**A Name to Conjure With. By John Strange Winter.**

Mrs. Stannard's latest novel—and it is an evidence of the author's power that each of her works is "novel," in every sense—is a well-elaborated tale of a woman-writer whose works deservedly brought her great vogue, but who was led to reinforce her brain against the constant drain by . . . but it would be a pity to spoil the story for Mrs. Stannard's host of eager readers. It would be but just, however, to say that *A Name to Conjure With*—Lippincott—is one of this writer's best productions.

**A Son of Empire.** By **Murley Roberts.** "Hero-worship," saith Carlyle, "heart-felt prostrate admiration, submission, burning, boundless, for a godlike Form of Man—is not that the germ of Christianity itself?"—

Laying aside the last phrase, Carlyle's academic theory of hero-worship is essentially embodied in Mr. Roberts's remarkable book,—is, in fact, the keynote to a comprehension of the personality of *Madge Greton*. Of the god-like, *Black Blundell* had but little, save as the crafty Ulysses was a god,—a good soldier, a good lover, and an enemy not to be despised of those whose fate was in his hands. As a tale, *A Son of Empire*—Lippincott—abounds in interest. There is nothing puerile, theoretical, about the fighting; it is the real thing—no finicky description of individual combat, no word-painting, but the hurly-burly of clashing arms; of men running, stumbling, falling,—but fighting always, instinctively, as instinctively as they breathed. But the pith of the story lies in the desperate means by which *Madge* secured for *Blundell* his chance of service at the front. *A Son of Empire* is a clever piece of work, without a dull page; Mr. Roberts is to be congratulated upon his latest effort.

**The Step-Mother.** By **Mrs. Alexander.** That family peculiarities in *timbre* of voice reproduce themselves, as do other hereditary peculiarities, is a fact well-known enough. Mrs. Alexander has made skilful use of it

in her latest novel, in which the step mother proves the paternity of her husband's discredited son by the family resemblance of his voice to that of his father. The situation is as well managed as is Mrs. Alexander's wont, and she has produced nothing more enjoyable than the present work. From the Lippincott Press.

**Lippincott's Mental Arithmetic.** **Lippincott's Elementary Arithmetic.** **Lippincott's Practical Arithmetic. A Series.** by **J. Morgan Rawlins, A.M.**

As a matter of fact, the *Practical* element is strong in all three books, which are so planned and executed as to form a complete series. The result of a long experience—a lifetime, almost—in teaching mathematics in all the phases of that science, these books will appeal especially to those teachers who have recognized, with the author, that "the text-book, even in its best estate, replete with science and art-full, can have little philosophical efficiency except

when intelligently used as a means to an end." The works have many good features, some of which have been used before, of course, but all of which have never heretofore been incorporated into one series. In each division of the subject, for instance, are found inductive steps, definitions, principles, processes, explanations, rules, exercises, and problems,—all to be thoroughly learned and intelligently recited. Much stress, reinforced by a practical adoption of the principle, has been laid upon the use of arithmetical language, involving an early comprehension of the functions of the more ordinary mathematical signs. But only a personal examination will satisfactorily demonstrate the exceptional value of the series, or of any one book of the series.

**Primary History of the United States.** By Charles Morris.

Following upon his larger *History of the United States*, Mr. Morris writes this book for young folks, to whose instruction it is well fitted. The author writes always entertainingly, whether of history, adventure, or what not; and nowhere than in the present book has he shown to better advantage his ability to suit his style to the comprehension of his readers. And he has not made the mistake, too common, of writing down to the intellect of the child, but has striven rather to raise that intellect to his own plane, thus paving the way for a general mental advance,—a result of which the importance would be difficult to overestimate. The book is presented by the J. B. Lippincott Company, publishers also of Mr. Morris's *Historical Tales*, *History of the United States*, *Our Island Empire*, *The Nation's Navy*, *The War With Spain*, etc.

**The Internal Wiring of Buildings.** Illustrated. By H. M. Leaf.

A most useful little book,—Lippincott,—embodying the latest advances in this line, which is of particular importance, in view of the ever increasing size of office- and other buildings. The Introduction treats of the fundamentals of the craft,—the simpler electrical units and their use, etc.,—while the body of the book is taken up with the actual work of installation, estimating, testing, etc. There are several useful tables of sizes, weights, resistances, and so on. The diagrams and illustrations are exceptionally good.

**A Text-book of Mechanical Engineering.** By Wilfrid J. Lineham. Third Edition. Revised and Enlarged. Illustrated.

Including both Work-shop Practice and Theory and Examples in his work, Mr. Lineham has been singularly successful in laying before his readers the essential points of this important profession. The success of his endeavors is attested by the favorable reception which the text-book has met in the short time since the first edition appeared. In Part I are included the *minutiae* of building a horizontal engine complete, from the casting and pattern-making to the erection of the finished engine; also, of the making of several types of boilers, with other plate-work. An important portion is that on Electric Welding. Part II treats of Theory and Examples,—the Strength of Materials, Energy, and the Transmission of Power to Machines, Heat and Heat Engines, and Hydraulics and Hydraulic Machines. The illustrations are most copious. In short, the present work is in line with the other scientific publications of Messrs. Lippincott.

**Experimental Research into the Surgery of the Respiratory System.** By George W. Crile, A.M., M.D., Ph.D.

“An Essay awarded the Nicholas Senn Prize by the American Medical Association for 1898,”—from the Lippincott press. The series of experiments includes those upon The Cause of the Phenomena attending the Inhalation of Hot Air and Flame; the Effect of Filling the Chest with Fluid; the Cause of Collapse or Death from Blows upon the Lower Chest and Epigastrium; the Mechanism of Drowning; the Cause of Certain Symptoms observed on Entering an Atmosphere of Increased Barometric Press-

ure; Foreign Bodies in the Pharynx and Oesophagus, and in the Trachea and Larynx; Laryngotomy; Tracheotomy; Intubation; and the Cause of Certain Phenomena attending Considerable Traction on the Tongue. The illustrations consist of diagrammatic representations of the results obtained, with figures of the apparatus employed in the experiments. The spirit of modern specialized research, and its value to the scientific world, are well demonstrated in Dr. Crile's brilliant Essay.

The Cyclopædia of the Home Arts. Illustrated. Edited and Compiled by Montague Marks.

Starting with the principle that "Any one who can learn to write can learn to draw," the Editor of this useful volume—Lippincott—takes his student through Drawing, including Lithography and Etching and Dry-point; Illustrating; Painting, including Water-colors, Pastel, and Oil-colors, in their ramifications of figure-, landscape-, marine-, flower-painting, etc.; Decorative Painting, including Mural Decoration, Fan Painting, Illumination, etc.; Painting in Mineral Colors; Modelling; Wood Carving; Fret Sawing; Pyrogravure; Leather Decoration; Metal Work; Applied Design; and Miscellaneous work. The book is designed primarily for those who are debarred from regular study in an art school, and for such it should prove an efficient aid. Though it is styled a Cyclopædia, it is Cyclopedic only in scope, its arrangement being rather that of a collection of continuous essays.

